

ROUND THE WORLD
IN A MOTOR CAR

J. J. MANN



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ROUND THE WORLD
IN A
MOTOR CAR





SYDNEY.

ROUND THE WORLD IN A MOTOR CAR

BY
J. J. MANN



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TO
MY WIFE

PARIS, *March* 1914

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INTRODUCTION

THE motor car is such a recent growth, and it has taken in a few years' time such a firm hold on us, that we have hardly had time to study its relation to life in other countries than those which we are inhabiting, or which are close to us.

Travel in all directions is becoming so popular, and there are so many who visit and wish to visit strange lands, and yet who do not know whether or not they can take their automobiles with them, that I think an account of my experiences in a tour round the world will not be without interest to a great and increasing class of people.

I am frequently asked by my friends if they should take their automobiles with them to such and such a country, in which they propose to travel.

Will they be able to get petrol and all requirements?

What arrangements will they be able to make with regard to steamships?

How must they pack their car?

All these and many other questions I propose to deal with in this book, in which I propose also to give an account of what I saw and of what interested me most, in the various countries which I visited during my tour round the world, which occupied twelve months, from December 1910 until December 1911.

After an experience of three years visiting various parts of the world, I have come to the conclusion

that to really enjoy a visit to almost any country, it is necessary to take one's automobile with one.

It would be hard to find a really civilized country, or even a country where civilization is only yet a fringe, where the automobile is not in common use, and where there are not already automobiles on hire, or even taxi-cabs.

The hire of cars, especially in far off countries, is not a satisfactory proceeding, and yet that is what all tourists are obliged to do if they want to see anything of the world.

During my travels round the world I put my automobile on eleven different steamers, and twice I took it on long railway journeys, and yet, although I also travelled by road about ten thousand miles, the car was in perfect condition when I returned home, and the body, with the painting touched up here and there, could pass for new.

The car I took with me was a 15-20 H.P. six-cylinder Delaunay-Belleville, rated by the Royal Automobile Club at 27 H.P.

The body was a double phaeton, with glass front and Cape cart hood, manufactured by Henri Labourdette, of Paris. The wheels were Rudge Whitworth Wire Wheels, furnished with Michelin tyres, of the dimensions 920 by 120.

The car was also furnished with a Barbey Self-Starter.

The complete car, loaded up with spare wheel, spare tyres, tools, water and petrol, turned the scale at 1 ton 14 cwt. 1 qr. 16 lb., and when in its original case cubed 250 feet.

I had the car forwarded to me to Calcutta in a case, and that was the only journey it made in the case—all the rest of the time it had no packing whatever.

Unless you have special tackle with you, you will

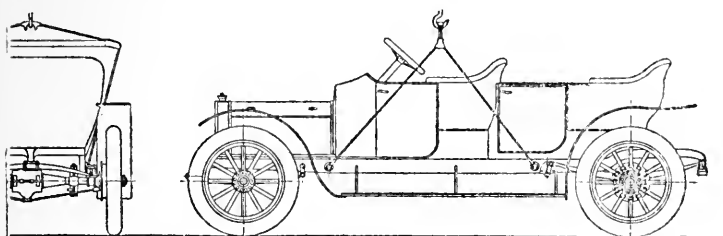
meet with no end of difficulties in loading a car on and off steamers.

Few ports have tackle worthy of the name with which an automobile can be safely lifted on or off a steamer without injury.

A long experience of this trouble made me design a new plan of lifting a car without hurting it.

In the centre of the chassis, at each end of the running boards, and on each side of the car, I had four hooks screwed and riveted into the side frame.

A lifting tackle was then constructed of two strong steel wire ropes, with four ends, one of which went on each of the hooks.



THE AUTHOR'S CAR-SLING

The wire ropes passed through a steel tube, which acted as a stretcher.

To put the tackle in place on the car was the work of about three minutes, and then all that had to be done was to hook the crane into it and lift the car.

Two guide ropes, one attached to each end, completed my outfit, which was looked at with wonder and surprise by the various stevedores and officers of vessels on which I travelled.

The tackle, when out of use, is strapped underneath one of the footboards, and this was also included in the weight given above.

Whilst waiting for my car to be delivered, I took

a trip to Cairo, which, though quite independent of my tour round the world, will be found made mention of in the first few chapters. The car I used in Cairo was not the same I had in Calcutta.

For those who drive their own cars, it is not necessary to take a *mécanicien* in trips abroad, that is to say, of course, if the owner knows his car technically, and is able to direct any operations of overhauling or adjusting.

In any place you call at you will be able to find plenty of garages, and you can easily make arrangements with a garage to have a man who can clean the car and oil it round, and sit on it, to take charge of it while you are sight-seeing.

You can find good mechanics, and supplies of all sorts for motor cars everywhere, and, at the very worst, you are never so far from civilization that a wire will not quickly bring you any sized tyre, and even the current sizes of ball bearings.

ROUND THE WORLD IN A MOTOR CAR

CHAPTER I

GETTING UNDER WEIGH •

AFTER a couple of days spent in Marseilles whilst our motor was shipped *via* Alexandria to Cairo, we sailed on board a P. & O. for a four days' journey to Port Said.

This is the most comfortable way to gain Egypt for those who, like us, prefer the sea in homœopathic doses on board the biggest steamer available.

To an observant mind, always providing that the sea is calm enough for observations, there is much merriment to be had on board a P. & O. There is the Sports Committee, for instance, which, like the mushroom in favourable soil, springs up in a night. But for those who have been there before and also know that there are prizes to be distributed, and a barber's shop where the prizes can be purchased, it is easy to see who pulls the strings, and one can imagine the enterprising barber in collusion with his pal, the deck steward, singling out his victim, and, over a first morning's shave, insidiously dropping the poison in his ear.

"Nice weather, sir. See you are an old traveller, sir, got your sea legs at once. They tell me there are to be sports on board, and Sir Bernard Bramble will make a good Chairman of the Committee. What is really wanted is an active young gentleman as

secretary, to organize matters and get a good Committee together. Why don't *you* take it up? The deck steward will tell you all about it. He's used to it. Why, the last voyage the secretary of the Sports Committee was so popular with everyone that they made him a presentation at the end of the trip."

Once in the toils the victim has a busy time of it: hard work, disputes, rows, misunderstandings, and Sir Bernard Bramble with swelling pride takes all the praise and does nothing in a most masterly manner. No matter, the barber sells his stock, and the time that hangs so heavily on one's hands on board ship slips by a little quicker. The lookers on, as in most games, have all the fun, and everybody likes to be talked about and to be conspicuous.

I once knew a Duchess on board ship indignantly refuse to subscribe to the sports, and say that no one had the right to take up the deck space with silly games. I well remember also the speech she made when she distributed the prizes at the end of the voyage; quite a graceful little speech, in which she omitted to mention her dislike of the "silly games."

What a study of human nature is a ship's load of passengers, when, after a day or two, you get a peep behind the scenes at them with their company manners set aside! Such a mixture, too, Lords and Ladies, bagmen and actresses, authors and painters, champagne agents and adventuresses, engineers and idlers, Indian Princes and American millionaires, soldiers going to India and squatters returning to the Murrumbidgee, all mixed up together and peppered anyway into seats in the dining saloon. Cockney, Hindustani, French, Australian bush, and all the other languages on the face of the earth are to be heard on board ship.

You hear Lady Lanstillier saying :



CAIRO: SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL



PORT SAID: OFFICES OF THE SUEZ CANAL CO.

"Oh, I hope those black men won't come and talk to me, they were very kind, of course, don't cherno at the Durbar, but that was quite another thing."

And Lieutenant and Mrs. Justenwed :

"What a bawe to think we awe to be fawe mawe days with all this crowd."

Mrs. Sheeprun: "My, wouldn't I like to tike some of 'em onto our plines in the summer with nothing but muddy crab 'ole water to drink out of their 'ats."

Mr. Lastik: "I bought Selangum before the boom, and when it touched the highest price I turned it into a Company and sold out half my interest for £250,000. I was on rubber then, but now I'm on velvet."

There is no gossip yet; love making only begins with the warm nights in the Red Sea; but the young, clean shaven 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, and sometimes the Chief and even the Superchief, are on the look out for the pretty girls who have no appetites for dinner and run up on deck after a mouthful of the first dish with:

"It's so hot you know in the saloon, it makes my head ache. Mamma, do let me go up."

Then there is, of course, the American tourist group, whose motto is "anywhere but here," and who hail from anywhere between Nantucket lightship and San Francisco, and mean to see all the sights Baedeker, Cook, or Murray can conjure up, *en route* for Cairo.

All this crowd of heterogeneous human-from-homeness cooped up together within the steel walls of a P. & O. mail, must meet and jostle morning, noon, and night, until they settle down into a pattern, like a Turkey carpet with colours more or less well blended and design irregular in detail, but showing,

as every stitch comes into its place, that a master mind has been all the time working out his great design.

But here we are, in full view of Port Said and passing the statue of Lesseps which guards the entrance to the canal, and brings memories of a successful life's work marred by the disastrous Panama undertaking, which embittered the end of his career.

We anchor in front of the majestic offices of the Suez Canal Company, where the President, Prince d'Arenberg, and his party land in a private launch.

Now a quick good-bye to our newly-made friends and the tug lands us just in front of the railway station for Cairo, a scene of perfect peace in the bright sunlight, with a few lazy looking Egyptians basking in its rays. In the background the twenty-six letters of our alphabet are arranged on little signboards, and round each letter is to be grouped the baggage labelled with the first letter of the passenger's name, which has been pasted on each package.

The baggage tug comes along and the perfect peace is quickly transformed into the most complete pandemonium. It is evident that the hordes of Arabs who rush in from all sides think it is a sort of game, for they howl and gesticulate and quarrel until the wretched passengers give up as hopeless the search for their trunks and belongings. The only calm assistants at this spectacle are Cook's men, who wander in and out among the shouting natives like very experienced referees in a football match, not even the dozens of questions fired at them in half-a-dozen languages seem to ruffle their equanimity. The football match lasts a half hour or more, and we were quite surprised to find ourselves safely in the train with all our baggage in the van, and steaming out of Port Said into the next chapter and Cairo.

CHAPTER II

IN CAIRO

I SUPPOSE that some thirty years ago Cairo must have been completely Oriental in costume, customs, and language, and that since then, by degrees almost imperceptible, it is changing; the old order is passing and giving place to the new.

To begin with, the costume is half and half. Let me give you the recipe for transforming yourself into a being clad as seventy-five per cent. of the Cairots.

Take a "nighty" of any colour, from white to black, in any stage of dirtiness; cut the neck and cuffs off and slip it on over nothing. Put on boots, shoes, or slippers down at the heel, of any colour; also socks of any colour; or go barefoot. Place on the back of your head, either a skull cap of any material from white cotton to black worsted or a red fez. If you consider decoration necessary, or pleasing, get two or three yards of narrow cotton band—any colour will do—and wrap it round the lower part of your skull cap. Over your "nighty" wear an ordinary tweed coat or overcoat.

You then only need to tinge your complexion any shade from light brown to ebony, and learn to say "Mafeech" and "Mooshouse," and you may gaily walk the streets of Cairo day and night, without ever a dragoman, a street vendor, or a beggar soliciting you.

The tweed coat or overcoat is a distinct step

towards European wear. Of course, nearly all the rich people wear European clothes when they are out of doors. Most of them, however, get back into the "nighty" when they get home.

In headwear the Cairots have not changed—they all wear either the red fez or the skull cap.

The women of Cairo are nearly all dressed alike; in a black skirt and bodice, and with a black drapery which covers their heads like a hood, hiding the forehead, the ears, and the sides of the face. A veil of either white or black lace, or thin chiffon, with tapes to hold it, is fastened over the ears and round the back of the head, hiding the lower part of the face up to the bridge of the nose; two gleaming black eyes, sparkling in the shade, are all that one can see.

A great many of the women wear a tube of filigree gold, or silver gilt, with raised rims around it, placed vertically between the eyes to support the veil and the drapery.

Many women go barefoot, and most have gold necklets and bracelets and anklets. The casual traveller will think, as I did, that these trinkets are made of brass, but a little time spent in the bazaars, with an intelligent interpreter, will convince him that they are twenty-two carat gold, and solid at that. You can see these trinkets being made by the hundred, and you can see the women sitting down in the stalls buying them, and only gold of twenty-two carats is soft and pliable enough to be worked as they work it.

You cannot be much cheated if you buy these trinkets, as you can put your sovereigns in one side of the scale and the trinket in the other side and pay a small sum extra for the workmanship, which is all that remains to bargain about. The gold is all controlled and stamped by the Government.

The women carry their fortunes about like this, and however dirty and bedraggled they look, they will all have some of these trinkets, whilst the richer ones have many. A bracelet runs easily into ten pounds, so one can judge what comparatively large sums these women carry on their bodies, and they can change them into coin of the realm whenever they feel the need of it.

My car has arrived, in its case, on the railway truck. Many authorized porters, with brass numbers, meet us at the entrance to the goods' station and proffer their services, and without our giving any orders, or even addressing a single word to them, a certain few deem that we belong to them—we are, so to speak, their prey. But the question as to priority of ownership is not to be settled so easily, and a row begins around us in which we take no part whatever. It is no business of ours—we have to belong to some of them—but the choice remains with them, not with us. The victors remain and put themselves at our disposal to push, or pull, or lift, or do anything we direct them to do.

The methods, like the people, are absolutely primitive, and the case, weighing two tons, is soon swinging in mid-air, lifted by the crane, and held by a single chain slung round the middle of it.

In order to balance it and prevent it lurching to one side, and slipping out of the chain, an Egyptian in his "mighty" climbs up on the top of it and steps to one side or the other, so that the weight of his body may avert a catastrophe. The others, like a lot of schoolboys at play, shout and yell and give orders all at the same time, and, whenever they have to make the slightest exertion, sing a kind of sailors' chant: Saāli, Sālli, Sālli, Saāli, Sālli, which is not without its charm.

All's well that ends well, and at last the case is

demolished, and our automobile only needs fuel—oil and water—to put it into operation. We have a tin of petrol, two tins of oil, but where is a tap and a bucket to fill the radiator? It is not done that way in Egypt. But on the suggestion that we require water, off runs one of our Egyptians and returns with the most picturesque water-carrier, with his goatskin slung over his back by a strong strap, and bulging with clear water. The neck part of the animal is inserted in the filler, and soon the contents of the goatskin transfer themselves to the radiator.

Our helpers are content with a very small remuneration, but each one must have his little bit given into his hands, he does not trust his pals.

There are not any long roads for automobiles around Cairo, but still a car is most useful, for no one thinks of walking, and the sights to be seen in and around the town are visited much more comfortably if one has one's own car. If not, a car or a taxi can be hired, and the very fact that there are taxis shows that cars are useful.

The roads are very good indeed.

The traffic regulations are simple and good, and the police do not bother one. For about ten shillings they give a licence and number plates, and the few simple regulations are printed on the back of the licence.

A mounted policeman stopped us before we had our numbers, and I handed him my card and said I would take a licence on the morrow. The next day I found my card on the desk of the English Traffic Superintendent, who told me that he would have sent after me if I had not turned up—quite simple, very polite, and very practical. In most other countries I should have been summoned.

The traffic goes to the right, as in France and America, and the drivers of other vehicles are



A STREET VENDOR OF DRINKS, CAIRO



A CAMEL IN DISTRESS CALLS ON ALLAH

accommodating enough to render driving easy. After learning a short vocabulary of the road, "left," "right," "look out," etc., one is completely equipped.

The horses are quite used to motors, but the camels don't like them. But then, camels are prejudiced, they are of the old civilization and take unkindly to the new.

On the way to the Pyramids, some eight or ten miles from Cairo, a frightened camel laden with rushes, on trying to keep as far as he could from us, began to slip down the embankment of the electric railway. The boy leading him seemed helpless, and wrung his hands, and called on Allah without ceasing, until we went for help and got the camel unloaded. I think the camel tried to call on Allah too, he uttered the most unearthly grunts, and my Kodak caught him open-mouthed in the act.

CHAPTER III

THE DRAGOMAN

AND now, having disposed of the car safely in its garage, I come back to the dragoman. The very name dragoman is picturesque and mysterious, and the individuals themselves not less so.

Some people highly approve of the dragoman; some say he is the worst plague in Egypt. Personally, I rather think I like him, and he is certainly a most amusing and interesting personage.

His dress calls for the first comment, and needs a lot of description to do it justice, for the dragoman is a student of human nature and dresses to fit the part. A select few adopt the European dress, and only the fez distinguishes them from you or me; they think—and perhaps they are right—that they will catch the rich American by imitating his clothes—I mean the American tourist who does the whole country in detail, comfortably, and has his dragoman arrange and pay for everything for him, and stay with him for the season.

This class of dragoman is often Greek or Turkish, or a mixture of the two. He speaks very poor English or French. It is an enlarged edition of the hotel waiter's conversation; all goes well if you keep to the well-worn, time-honoured, every-day phraseology of his business. But if you step out of that, he is out of his depth.

I feel sure I shall tread on the corns of a good many very worthy people in giving a truthful account

of the dragoman, his qualities and his failings, for have they not all a pocket full of highly coloured testimonials over the signatures (quite authentic) of the Kings of Finance, and of Trade, and of Manufacture, and have they not snapshots, too, of these same Kings, with their families, under the wing of the faithful Alli Ben Mahomet Hassan, and can the aforesaid Alli Ben Mahomet Hassan not produce the gold watch (unless it is momentarily at the Loan Office) duly inscribed with his qualities and presented to him by a grateful employer?

There are, of course, as in everything else, brilliant exceptions, and let any employer of a dragoman who may read these lines consider that he has employed the exception.

The dragoman's knowledge of languages is, then, very imperfect, but quite enough to point out: "You see Cartouche Osiris he have wife Isis hees son Horos sit him on him knee Isis"; then: "Set put him in sarcophagus say you try it, close him lid, cut him leetel pieces Horos he make war with his mother—kill him Set," etc.

If you know the story, or have a guide-book to refer to, or if you don't care whether Isis killed Horos, or Horos killed Osiris or Set killed them both, then it is all right, and you can begin preparing testimonials. But if you really want to get an intelligent, true story from your dragoman, it is about as difficult as translating a hieroglyph, and when you have finished, you had better refer to a guide-book to make sure you have got it right; and even then the guide-book tells you plainly not to believe the stories told by the dragoman. On the other hand, the dragoman disapproves of the guide-book, and when I referred to some story in it, my dragoman replied:

"You see, book he must be big, he like dinner

with very leetel meat; mustey have lots vegetables."

But to return to costume. There is another kind of dragoman who thinks a theatrical kind of costume will attract his customers. Here he is able to roam fancy free; he has the run of the whole of Africa to draw on.

One big, tawny young fellow, splendidly made, and six feet in height, wore a dark claret-coloured fez right down on the back of his skull; he had a black cloak or drapery slung over his shoulder, and a golden-yellow satin "nighty" down to his feet, on which were yellow slippers with turned-up and pointed toes; a claret-coloured scarf tied round the waist completed the costume.

He was certainly handsome, but he looked a thoroughly bad lot, and I noticed that he never came within the radius of the influence of the hotel staff, but waylaid the tourist down the street.

A stout elderly dragoman took my fancy. He was fussily dressed in a turban and many white "nighties," a bright red scarf round his waist and another round his neck, and yellow boots and light brown stockings on his fat legs.

His salaam was a picture to see as he settled a party of Americans down round an afternoon tea table at Shepherd's, on the terrace, and explained to them where he intended conducting them on the morrow; and they looked proud to be ordered about by an Arab chief.

If you employ a dragoman (always barring that exceptional one) you may be sure that everywhere you go the prices are increased to allow the dragoman his backsheesh. The trades-people are the sufferers because there are so many hangers-on to fee, and they never quite know which, if any, has really brought the customer, and they are afraid all the



MOHAMMEDAN CEMETERY, CAIRO



OUR DRAGOMAN, CAIRO

time that if they refuse the right one his commission, he will take the customer elsewhere.

To show the extent to which the backsheesh system is carried on in Cairo, a jeweller informed me that he had sold some goods to a Pasha and been paid for them, when a carriage stopped at the shop door and the driver got off the box and came into the shop and asked for his commission.

"Who are you?" said the jeweller, and the man replied: "I am the coachman who drove the Pasha here to buy your goods."

Of course one cannot get away from the backsheesh trouble, but a lot of trouble in the street can be got rid of by a few words which are just as magic as Ali Baba's "Open Sesame."

"*Imshi*" means "go away"—"be off."

"*Mafeesh*" means "I have nothing."

"*Mooshouse*" means "I don't want anything."

And they all three mean that you are not a tourist, and that you may know Arabic, and that you may live in Cairo, and that it is waste of time following you; and then your persecutor will say by word or gesture "*Malesh*," which means "all right," and move off.

CHAPTER IV

MORE CAIRO

OF all the sights in Cairo, I think the Museum is undoubtedly the most interesting. There you can revel to your heart's content in things of five or six thousand years ago, or even more, all well catalogued and arranged in a handsome building.

First go with a dragoman and let him walk you round in two or three hours, giving you his often amusing descriptions. It will gradually dawn on you what is the meaning of his picturesque, broken English; but don't cross-examine him, you will only take him out of his depth and he will lead you farther astray—you cannot learn the history of Egypt from him in one lesson.

The second time you visit the Museum, go without the dragoman, who would then only be a nuisance; take Murray or Baedeker, and refer to the descriptions of some of the things that interest you.

When you go the third time, buy the complete catalogue, and then you can begin, if such be your desire, to saturate yourself with Egyptian history, and lay the foundation for lots of interesting and intelligent sightseeing later on.

To describe the Museum would be to write a guide-book; but there are three things which are interesting above everything.

First the famous papyrus showing the souls of men being brought up to God for judgement, and

each soul being weighed in the scale. In the long lines, waiting for their turns, they look so big and important—half the size of the god who is waiting with a scourge and crook; but once on the scale, each looks such a tiny thing. The artist who executed the picture must have had quite a sense of humour.

Then there is a room containing all the treasures found in a tomb opened and explored by Mr. Theo Davis, and comprising all the belongings of the dead man; ordinary chairs and arm-chairs, a bed with a stuffed mattress, all the comestibles to keep his mummified body going during a long journey, including a liberal allowance of bread as a foundation, and to accompany it ducks, chickens, turkeys, geese, etc.—all likewise mummified and enclosed in wooden cases. Then there were all the utensils, and, in fact, everything requisite to a well-conducted mummy household. And the chairs only want repolishing and doing up to take their place amongst the Louis XV and Louis XVI furniture in any drawing room. The style is more Empire, however, without the decoration.

Then there is the jewel room, which rather reminds one of the Dublin Museum, where there is such a wealth of gold collarettes and rings. Quite a number of the rings and necklaces could be worn to-day without being remarked as extraordinary, and the toilet accessories show that but little progress has been made in this direction for many thousands of years.

The number of mosques to be visited by the conscientious tourist is appalling, until it gradually dawns on one that they are not churches at all, in our sense of the word, but merely burying-places. Each man who can afford it builds one for himself in his own back garden, so that there are few or no

real cemeteries, and the living and the dead dwell together in peace until the dead crowd the living out and they have to move on. Then gradually the smaller and cheaper graves disappear, and the more important ones get built into what becomes a village, and then a town, and the living take their revenge and crowd out the dead.

Almost in every agglomeration there are to be seen a tomb or tombs, and in Cairo to-day, in the side streets, one can see quite recent tombs in gardens, where the land is worth much money for building on.

The latest hygienic arrangements do not allow a man to be buried in his garden when he dies; he must first be deposited in a grave outside the town, within prescribed limits, and sojourn there for a number of years. After the legal limit of time, he may be brought back and buried in his own garden.

The best view of Cairo is to be had from the citadel; the size of the city surprises one, and the visitor will probably realize for the first time that it is one of the world's big cities and has a population of nine hundred thousand, which is increasing rapidly under a peaceful regime.

The bazaars cannot fail to interest, although they are being invaded by what the Cairots call the "Bombays," that is, the Parsees from Bombay, who are great traders.

The bazaars of Cairo have a sour and pungent smell. They are in very narrow streets, and the first storey often projects over the shops at each side and keeps the sun and the fresh air out. The streets are not, as a rule, very dirty in the bazaars, or at any rate not as dirty as the ordinary streets, where the traffic is considerable. There the dirt lies caked, and the roller-brushes pass over it from time to time, just to keep the surface of the dirt clean.

The smell is inherent to the bazaars, and however clean they are it remains.

A bazaar is a nice, neighbourly place. There are no trade secrets here. Every man's workshop is open to the public gaze, and one can see just how the filigree work is done, and you no longer wonder how your brass or silver inlaid coffee-tray was made; you can see it all done without any extra charge, and you can sit down in the tiny workshop and watch the design being made with the aid of a pair of compasses, and you are astonished to see a little boy cutting out the metal with a chisel.

The visitor is welcomed everywhere with a smile, and if he learns to say "Saida," which means "good-day," the introduction is complete, and he will be offered a cup of Turkish coffee, too.

If he likes it he can drop in for an hour or two every day, and will soon get familiar with the surroundings, and make some good friends among the workers.

CHAPTER V

STILL CAIRO

THE venerable Sphinx! What pages have been covered with "ink incense" and wafted towards its colossal, silent grandeur!

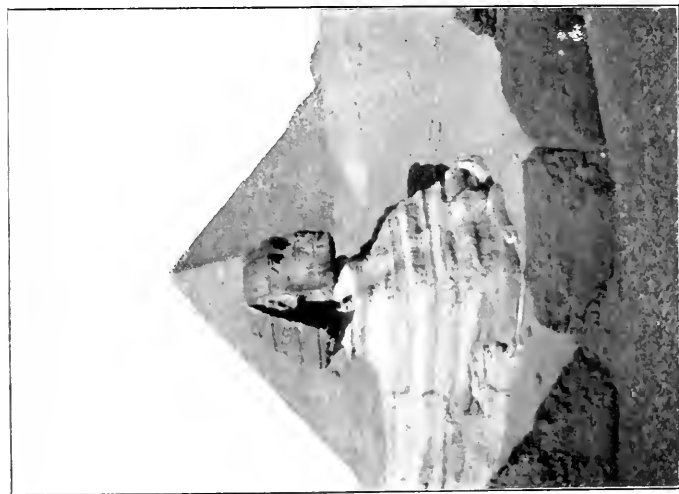
But why do people endow the splendid relic of a nation whose history is almost as deeply buried in the sands of oblivion as the Sphinx is in the sands of the desert, with qualities which that same Sphinx may have had, and probably did have, but which it certainly has no pretensions to now?

Let us stick to facts. The Sphinx has no nose, and its eyes and mouth have been battered badly—some say by the Romans, others say by Napoleon's guns—its beard is broken off and lies buried in the sand, and at the time I am writing the sand also covers the feet or paws of the Sphinx and a good half of its breast.

It may have been majestic, calm, proud, and beautiful, or it may have been as hideous as Moore's "veiled prophet"—no one can tell. Most probably it resembled the majority of Egyptian statues one sees, with the fête-day head-dress of rhinoceros hide.

I suppose that if the face remained intact or recognizable, none of the poems or prose on its divine, majestic beauty would ever have been written. Mystery is the sister of enchantment.

By the way, if I remember rightly, the Sphinx is generally referred to in the feminine gender, but to the



THE SPHINX



OUR PARTY AT THE PYRAMIDS

Egyptian he was masculine, and so I have adhered to the uncompromising "it."

When visiting the temple of the Sphinx, do not on any account read the guide-book, but let your dragoman explain to you how the high priest came out every morning at sunrise to worship at the altar between the paws of the Sphinx. Let him show you the passage he went along, and how his feet, and those of his successors, have worn the alabaster smooth. He will also break off a bit of the alabaster for you, and you will go away with it in your pocket, happy and understanding everything.

The evident truth of it all will strike you more than the masonry of the temple, the immense granite blocks of which were quarried and transported nearly six hundred miles, and fitted together without mortar by levelling and polishing each gigantic block. Every corner is made without a joint, cut out of the solid.

This represents unlimited labour to draw from, skill and patience without end, and a master mind to direct, that would make our best architects and builders tremble before its daring conceptions.

If you do stumble on the guide-book, and find that it is not the temple of the Sphinx at all, and that the high priest didn't, etc.—don't believe the guide-book, believe the dragoman's picturesque invention—it is much nicer.

If you visit the old Arab house, off the bazaar, the old Arab concierge is an amusing and highly picturesque study. He seems to belong to the place, and he helps you to conjure up the spirits of the harem—helps you to see Fatima peeping through the musharabiya of the marble-floored central room, and escaping up the rough stairway along the narrow passages, as her lord and master comes in with a stranger, by whom she must not be seen.

The old Arab is as black as coal, and not very active. He was active enough, however, to give us two already issued antiquity tickets, which we duly refused. He had no false pride, and brought out two more of the same category from quite a stock.

The Arabs are, it seems, absolutely incorrigible in this direction, but they seem to have a certain code of honour, for in the hotel you can leave things about if you are casual, and though the Arab valet and boot cleaners have free access to your room, you will never miss anything. But if you send one of them to buy something for you, he always adds to the price for his own benefit. I suppose Arabs are not any different from Europeans; I know lots of the latter who cheat the Customs authorities and the tax collector without any scruple.

Amongst the attractive costumes to be met with in Cairo is that of the street vendor of Arab beer, or Spanish juice water. He is at any rate an honest trader, and importunes no one, but walks briskly along, ringing two cigarette ash trays together to announce his arrival. He holds them in his right hand, with the first finger separating them, and jingles them from time to time, like a castanet. They are thick, solid ash trays, and make a pleasant ring. His feet and legs are bare nearly to the knee, and he has short, baggy trousers of highly coloured cotton, fastened round the waist with a broad sash, and then a bolero of another vivid colour covering his shoulders. A turban or skull cap of variegated hue completes his costume.

His drink is contained in an earthenware jar of artistic design, with a very long spout of polished brass. The jar is secured by means of a leather strap over his shoulder and back, and on his right side is a little brass tray in which he carries his glasses or cups. By hitching his body forward, the

liquor pours in a thin stream out of the spout into the drinking vessel.

These drink vendors must be an important class—the one I illustrate charged me three piastres for taking his photograph.

Everybody knows the Egyptian water-carrier woman. She figures in the old illustrated family Bible, and you find her in the faded prints on the boarding-house wall.

She is firm-breasted and erect, in picture, poetry, or prose. The earthenware jar in which she carries her water from the well or from the Nile is delightful to the eye, whether you see it poised on her head, or tilted in her hands to give the sun-parched and dusty traveller a clear, cooling draught. It is wonderful in the purity of its lines, and you see the artistic instinct which has been handed down from mother to daughter through countless generations without change.

Alas! there will soon be no water jars left; they are being rapidly replaced by old motobenzine tins. They are lighter, and hold more water, and they pour so easily out of the hole which the motorist has jabbed in the top corner!

The Egyptian village near Cairo is not a thing of beauty. It consists mostly of one-storey, square, mud hovels, all crowded together to keep out the sun, the air, and the vulgar gaze. The passages between the houses (one cannot by any flight of imagination call them streets) are just wide enough to let an unloaded donkey pass a pedestrian.

There is no attempt at sanitation of any description; the hovels are inhabited indiscriminately by fowls, goats, donkeys, children, and grown-ups, who have a mutual interest in keeping each other warm at night.

There are few or no windows in the houses;

there is no proper roof—all kinds of dried vegetation, from bamboo to maize and sugar-cane, are just dumped down on the top of the four walls. The roof is the rubbish heap of the house, covered with broken pots, cans, jars, and any and every description of house litter. It is neither decorative nor healthy. It cannot keep out the rain, but that is of no importance—it so seldom rains. It keeps out the sun, and is a happy hunting ground for the cocks and hens.

The whole thing is indescribably filthy. The multitudes of children look anaemic and unhealthy, but somehow or other they manage to grow up into fine strapping men, and not unpleasing women.

There are very few dogs. The Mohammedans do not seem to care about dogs. The donkey is the Egyptian's greatest friend; he is *the* animal of the country.

Of course there is the camel and the goat; but the donkey, whether white or mouse-coloured or dark, holds the first place.

He does all the work and lives on nothing, and he carries his master and a child or two if necessary, at a comfortable, ambling gait, which gets away with six miles in the hour; or he carries enormous loads of vegetables for the market, and brings home his master and his packages. He hauls the native omnibus, in the form of a two-wheeled, springless, cushionless, flat cart, on which six or eight of the Arab women sit and get a cheap ride into town, or out to the country.

But to see the donkey in all his glory you must watch him bedecked with beads of many colours, caparisoned in red leather and gold embroidery, mounted by the rich turbaned Arab in Turkish trousers of voluminous proportions—just the same old Ali Baba of the Arabian Nights—he is to be seen by the dozen, trooping into the town.



A BARBER'S SHOP IN THE EAST

The donkey, the camel, and the goat seem to live on the same kind of food, which principally consists of the leavings of the kitchen, cabbage stalks, potato peelings, turnip- and carrot-tops, and the hundred other nondescript articles which are rejected by the cook.

At Heliopolis, whilst motoring early one morning on the outskirts of the desert, I came unexpectedly on the rubbish heap of the town, and there I found goats, camels, donkeys, and rag and bone dealers, picking out the bits, whilst overhead were hundreds of small birds of prey with hooked beaks, waiting to eat up what remained.

CHAPTER VI

THE P. AND O. STEAMER

OUR time in Cairo is up and we are in the Suez Canal, making one of a line of ocean steamers threading their way through the desert. The Canal is not very interesting; numberless mirages can be seen if the weather be warm, and Arab encampments and villages are dotted here and there along its banks; but we have already seen Arabs and camels and villages, and these are just the same as the others.

Now and then we pass a big steamer moored to the bank to let us pass, and then again, we moor to the bank and let another that has this time the right of way, pass us.

We are thus close to a Turkish transport, the decks of which are crowded with men in all kinds of costume; it looks as if they were having a fancy dress ball, and on the poop a house has been built for the women, and we see them peeping through the half-open windows.

In the salt lake, the reflection of the moon, which is near the horizon, gives the effect of a path of golden glory. There is nothing to do and nothing else to see.

We turn our attention to our fellow passengers and decide that they are an uninteresting lot. They have not even got up a Sports' Committee. However the warm weather will correct all that. It has been cold and stormy in the Mediterranean.

By the way a Lancashire boy talks, however, it is evident that he is budding out as self-appointed secretary, and we shall soon see a notice up on the board that a meeting will be held in the smoke room after lunch.

The P. & O. Captain is a study in himself. You recognize at once the ladies' man; his uniform is "sans reproche," with plenty of bright gold braid. He is generally stout and florid, and has Lady So-and-So, Sir Henry This-and-That, Mr. Porter, M.P., and Miss Deverel at his table. He rarely misses a meal, and lingers over the dessert. He has his visits to pay on deck every day, and is quite popular.

Then there is the other extreme, the sailor man. On the bridge at the slightest provocation, his place is as often as not vacant at table, or he comes down to eat one course and goes off about his business again. His guests are not chosen, unless he happens to have a friend or two, old travellers to whom he can talk shop. His uniform is so shabby and the braid so tarnished, that you think at first he is fresh from the engine room. He has his promenade on the deck always in the afternoon. People say he is "gauche" and surly, but he takes no risks, depends on nobody but himself, and if you awake in the night and find the weather freshening, land in sight, or a ship ahead, you can be sure that he has been the first to know it. If he has an accident, it won't be from want of care or foresight, and if he cannot make conversation, he can judge currents and distances.

The secretary has sprung into bloom, the meeting is called, volunteers or nominations for the Committee are invited, and—how nicely things happen—just the very four or five people who are round the secretary's table are the very ones nominated and elected, and in a jiffy the meeting is over,

and the Chairman, Committee, and Secretary duly appointed.

How opportune it would be in real life if things happened like that! Unfortunately, in real life there is always the nasty man who gets up on his legs and makes counter proposals, and asks who called the meeting, and other awkward questions. But ship-board is not real life, it is only play—play amongst big babies who have nothing to do but create a little world for themselves in quite different surroundings. They are cut off completely from their nurses for a short time, left to their own resources to be jumbled up with a lot of other babies, and to find their own level again under changed circumstances.

Little avails them the title—be it peer, princess, or simple baronet—nobody knows them, and before their titles get known to their companions, they have been examined and pulled to pieces, and all their little defects and weaknesses laid bare.

Lady Ermentrude is a fat old frump; Sir Pompous Piffle is a plain looking man with a wart on his nose, and is put down for a commercial traveller; the distinguished soldier, General Prancer, is too red in the face—no doubt alcohol; Miss Girton, so stylishly dressed, must be a rich woman travelling for pleasure (she is just engaged as governess to a Bombay family). The man who is so popular in the smoke room turns out to be a shady character to be avoided, and the shabby, ordinary-looking man in the corner, with a well-seasoned pipe always in his mouth, is the head of the steel industry.

By the time that the real status of an individual filters out it is too late to make distinctions.

Four days down the Red Sea are uninteresting; from time to time the barren shores of Arabia appear and disappear, and red, rocky, desolate islands skim by and fade into the distance. A good field-glass

brings to light a settlement of prospectors for petroleum here and there.

Mount Sinai has been seen somewhere to the East; no one knows exactly where, and various peaks get benefit of the doubt.

The programme for the coming sports has been drawn up and pasted on the notice board, and all sorts of weird practisings are taking place, before the approach of Aden absorbs all our attention.

There is not much to see at Aden; red rocks, white rocks, black rocks, and then the same again in varied order of succession, until we are stirring up the mud of the harbour with the water from our propellers.

The town of Aden lies at the foot of the almost inaccessible, barren, uninviting hills; not a tree is to be seen anywhere, except at the "tanks" where the visitor is shown, with pride and satisfaction, a few miserable specimens.

There is little or nothing of interest to the sight-seer. The tanks are water-storing reservoirs, of which there are many up a gorge in the precipitous hills. To be seen to advantage, I should think they must be seen during a downpour of tropical rain, which will make splendid torrents and cataracts down the precipices; but to climb these dry and parched heights, step by step, past the many reservoirs, and to peep into each and see a little water at the bottom, and read the numbers of million gallons that ought to be stored there, is neither exciting nor instructive, but it passes the time and gives one much needed exercise.

The tanks, it seems, had their origin in the dark ages, when sailors needed water, just as they do now; but there is nothing left to mark their antiquity, and their origin is shrouded in the mystery of ancient history.

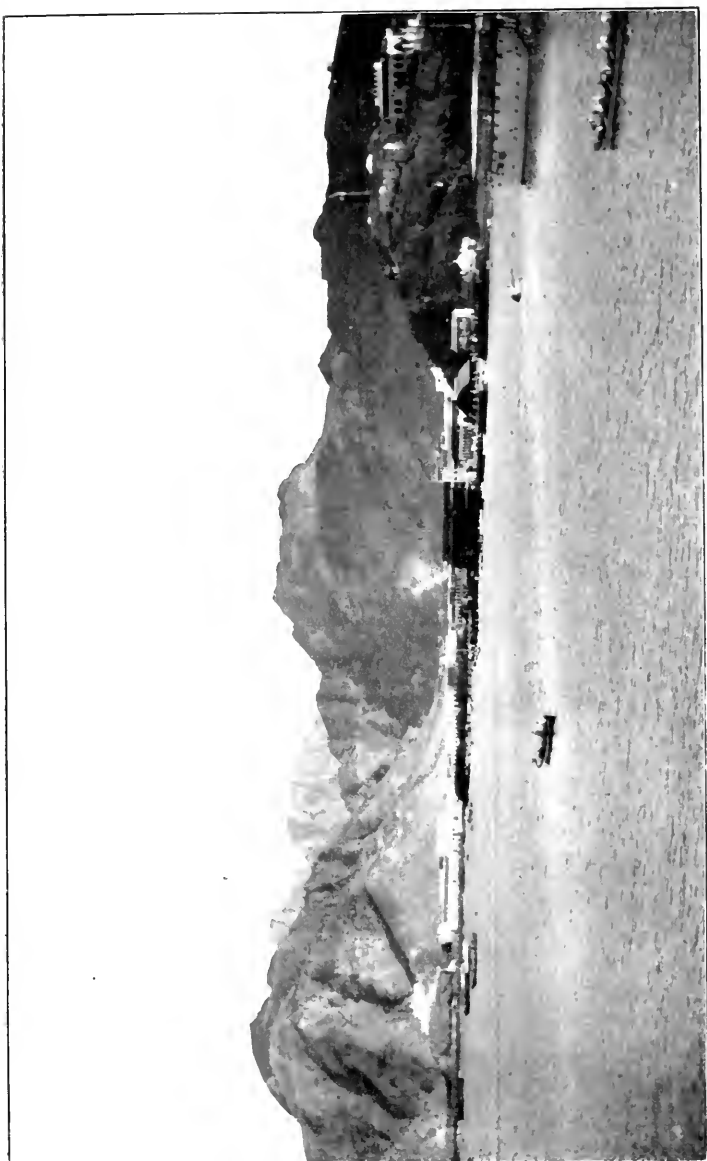
The Somali boys, who man the boats that ply between the ships and the shore, are far more interesting. They look like death's-heads, black, walking skeletons, rugged ragamuffins. They also coal the boats and load and unload mails, to the accompaniment of a savage dirge sung in a minor key, and to the fiendish yelling of orders by several of their number who seem to act as foremen.

One police officer on the gangway of the steamer keeps the boat boys in order without any trouble.

The days of the famous "diving boys" of Aden are numbered—either they have all been eaten by sharks, or else the authorities, fearing such a contingency, have forbidden the sport. The most they can now do is to dance on the bottom of the coal and mail barges to the monotonous refrain of "give me one penny."

The Arab dealers who come on board have little of interest. The ostrich feathers they offer are of the poorest quality, but some very good feathers may be found in the principal shops ashore.

ADEN



CHAPTER VII

STEAMER FRIVOLITIES

ADEN has disappeared from our view and we are crossing the Arabian Sea on our last stage towards Bombay, and the whole attention of the passengers is concentrated on deck games.

There are games for all ages, for both sexes ; games of skill, games of chance, games of strength, games of weight, and the man, woman, or child who cannot fit into one of them must be hard indeed to please.

A bridge tournament is always popular, and one is roused out of a sweet morning's sleep, a post prandial forty winks, or an early night beauty-sleep, to take a hand.

Deck quoits come next in popularity, and those who have a cabin on the spar deck, just where the quoits should land, have no peace whilst there is any daylight ; nothing is more terrible than the continual "plop" of the little red or blue ribboned rope ring ; it obliges one to follow the game right through, and the laughter, and howls, and war dances, keep one fully informed of the varying fortunes of the combatants.

There are several varieties of deck quoits. The quoits may either be thrown into chalked concentric rings on the deck, or into a bucket, or on to a spike ; or there are little bean bags, which are thrown on to a slanting board marked out in squares of different values.

The tug-of-war is a favourite game with all, and is seldom left aside. Pulling the turtle is simple

and amusing: a rope about three yards long is provided, with a big loop at each end. The two contestants slip the loops over the back of their necks and under their arms; they then start back to back, and crawl on their hands and feet (their knees must not touch the deck) in opposite directions until the rope is taut between them, and at the word "go" they crawl, or try to crawl, turtle fashion, each one endeavouring to drag his opponent back over the line.

Pillow fighting on a spar causes endless fun—mattresses are spread on the deck and a spar covered with a blanket is fixed about four feet above it. Two fighters straddle the spar, rider fashion, and fight with pillows, the object being to make the opponent lose his balance and fall off the spar on to the mattress.

There are several ways of winning: some duck and dodge the coming blow and hope that, not meeting with obstruction, it will overbalance the striker and make him the easy prey of a smart little tap; others trust to brute strength and grip the spar with strong thighs; and some let their opponents batter them ruthlessly, and patiently wait until he gets careless, then, before he has recovered, put in one strong, quick clip that sends him sprawling, to a chorus of laughter.

I once witnessed a game in which, on a signal, a lady partner had to throw an apple into a bucket of water and her man partner had to get it out with his teeth and run back to her with it in his mouth.

But it is not often this game is played, as the only way the man can bite the apple is by plunging his head into the water, and after several ineffectual attempts, getting the apple jammed against the side of the bucket, and whilst holding the bucket with both hands, biting into the apple and standing up with his head in the bucket, so as not to drop the apple.

He, of course, gets all the water his splashes have left right over him.

Quite another category of games might be called the genteel games. These are generally partnership affairs—a lady and a gentleman. Bottles are placed so as to mark a well-defined course, the man is blindfolded and driven by the lady between the bottles, which he must not knock down.

The needle and thread race is a favourite, and so is the whistling competition. In the former, ladies and gentlemen are placed at opposite ends of the deck. At the word “off,” the lady must run up the deck and give her partner a needle; he has cotton ready and must thread the needle and put a knot on the cotton and return it to his partner, who must race back with it.

In the whistling match the man must eat a dry biscuit, race up to his lady, and take a sealed envelope from her and retire to a mark several feet away. Here he must open the envelope, in which he finds a slip with the name of a popular air on it. This he must whistle until his partner distinguishes it; she must write down the name of it, and both slips must be put back into the envelope, with which the man runs back to the goal.

There are numbers of other deck games and endless variations of them. They pass the time very agreeably for both competitors and spectators, they complete the breaking down of all social barriers, lead to the inevitable concert and prize distribution at which Peer and Princess get round again to their proper stations in life as distributors of bounty and makers of fine-sounding speeches. And so the eternal cycle of things goes on, on board every ship, which is a little world to itself, momentarily detached from the big world into which its passengers will soon merge again.

CHAPTER VIII

A GLIMPSE AT BOMBAY

THE P. and O. steamers arrive at Bombay at an uncomfortable time—usually in the very early hours of the morning. The first passengers to be discharged are those bound for Karachi; they must be awakened at 5.30; but as the clock fingers have been put on an hour in the night to fit in with Indian time, the hour, as far as their night's rest is concerned, is really 4.30.

Shortly after this begins a noise past description, as if the ship had been captured by wild Indians who were demolishing everything prior to murdering the crew and passengers to the accompaniment of terrible yells.

The Eastern seems incapable of any exertion without the accompaniment of vocal demonstration; it seems as if he must be worked up into a kind of religious frenzy to stimulate him, and apparently this frenzy can only find its outlet in an attack on a mail bag or a trunk, which must be pounced on, dragged off, and flung to the next acolyte.

The amount of work they do individually is very small, but there seem to be hordes of them, and for this reason the work gets done. I noticed four of them carrying one of our trunks which is invariably handled by one porter in Europe, who, with a preliminary "spit" on his hands, hoists it up on his brawny shoulders and hikes it off without a grunt.

When we leave the ship at 8.30 the noise is still going on.

The Bay of Bombay is certainly to be classed amongst the good harbours of the world. Looking out over it from our windows on the second floor of the Taj Mahal Palace Hotel, the view is one of the finest; surrounded with low hills, with a little island just in front of the landing-place, it reminds one of Sydney harbour.

There are two Bombays, differing from each other as far as the east from the west : one Bombay made up of fine buildings, trolley cars, hotels, and esplanades, which holds no interest for me; the other is the East, unadulterated at last, and it cannot fail to be interesting to every traveller.

What strikes one first is the headgear of the natives, which is extraordinarily varied in form, colour, and material. *Tout est permis.*

The majority of the Parsees wear a smoking-cap of cloth, velvet, silk, or some gold-embroidered material, without a tassel, mostly dark in colour; but some, who seem to be bankers, money-changers, or their clerks, wear a hat made of black American oil-cloth, very shiny, with a small pattern on it. In shape it resembles a stove pipe set on the head with the back portion sliced off forwards and bent inwards to reduce the hole, which is stuffed with a piece of rag.

The high-class Parsee wears a variously shaped cap with a bow like a boat, either in front or at the back, or a great roll of material slashed round in a curve. Gold cloth is used profusely, sometimes combined with bright scarlet. But some very smart hats look as if they were made of gray felt.

Other races, or castes, wear turbans of all sizes and of all colours, or multi-coloured.

There are Arabs from the shores of the Persian

Gulf in the classic Arab head-dress, and here and there a red or claret coloured fez.

Another favourite head-dress has a little cone-shaped skull-cap in the centre, made mostly of gold embroidered material, but sometimes of a bright coloured cloth, and round the bottom of the skull-cap, hiding the lower part of it, is twisted a thin roll of white or gray, or some bright colour.

Quite a number of Parsees wear a hat like a billycock without a brim, and bound round the lower part of what is left is a roll of gray or blue and gray silk.

The national garment of India, for men and women alike, consists of a strip of cotton, generally white, but it may be of any other colour. Its length may be anything from three to ten yards.

In the case of a man this strip is wound round the waist, brought through the fork, and fastened by having the end pushed into the folds around the waist. For women the strip is first wound round the waist for a couple of turns, when many folds are pleated together in front, and tucked inside at the top to keep the pleat, and what is left of the material is then thrown over the left shoulder and the head, and brought back again over the right shoulder, to be fastened at the waist above the pleat.

Anything in addition to this garment is only a refinement or a luxury. There may be shawls with Cashmere embroidery, or long shirts of immaculate white cambric with cuffs and frills for the "dudes," and a countless variety of other refinements for both men and women, but the foundation is always the strip of cloth, which is the most primitive form of covering.

From this garment, to less and less, brings us by short stages to a loin-cloth, a piece of rag, a piece of string, and—nothing.



BOMBAY: A WASHING PLACE



A FAKIR

Quite a favourite variation for children, either boys or girls—is a very short waistcoat—nothing else. The legs are always bare—thin, bare, brown legs, tapering down from the thigh to the ankle, without any attempt at a calf, are everywhere to be seen ; most of the feet are bare.

The faces, as a rule, look gentle and kindly, but the expression often changes to a scowl as we pass through the native quarter, and we got quite a shock at a public washing-place, where I got out of the car to take a snapshot, for everywhere my feet had touched the ground, off the road, was immediately powdered over with sand by two Hindus. I had defiled the place and it must immediately be purified !

Whilst driving through the bazaars we had a stone thrown at us, but then the riots between the Mohammedans and the Hindus had taken place only a short time before, and the military had had to fire into the crowds and there had been many killed, so that particular stone may have been from someone who had had a relative killed in the riots or in the firing afterwards.

The Hindu temples in Bombay are mostly disappointing ; as a rule they are small, dirty, and paltry, and the visitor is barely allowed to cross the threshold.

A black-bearded fakir posed for me to take a snap-shot of him just inside one of the temples—for a monetary consideration, of course.

The water-carrier is always a familiar figure in the East, with his goatskin on his back, and one hand engaged pinching the neckpiece together to stop or modify the flow of the water.

CHAPTER IX

THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD

AS the principal sights to see in Bombay are directly connected with the disposal of the dead, I am obliged to bring up this gruesome subject.

"Have you seen the Towers of Silence?" "Have you seen the Burning Ghat?"

Everyone asks you these two questions, and off you go, gaily, to see them.

Just imagine visitors to Europe trooping out to a cemetery and watching, kodak in hand, whilst the parson pronounces "dust to dust" and the coffin is lowered and the earth sprinkled on it, with weeping friends around the graveside. It sounds inhuman, does it not? But you must visit the Burning Ghat, or no one will believe you have been to Bombay.

The body is brought in on a stretcher, wrapped only in light cloths, and is laid on the bare ground whilst the stokers prepare the fire—ordinary logs for the poor, and sandal wood with an overpowering smell for the rich.

While waiting for the next part of the ceremony, there is the register to be inspected, containing the number of dead brought in every day, their ages and diseases. "A hundred years old, this man," says the clerk, "he died of senile decay."

A shallow hole is dug and lined with wood, the body is put on the wood, two arched angle irons are

put over it, and four crowbars are fixed vertically in the ground at the corners, the logs are heaped on between the crowbars, and the whole is soon a blazing mass.

The stokers keep the fire going, and push into it with long pokers any rebellious portion which might haply fall out of the reach of the consuming flames.

In less than an hour, the fire has accomplished its task and a jet of water puts it out. The crowbars and the angle irons are removed and the unburned wood cleared away.

A long ceremony follows, ending up with the arrival of the "sacred cow," which is induced by the offer of grain to stand across the ashes whilst the nearest relative milks it on to them. He then deposits an earthenware jar on the ashes, walks three times round, and lastly breaks the jar in pieces, and the sorrowing friends wash themselves and leave.

The ashes are gathered up into a box and thrown into the sea, and if any unconsumed bones remain, they are hung on the trees until the sun disintegrates them.

Undoubtedly this method of disposing of the dead in a densely populated country with a hot climate has its advantages, and no doubt it originated in times of plague and sickness, when it was impossible to get rid of the dead bodies in other ways, and perhaps by slow evolution—a form of cremation less crude and disagreeable in its details will creep in.

Already the burning which we witnessed is an immense improvement on the usual ghats to be seen in the poor quarters of many cities, where several bodies are piled on one fire, and only partially consumed, the remains being thrown into the rivers, there to form floating islands of putrefaction, for the birds to light on whilst they plunge their beaks into the half roasted flesh.

The Towers of Silence represent another Indian method of disposing of the dead, which is practised only by the Parsees.

The bodies of the dead are borne to a hill overlooking Bombay—a most beautiful spot—where a lovely garden has been laid out.

In the centre of this garden, the hill-top has been left in its natural wildness, and inside a large enclosure, surrounded by tree-covered rocky land, there has been built what are ironically known as “The Towers of Silence.”

A Tower of Silence is a low circular building, in the form of a tower, and approached by an incline leading up to a door about half-way up the tower. Inside the tower is a system of circular concentric grids, sloping down towards a great hole.

There are three sets of grids, the one nearest the wall for the bodies of men, the next set for women, and the last set for children. The total length of the three sets of grids is about twenty feet, and they slope towards and drain into a central hole that descends vertically to the foundations of the Tower. A system of drainage enables all liquid matter to fall into the central hole and drain through filtration beds into the earth.

The friends of the deceased remain in the garden, and special priests, whose ancestors have had and whose descendants will have the monopoly of the job, carry the bodies to the Towers of Silence, and up the incline into the inside of the Tower. There they deposit the body on its grid, and there they leave it.

A flock of about three hundred vultures live in and about the enclosure, and make their nests and bring up their families in the rocky recesses. These vultures live absolutely and entirely on the flesh of the bodies brought to them to the Towers of Silence.

They are usually to be seen perched on the walls of the Towers, pluming their feathers with their hideous beaks, or sunning their bald heads and necks in the tropical heat.

Just as soon as a funeral procession begins to wend its way towards the top of the hill, a sentinel vulture gives the signal, and all is commotion amongst the horrible birds, who begin to fly up and circle around in gruesome anticipation.

No sooner has the body been placed on its grid than down swoops the terrible army, three hundred strong, and in less than an hour nothing is left of the deceased but the bare skeleton.

The sun's rays, beating continually on the bones, soon dry them up and disintegrate them, and when the monsoon comes, it washes away the dust, which falls into the central part, and nothing is left in the Tower of Silence.

From a hygienic point of view there is much to be said for this method of disposing of the dead.

The Parsees, who claim to practise the oldest religion in the world, have the greatest veneration for Fire, Water, and Earth, and say that to burn the bodies would be to defile fire, to throw them into the water would be to pollute water, and to bury them in the earth would be to profane the earth; and that is how they justify the method they employ.

Certainly the microbes of putrefaction, which take possession of a body after death, do not get much out of a dead Parsee, who is generally useful only in helping to nourish and sustain a self-respecting family of vultures.

What the origin of this method can have been one can only surmise, but at first sight it looks as if the vultures had done the work originally without permission, and that finding such an easy way of disposing of the dead, the refinement of the Towers

of Silence had been substituted for the primitive disposal of the body anywhere within reach of the carrion-nourished birds.

A few statistics may here be interesting.

The Towers of Silence in Bombay dispose on an average of three bodies per day, and the attendants estimate that the monopoly is in the hands of (or shall we say the beaks?) some three hundred vultures. Thus it will be seen that each vulture requires 3.6 bodies per annum, or .9 body per quarter to keep the wolf from the door.

The Mohammedans, of course, bury their dead in cemeteries, just as people do in any other part of the world.



JUGGERNAUT

CHAPTER X

THE TRAVELLER'S LIFE IN INDIA

ROADS all over India are good, and barring the inconvenience of the dust and the hot sun, one can motor very well anywhere all over the country.

There are, however, certain difficulties to be taken into consideration.

As yet, petrol has not found its way into the villages, and the motorist must arrange for supplies to be sent on ahead, or he will very soon be stranded.

There are no hotels in the country districts, and as it is absolutely out of the question to find suitable accommodation for Europeans in any of the villages, the Government has instituted a system of what is called "Dak Bungalows." The Dak Bungalow is anything from a shed to a small hotel. In some of them food, such as it is, can be obtained, but in others there is nothing to be had but the shelter of a roof, which must be shared with any other traveller who happens to pass.

As a rule, the Dak Bungalow is clean and free from vermin, but that is not always the case; and, in any event, bedding, a mosquito net, and a well supplied tea basket should be taken.

This brings me to the subject of beds. In the Scriptures we read about taking up one's bed and walking. To Europeans this seems difficult. One can hardly picture the possibility of carrying off a four-poster, or even a single Maple iron bedstead

with a spring mattress and other accessories. But a visit to India will clear up the difficulty. The Indian bed is just a little dried rush or rough string, stretched across a light wooden frame, with four short legs to keep it off the ground. There are no mattresses or bedclothes other than what each man carries about with him in the daytime.

But even this bed is a luxury, and probable fifty per cent. of the total population of India sleep on the floor.

One frequently sees a man walking off with his bed on his head.

Europeans on arriving in India, if they intend to leave the capital cities, must first purchase bedding, which consists of mattress, pillows and pillow-cases, sheets, and blankets.

These are made to roll up and fit in an enormous "hold-all." The train in India—even the special express—only provides the traveller with a bare bunk; he must supply all the rest, keeping in mind that the nights are often very cold. Some of the hotels provide bedding, but every one must take his own for the Dak Bungalow.

It is difficult and exceedingly uncomfortable to travel in India without a native servant. He looks after the luggage, finds the best place in the train, expends about one-third the amount that his master would on tips to porters and hotel servants. He makes up your bed in the train, brings you hot water, food, and any other requirements, and in the country hotels he waits on you at table. Indeed, in some of the country hotels, among the rules and regulations, it is stated that the traveller is expected to have at least one native servant, who is lodged and fed free of charge.

The choice of a native servant should be made with the greatest care and discretion. A visit to



"TAKE UP THY BED, AND WALK"



OUR MOHAMMEDAN SERVANT, SAMAND KHAN

India will be pleasant or the reverse according as one has a good or bad servant.

The best plan is to go to one of the best tourist agencies and asked to be supplied with a good man, agreeing to pay rather a high price. One has to examine carefully the testimonials of the man proposed, and not engage him until quite satisfied.

Take a Mohammedan, not a Hindu. The high class Mohammedan will serve you, whilst no Hindu servant, except of the lowest class, will do what is required of a native servant.

Samand Khan was the name of our native servant. We felt decidedly nervous when he turned up for the first time, and we had to pretend to be very serious and very knowing, though we really felt quite ignorant and foolish.

Samand was a Mohammedan, very dark skinned and with clean-cut features, and a slight, black moustache and beard. He was about thirty-five years of age, and five feet nine inches in stature. He came to us from Cox's tourist agency in Bombay, and brought five or six letters, mostly from military men by whom he had been employed. One employer had even given him his photograph with a few appreciative lines on it.

We were advised to keep his testimonials in our possession. "That is your right," we were told. "You know, without his 'chits' (a chit in India is a signed paper) he cannot get another situation, and so he is in your power."

Rather a low and startling doctrine, and we shudder to think how it might be misused.

Samand made a good impression on us, and we engaged him. His knowledge of English had great limitations, but then he knew his work, and was quicker than quicksilver in finding out our habits and requirements.

After a few days' experience of Samand we drifted into a state of perfect confidence, and let him take charge of everything. Samand Khan (his name rather suggests canned salmon) came from Agra, and was delighted when he heard we were going to visit that city. He made us understand that he had a little piece of land near Agra, and a wife and six children—too many for the land to feed, so he had to be servant to Europeans.

He was very proud of his eldest boy, and would have him come from the farm to be presented to us.

Samand's duties were numerous. At half past seven every morning he knocked at our door and entered, after having taken off his shoes. It is very rude indeed for a native to come into any room occupied by a European without taking off his shoes.

Advancing to a position where we could see him, Samand put the palm of his right hand to his face, with the ends of the fingers touching the forehead just between the eyes, bowing the head with the hand downwards. This is the salaam or good-morning.

He then prepared us a cup of tea, brushed my clothes and boots, laid out what I was going to wear, and folded and put away what I wore the preceding day. After preparing a bath and bringing the daily paper, he would disappear and wait outside the door until we opened it and told him to prepare breakfast.

When we arrived in the breakfast-room everything was in readiness, and he stood behind my chair to anticipate the smallest want.

After breakfast he would summon two of the helpers and do our room, make the beds, etc., never leaving the helpers alone in the room for a moment, lest they should "help" themselves.

If Madame was going out driving or shopping, he

sat beside the "garriwalla" or driver, opened the door, carried the parcels, and woe betide the Syce if he did not dust the cushions of the carriage before Madame sat down! The Syce, by the way, is the man who rides behind, on a little step, or on the back axle, mostly clinging on to nothing. In India there are first, second, and third class cabs, and the meanest third class cab has a driver and a Syce. Rich people have at least two Syce behind them.

Samand carried the purse and paid the "garriwalla" his ridiculously cheap fare. It amounts sometimes to fourpence—to be divided between two horses, a garriwalla, and a Syce.

When Madame stayed in, Samand sat on a mat at her door and sewed buttons on or darned my socks or Madame's stockings, or put a stitch in a blouse.

During lunch he served us, and after lunch made us fresh black coffee. At half past four he brought us afternoon tea and the evening paper, and when we came in to dress for dinner we would find everything laid out ready for us. If we went out to dinner he rode beside the driver, and when we got home at night we found him rolled up in a rug, on a grass mat, outside our door on the stone floor of the passage, which was generally open to the four winds of heaven—that is where he slept.

Of course, there are a hundred and one things which he did for us, such as counting the washing, sending for the tailor man, buying fruit or dainties, bargaining in the bazaar, etc.

When we were travelling, Samand did literally all the packing; he had the keys of everything.

On our leaving any hotel an army of black men, whom we had never seen before, appeared from all sides, and demanded tips, and disappeared just as quickly when I told them to "see my boy"—or "see

my bearer." A few "annas" from Samand satisfied them where I should have had to give rupees.

Samand would then put us into a cab, with a handbag, and turn up at the station with the heavy luggage on a bullock waggon.

The Indian railway carriage for long journeys is more like a small saloon car; there are, as a rule, four berths, and by taking three tickets the traveller can secure a carriage to himself, and have heaps of room for most of his luggage—say two ordinary trunks, a few valises, all the hold-alls and hand baggage, and also an ice box well supplied with fruit and drinks, which the "boy" has provided.

Samand would arrive at our compartment with four or five coolies bearing our luggage on their heads. He would soon stow it away, and settle himself in a servants' third class carriage.

At every stop of the train Samand appeared to make tea, or bring more drinks, and when we went into the dining car he sat in our compartment to look after our things.

Whilst we were dining Samand was making up our beds, and in the morning his regular routine began again with an early cup of tea.

But here we are at Agra, and Samand has our luggage on the heads of more coolies, and transferred to Laurie's Hotel, and unpacked and stowed away whilst we fold our hands and look on wonderingly.

In three or four days he knows just where to put everything, what to unpack, what to leave us; and all this with a delicate refinement and without a word, except the laconic "tea ready," "bāte ready," "carriage ready," etc.

And all we pay for this is thirty-five rupees (£2 6s. 6d.) per month, out of which he has to keep himself, and oh, yes! I forgot, four annas (fourpence) per day for his food when travelling by rail!

CHAPTER XI

THE STORY OF THE TAJ

TO tour India thoroughly and look up all the mosques and palaces and temples would occupy years. To see only the representative monuments would take months. To visit the North-West Provinces alone would take weeks, and to see Agra properly days; but whatever the traveller does, and however short his time, he must visit the Taj at Agra.

The Taj has to live up to a great reputation, and certainly no monument does this better. They say that no one is ever disappointed with the Taj, and I can well believe it.

First, there is a pretty story connected with it, a story which is true and on which guide-books, guides, and experts are all agreed.

Its history dates back only about three hundred years.

It seems that a Mohammedan Emperor, who rejoiced in the name of Shah Jahan, had a favourite wife with whom he was very much in love. He called her the "Pride of the Palace," and built her the loveliest of rooms in his castle at Agra, looking over the waters of the Jumna river.

Picture to yourself a lovely spacious kiosk, built all of marble, the walls incrustured with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, and all sorts of precious stones, and with the ceilings and pillars enamelled with flowers in the choicest of designs.

The white marble floor was covered with thick Persian rugs, the open archways were hung with heavy Bochara silk curtains, both inside and out. At the entrance a white marble fountain of rose-water perfumed the air.

The lady was fair and good, and returned his affection. She bore him many children, and they lived happily. But, alas! in bearing him the last child she fell grievously sick, and feeling that her end was at hand, she called for her husband, who was near, and said to him :

“ We have loved each other tenderly, and now I am going to leave you ; I have two requests to make. Build me a beautiful tomb on the banks of the Jumna, within sight of my kiosk. Do not take another queen, lest there be disputes between the two families.”

Then she passed away, and the King was very sad, and vowed to carry out the wishes of his darling.

He sent for architects and builders, and all the Rajahs of the neighbouring kingdoms sent him white marble. For twenty-two years the lady waited in a small temporary vault in the gardens, and for twenty-two years Shah Jahan built, until he had completed the most wonderfully beautiful tomb which the world has ever seen, and there he placed his darling, and there he also is buried beside her.

The tomb is called the Taj Mahal, or simply the Taj.

It is situated on the high ground overlooking Agra, on the right bank of the Jumna, in a beautiful garden, with canal, fountains, and terraces.

The garden is walled round and has three entrances, each with an arched gateway ; the riverside alone has no gateway.

The whole of the Mausoleum is of the finest white



THE TAJ MAHAL



MARBLE SCREEN IN THE TOMB OF THE LADY OF THE TAJ

marble, carved and sculptured with great skill, the details being exquisitely beautiful.

The first illustration is taken from just inside the principal entrance, where an avenue of green-leaved trees borders the central approach, and the second shows some of the details of the carving and tracery on one side.

There is no glass in the Taj: all the windows in the structure are filled in with white marble lace-work; that is to say that instead of glass, sheets of marble were used, each sheet being carved out until it resembles a piece of lace.

Inside the mausoleum, underneath the central dome, there are only the smallest window spaces, and it is consequently almost dark, or it would be if everything were not so white.

A lamp is always kept burning over the tomb, but it only serves to make the darkness visible.

The tomb is surrounded by a screen, which is a *chef d'œuvre* of carving, tracery, and enamel.

On general principles I took a photograph of this screen from the doorway, giving it five minutes' exposure, and I was surprised and delighted to find the excellent result produced in the accompanying illustration, in which even the carved lilies on the base of the tomb can be discerned.

CHAPTER XII

A TRAGEDY AT AGRA

WHEN we got back from the Taj, we found Samand waiting for us with his brother, whom he wanted to present to us.

Samand seemed very proud of his brother, and justly so. He was a fine looking man, and he showed me with pride his railway pass on which his name figured—"Abdulla Khan, railway contractor." He salaamed and beamed on us with delight, but could not speak a syllable of English.

We told Samand we would give him a day off to go and see his family, but he refused, saying: "Who look after Master? My boy come see me—me present him Master."

A dreadful mistake has been made in the costume we provided for Samand. We bought him a snow-white suit to make him look very nice—a long jacket, a pair of trousers, and a white turban, with a real gold stripe crossing round his head and down the little tail which hangs between his shoulders. But alas! he has no belt, and that, it seems, is an awful crime in India.

Fortunately some very kind friends sitting at the same table as ourselves at mealtimes recognized us as strangers in a foreign land, and told us of the enormity of the offence.

It seems that we have committed an outrage on society and Indian etiquette, and must repair the

omission as quickly as possible. Samand must have a belt to wear when he serves at table.

Whilst driving through the suburbs of Agra, Samand tells us we are near the house of his brother, and wants us to see it, and we are only too glad to get a glimpse of anything which is not prepared for the tourist, anything which helps one to understand the life of the country; so we drive through little streets and mud huts until we get out of our carriage at the big, wooden, double door of a mud walled enclosure.

Here we find that Samand and Abdulla have bought a piece of land and built a lot of mud huts, which they let. The enclosure is full of cattle, goats, hens, and children, and on one side Abdulla has built himself quite a substantial residence which Samand explains has cost £500.

We are received in Abdulla's room, which is furnished with old European furniture, bought at auction prices, no doubt. The walls are painted white, and Abdulla has painted the Taj and other monuments in medallions all over them. They are not badly painted, and he must have put himself to infinite trouble to execute them. Abdulla, with evident pride, shows us his ten year old son, dressed in a sort of green overall, and on his head a fool's cap without a crown, but having little pointed peaks tipped with little bells. He is very black and very shy, but has a gentle face and beautiful dark eyes.

Tea, sweets, and cakes are served to us.

Samand explains that the boy's mother is dead, and that Abdulla has just married again. His wife is, of course, veiled and cloistered, and cannot be seen by any other man.

My wife asks if she can see Mrs. Abdulla, and after a great deal of preparation and some high

words which we hear in the adjoining house, Abdulla comes to take my wife up to the zenana.

Across a small yard and up a steep staircase leads to an open-roof terrace, and to a room, and an inner room with a large bed at one end, and there, on the floor in front of the bed, are two female forms covered with draperies and crouching low, one of them having her head bowed towards the ground, almost touching her knees. She is the wife, and is dressed in beautiful, thin, crimson silk, with gold embroidery bordering it.

Unfortunately nothing will persuade her to lift her head or uncover her face, though my wife catches sight of a silver head-dress and black glossy hair as she readjusts her veil to hide herself better.

She is very young and newly wedded.

The other woman is Abdulla's mother, old and silvery haired; she salaams and smiles, and vainly tries to induce her daughter-in-law to uncover her face.

The fact is, I suppose, that the young bride considers it revoltingly indecent of my wife to show her face before Abdulla.

Autres pays, autres mœurs.

The whole visit was most interesting, and you can imagine the commotion we caused in the little village.

Samand's son does not seem to turn up, though we ask where he is every day. Samand seems uneasy and cannot understand why he does not come, but the farm is a long way off, and Samand won't leave the post of duty.

At last he gets news that his son is ill, and we insist that he must go at once. He sets off just before our dinner time, and we do the best we can without him until the following day, just before lunch, when

he comes back a changed Samand. We can see at once that there is something wrong:

“How is your son, Samand? Is he no better?”

“No, master, he die six o'clock.”

“We are very sorry for you, Samand.”

“Me no serve lunch to-day, no got belt—get it for dinner.” Poor Samand. But we must stick to etiquette.

CHAPTER XIII

AGRA AGAIN

THE Taj overpowers anything else that is to be seen in India, and therefore puts into the shade the other sights in Agra; but nearly all of the historic remains are mingled with souvenirs of Jahan and his wife, and they borrow from the Taj a reflected glory to add to their own.

We have not quite done with the Lady of the Taj yet—we have only buried her in her sumptuous grave—and there is her spouse yet to be dealt with.

Shah Jahan did not intend to invade the silence of his wife's last resting place, but purposed for himself a mausoleum of equal beauty, but of black instead of white marble, and on the opposite side of the river Jumna just facing the Taj, and with a majestic bridge spanning the river and joining together the two monuments.

What a pity that he was not able to carry out his desires! Such a double glory would have been unique in the world's history.

Shah Jahan fell on evil times. He seems to have carried out his wife's wishes, but it seems also he had a favourite younger son and wanted to make him heir to the throne. Perhaps it was his queen's last-born—the baby—the spoiled child.

Be that as it may, another son did not look at matters in the same light, and he headed a revolution, imprisoned his father, and usurped the throne, killing his brothers.

He seems to have been a thoroughly bad lot and one hears nothing good of him. Even in his portraits he looks wicked. His name was Aurangzeb.

Poor Jahan lived seven years imprisoned in the fort at Agra, his one request being to be moved to a room where he could look on the Taj.

One of his daughters constituted herself a voluntary prisoner to look after her father, and at last prevailed upon her heartless brother to have their father removed to a beautifully painted little tower, from which the Taj could plainly be seen, and there the poor old man died, gazing with one last look on the home of his beloved.

Shah Jahan was a builder; on every side one comes across evidences of his activity in this direction. He is responsible for most of the gorgeous palaces and mosques which are to be seen in and about the fort.

It may be well here to explain what is meant by a "fort" in India. A fort is an enclosure, large or small, inside the walls of which a quantity of people live. It, of course, belonged to the Emperor or Shah, or Mogul, or whatever he might call himself.

There he had his palace, his public and private audience chambers, his harem or zenana, his Turkish bath, his gardens and artificial lakes, and whatever other luxuries and pleasures he desired.

Of mosques there are usually several, and there is also a bazaar or collection of small shops and workshops.

The fort is thus really a miniature town, and I suppose that when enemies drew near, the whole of the town at the gates of the fort would troop in and bring their valuables with them.

To give some idea of dimensions—the walls of the Agra Fort are over a mile in length and are, at places, seventy feet in height.

The Agra Fort is replete with souvenirs of Shah Jahan. I have already described the Queen's kiosk, but there are also beautiful rooms for the princesses, her daughters, and each room has its jewel case. In the solid white marble of the wall there is a tiny hole, only large enough for a girl's hand and wrist to pass through, and down through the stone at almost arm's length they kept their treasures; no key was needed and there was no fear of theft; it would have been so easy to marshal all the slaves and see who had hands small enough to pass through the aperture.

Again we come to an open roof terrace, where he built a chessboard of marble on the floor. There was no need to provide chessmen: the slaves sat on the squares and formed living substitutes.

On one side of the Palace there is an immense arena where wild elephants and tigers fought, and of course, amongst the arrangements for viewing the display, there is a terrace with white marble lattice-work, where the ladies could see and not be seen.

There is the ladies' market, for of course they could not go into the ordinary market, where they would be seen by members of the opposite sex; so a little bazaar was built by the far-seeing Jahan, and the most beautiful and chaste of the daughters of the local merchants were allowed the privilege of showing their choicest goods to the Queen and to the ladies of the harem.

Of authentic underground passages there are many—not the underground passages of tradition, which cannot now be found, but real ones, which the Government has had to shut up on account of the snakes and the bad air. They lead either to the zenana or to the river!

We are lingering too long in the fort, however, and though we shall not be able to get away from Shah Jahan and his relations for several days, I do

not wish to turn this history into a guide-book, but only to try to weave a little interesting story about what made the most impression upon my mind, and to give a little life to the dead past.

The bazaar at Agra is not very interesting, little or nothing of artistic value is manufactured there. The streets are not very narrow, but they are very dirty and are filled with the inevitable beggars, so dirty that you dread lest they should touch your clothes in passing.

I noticed amongst the beggars a closely veiled Mohammedan woman, dressed just like the woman I photographed in the grounds of the Taj, and on inquiring what she might be, I got the answer: "Who knows? Perhaps some bad man has shut the door on his wife for some trivial offence." For it seems that here a man can divorce his wife with even less ceremony than in some of the North American States.

A little further on I came across a broken-down European, evidently an old soldier—a worse looking loafer than the native beggar, who, if dirty, is at least picturesque in his rags.

Alas for the white man who goes down hill in India! His degradation is deep, and he drinks the very dregs. India does not pardon him, and here everything has a sting, from the whisky to the cobra.

An Indian provincial town does not in any way resemble anything to be seen in Europe. There are no houses or shops in the streets. Each house is in the centre of a compound. A compound is a large plot of ground surrounded by a wall or fence.

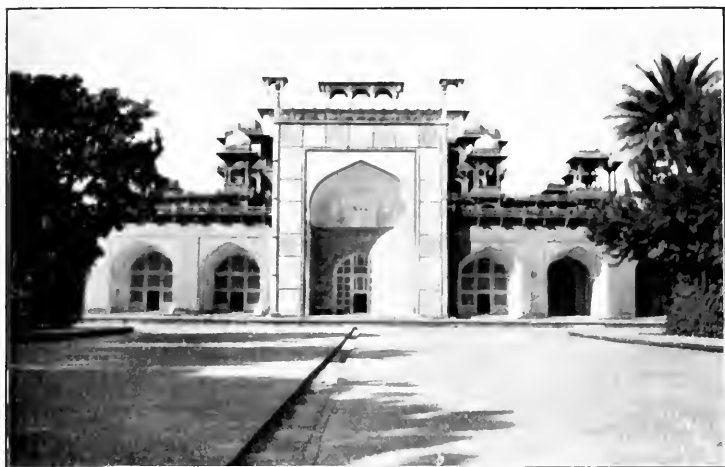
If, for instance, you are looking for the bank, you will find on the gatepost of what seems to be the entrance to the carriage drive of a country house, the name-plate of the bank.

These compounds make the towns very large and straggling, but I am told that it is partly for isolation in case of plague or cholera, and partly for protection against attack or robbery, for there is a clear space round the house, so that the inhabitants can see what is coming.

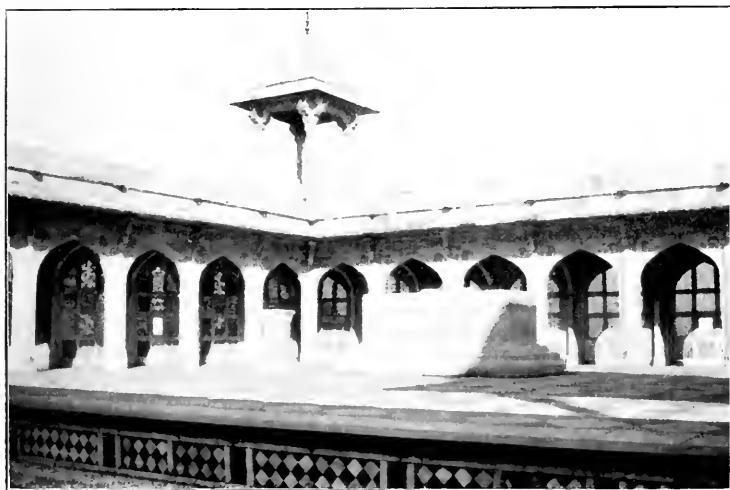
By the way, talking about robbery, amongst the tips that are expected from the traveller on leaving the hotel is a small sum to be divided amongst a party of ex-robbers commanded by a chieftain, who guard all the approaches to the hotel, armed with big, heavy sticks. They are paid to prevent any thieving in the hotel, and they do their work admirably. Set a thief to catch a thief, indeed!

Whilst at Agra the traveller will visit Sikandarah and Fatehpur Sikri, and hear all about Akbar, the grandfather of Shah Jahan, who was a builder, too; and he will be amazed at the glory and sumptuousness of the fort, the palace, and the tomb he built for himself. His wealth must have been stupendous. The Koh-i-noor, it is said, was set on the top of the little pedestal at the foot of Akbar's tomb. It was then much larger than it is now.

How strange that fate should have purposed to bring back this jewel to Delhi, so near to Akbar's tomb, in the imperial crown of the British ruler of India.



OUTSIDE AKBAR'S TOMB, AGRA



AKBAR'S TOMB, AGRA

CHAPTER XIV

DELHI

DELHI, the scene of the Coronation of the Emperor-King, is, like Agra, situated on the right bank of the sacred Jumna River. It has had a chequered history, which, strangely enough, coincides somewhat in dates with the history of England.

The forty odd square miles of ruins to the south of the modern city date back to our Saxon times, and the invasion and conquest by the Mohammedans coincides, within one hundred and fifty years, with the conquest of England by the Normans.

Delhi seems always to have been the keystone of the situation—the place where the loot was to be found, the place where the greatest luxury prevailed—and the favourite burial place.

It was sacked and destroyed many times, but always rebuilt again further and further north each time, until at last our old friend Jahan rebuilt it practically as it is to-day.

He must have been proud of it, for he called it his own city, Shahjahanabad, and built there his finest palace and most majestic mosque.

It was the seat of the Mogul dynasty, “the grand Moguls,” as we know them, and to keep up its reputation to the last, it was the scene of the outbreak of the Mutiny, and of so many heroic deeds in the succeeding few months, until it was finally recaptured and the last Mogul emperor, Bahadur

Shah, taken prisoner and his sons shot, in the autumn of 1857.

On a slight hill near the gates of the city is an immense tract of open country, which, for the Coronation, was transformed into a huge canvas city. There some hundreds of Indian potentates vied with each other in splendour of display of gold, jewels, silk, elephants, and servants, in such profusion as has never been seen since the days of the Grand Moguls.

The East brought out its oldest and choicest treasures, whilst the West brought wireless telegraphy, motor cars, and all its newest inventions, and the two extremes met, each anxious in this topsy-turvy world of ours to trade for what the other had got in the constant flow of exchange which is ever taking place.

Certainly no site in the world could be more suitable for East and West to meet. The whole countryside is literally peppered over for miles with ruins of forts, palaces, graves, and temples.

Nearly all religions are represented. There are Hindu worshippers of Vishnu and Siva, and many other gods, to whom the cow is sacred and beef eating the greatest crime; true followers of Mohammed, and red-bearded followers of his son, Ali; Jains worshipping Buddha and never taking the life of any living thing; followers of Kali, of the red tongue, eating pork and beef; worshippers of the sun; Sikhs who have given up the worship of idols; and Christians of all denominations.

Only the open countryside was large enough for the pageant, but the finest sights of all were seen by the chosen few in the palace in the fort, built by our old friend Jahan.

The hand of time has passed lightly over the Palace of Delhi, and the vandal has spared it to a



DELHI FORT: THE HALL OF PRIVATE AUDIENCE.

The camera rested on the pedestal where once the famous peacock throne stood.





BATHS OF THE HAREM, DELHI



THE ZENANA, DELHI FORT
Fracery white marble windows, where the ladies of the
Zenana looked out over the Jumna

great extent, so very little imagination is necessary to conjure up the glorious scenes of the past.

It is true that the Six Million Pound Peacock Throne, made of solid gold and the finest jewels, has gone, but then one can easily imagine sitting on six million pounds. What is vastly more interesting is that the beauty of the Palace is still there : the white marble baths, the fountains with coloured waters—some hot, some cold—the windows with marble lattice work for the ladies of the zenana, and the arched audience halls, public and private. In the former the throne is still intact, though, as you will notice in the illustration, the vilest railings have been set up around it to keep off the vulgar touch.

Opposite this throne you can let your imagination run fancy free without any fear of it getting beyond the truth.

When the Shah gave public audience, he sat on his throne, surrounded by the princes, who stood in the little alcove at the back, which is most exquisitely inlaid.

Facing the throne is a large arched hall-way, open to the air on three sides. It is composed of arches, supported by pillars of red granite beautifully carved. Just below the throne, on a marble daïs, the Grand Vizier used to kneel facing the Shah.

Behind the Grand Vizier, the soldiers in their brilliant uniforms brought forward the prisoners and the witnesses, and as each prisoner was dragged forward the Prime Minister explained the case to the Shah, who gave the verdict and sentence: "Cut off his head," or "Cut off his right ear," and so on according to the requirements of the case, and the soldiers took the poor wretch to the place of execution underneath the throne at the back.

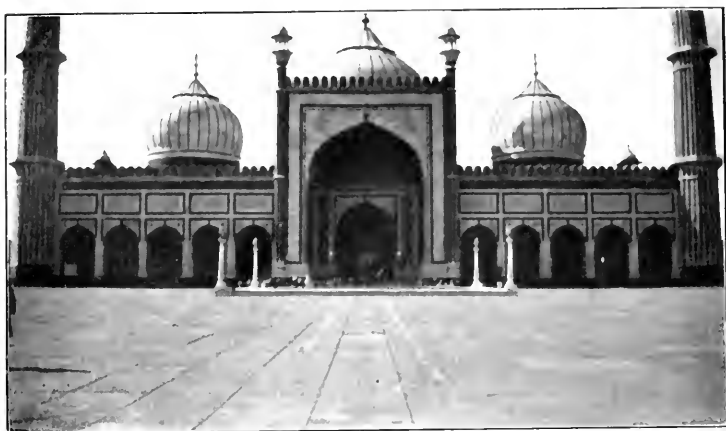
The King's private Turkish bath is in perfect order, just as it was in Shah Jahan's time ; it is only

necessary to light the fire and turn on the water, and the bath is ready. The only change that has occurred is that the paintings on the ceilings have been white-washed by Mrs. Grundy, who considered them improper, and it leaves one wondering whether they really were improper or only *un peu déshabillé*.

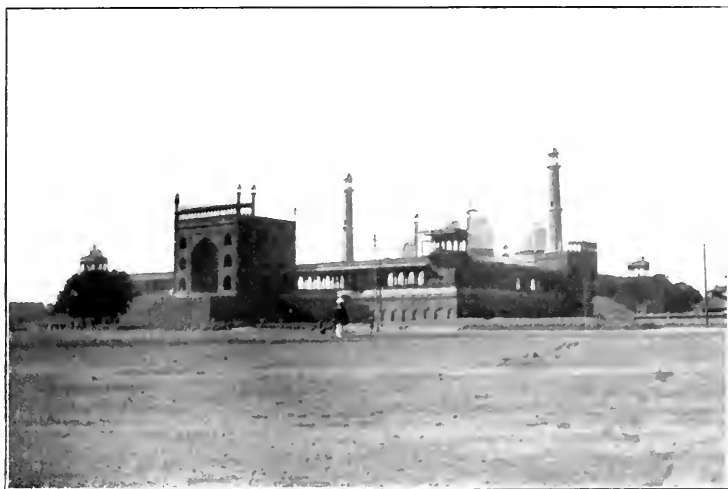
In Delhi we were taken to the Jain temple down the narrowest lane imaginable. We had to take off our boots and give up the camera, for leather is used in the making of both, and leather cannot be used without killing a living creature and skinning it, and the Jains never take life of any kind.

In the temple we were shown a fine Buddha, looking completely content and satisfied; if the visitor can manage a little native conversation, either directly or through the guide, the Jain will show him the dainty little saucers containing rice and other grains nicely prepared for the nightly meal of the beautiful alabaster Buddha—for you must know that the Buddha eats every night when no one is looking. It is quite certain that he does eat because the food has disappeared in the morning and the saucers are quite empty—not a particle is left; and certain it is that no human hand has touched them, so it must be the Buddha. It is a most interesting study in miracles, but you would do well not to pay your visit in the afternoon, towards dusk, lest your contemplation of the marvellous be rudely disturbed by a great big rat putting in an appearance. The rats are not afraid of the Jains, you see, because the Jains never take life and let the rats run about as they please.

The guides and guide-books will take you out to see such a number of graves and monuments that it would be tedious for me to describe a tenth of them, but you will be interested by the Lat of Asoka. It is a pillar hewn out of one piece of stone, about three and a half feet in diameter and nearly fifty feet high.



WASHING PLACE: DELHI



DELHI

It is not beautiful, but it is certainly a curiosity—it was made about the third century before Christ and inscribed with some of the famous edicts of Asoka.

Asoka was a great king in the East in ancient times when our English ancestors were savage tribes, roaming around the shores of the sea and the banks of the rivers and through dense forests armed with clubs for use on their neighbours' heads, and living on the animals they could kill. Asoka, in those days, made edicts against the spilling of the blood of any living thing, and a complete moral and political code, which if carried out to-day would put civilization to shame. He had in his scheme schools, hospitals, roads, and such virtues as charity, obedience, etc. ; and you will think I am not serious in telling you that he even contemplated sending missionaries to the barbaric West to teach the poor naked savages of Europe. But missionaries are specifically mentioned in his edicts, though whether the missionaries ever went to England, and if so whether they landed there and came away again with whole skins, is a matter buried in the oblivion of the past.

Asoka was undoubtedly a great and a good man, and he must have turned several times in his grave when they fought over his Lats (for there were several of them), and uprooted them and carried them off as emblems of victory. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that he established the principle of a religion of kindness and charity several centuries before the Christian era, and therefore you will like to linger in contemplation before one of his Lats on the roadside between Delhi and Kutab Minar, and if your thoughts get astray as to the origin of things, I can assure you that you won't be the first to have been obliged to turn back to orthodoxy and dogma with a sigh.

You will see the "diving boys"—(they are "boys" only in the Indian meaning of the word, as some of them are gray-headed). They are not wildly interesting as they jump, and not dive, into a tank or well some eighty feet below, but the following printed document which I got from one of the "boys" is interesting, if not instructive:

NOTICE

One curious seen is in the Kutab Minar more this seen is not written in any guide book. Curious seen Jumping Well, this Jumping Well is too deep from Fathapur Sikri Agra and Nizam-ud-Delhi, this well is near the Adam Khan's tomb Delhi, 80 feet deep from ground and 20 feet water 5 minute walk from Kutab Minar.

Along the road to Kutab Minar is to be found the stately ruins of one of the old Delhis (the city was destroyed and rebuilt many times), where the Emperor Humayan figured largely, and where, unlike "the little boy who wouldn't say his prayers," he fell downstairs after saying his prayers; we visited his library, and in his magnificent tomb were shown the little white marble walled vault where the last native King of Delhi hid with his family after the English recaptured the city during the mutiny. One side of the vault wall is made of lattice work (of marble, of course), and you will see where this was broken down by the butt end of the English rifles to get at the cowering fugitives, and you can easily reconstruct the scene and picture to yourself the face of the King expecting the same treatment as he himself had meted out to the civilians and officers whom he allowed to be murdered at the outbreak of the mutiny.

Still further on there is another souvenir of our old friend Shah Jahan, in the grave of his devoted daughter, Jahanara, who must have had a beautiful



MECCA IN THE MOSQUE OF HUMAYAN



TOMB OF JEHANARA, THE DEVOTED DAUGHTER OF JEHAN
who shared his captivity, and asked that the grass might always grow on her
grave. The people keep the grass growing



MOSQUE WHERE HUMAYUN WENT TO PRAY
He fell downstairs on his way, and was killed

mind. Her dying request, which makes the epitaph on her tombstone, was that her grave should be open to the sky and with green grass growing over it. Her request has been kept and the people see to it that grass grows over her grave.

There is only poor old Shah Jahan left without the accomplishment of his wishes, and here it seems to me one of our twentieth-century millionaires might find a vocation—one, for instance, who has had a devoted wife with whom he has lived in happiness for years, and who wants to put up a monument to her devotion.

A big grave in a cemetery looks pretentious, a hospital endowment is only local, public libraries have received their due meed of attention, but the black marble mausoleum which Shah Jahan intended to build is an opportunity not to be missed. Just think of it for a moment! The Taj Mahal is perhaps the only monument in the world which satisfies every one. It is probably the most beautiful man-made thing on the earth. But what would it be if Jahan's idea were carried out? On one side of the Jumna the snow-white Taj, and on the other side its exact duplicate in coal-black marble, with a bridge, half black half white, between the two.

Shah Jahan's body is waiting in its little vault to be transported to its black marble home, on the silver gates of which one would read the inscription:

Robert V. Whittaker caused the pious intentions of Shah Jahan to be carried out, as a token to the world of the love and devotion of his wife.

Such a monument would be the greatest wonder of the world, and would live as long as modern civilization, and be an object lesson to all races and nations.

CHAPTER XV

ABOUT H₂O AND OTHER THINGS

INDIA is the country of colossal contradictions and startling surprises. To understand India in its length and breadth, one would need to live many lives. The population of more than three hundred millions live in scattered villages all over a vast area, and almost all the villages have a slight variation in language, customs, and religion.

The originators of the Hindu religion, away back perhaps two thousand years before Christ, had some good ideas, and as the people must have been completely ignorant and half savage, one of their ideas must have been to inculcate, in the shape of religion, customs which would provide for health and hygiene. These original ideas, however, have become gradually distorted, until instead of leading in the direction intended, they lead the opposite way entirely.

I will take as an illustration water in its general relation to human life and well being.

Water is at once the greatest blessing and the greatest curse in India.

Water is sacred; it is the great cleanser; by Hindu belief it cleanses by magic everything which touches it. No doubt this was true in the times when the population lived on the banks of the rivers. The water did cleanse everything and carried the dirt down to the sea. But this principle, once inculcated into the mind of the native, was applied to all water, and so to-day, away from the rivers, you will find

almost in every village the filthiest of water holes (tanks they are called in India). These tanks are used by the villagers for *every* domestic purpose; all the clothes are washed in them, all the inhabitants bathe in them daily, clothes and all, and wash away from their bodies every accumulated deposit.

Bathing is a religious ceremony which has to be carried out in a certain way, and one of the operations is to scoop water with the hands into the mouth several times and blow it out again. The last operation consists in filling a little brass jar with water for drinking and cooking purposes. Whether the water be clean from the recent rains, or green, slimy and stinking from the absence of rain, makes no difference. It is used just the same. Indeed, pure water is not appreciated, the natives hold it to be the cause of sickness—and complain that it has no taste!

It is no use arguing with them that the water is bad and dirty, they will only reply that it is you who are wrong and who do not understand, and that the water has purified everything that is in it.

So that all over this great country you have in the tanks the most perfect beds of infection that could be imagined, and they form the breeding place *à plaisir* for the mosquito. So what in its origin was meant to be the greatest incentive to cleanliness and health, is now turned into filthiness. And yet the native, clad in rags, or a rag, dirty beyond description, brushes his teeth every day, and never twice with the same toothbrush. He would consider that indescribably unclean, for has not his religion taught him to cut a twig from a special tree, which has an astringent sap, and use one of these with plenty of water every day, and as the operation takes place on the side walk, or at the place where the side walk should be, you can see

him daily, as you pass, engaged in this interesting occupation, and his teeth are as white as ivory. If you want to insult him, you must say his mouth is dirty, and that will fill his cup with bitterness to the brim.

Just imagine for an instant the shock it would give you if you saw a farm labourer in England brushing his teeth!

Of course in India the tanks or ponds are not allowed to exist in the large towns, and good, clean water is supplied to the natives for bathing and washing clothes; but alas! you have not to go more than a couple of miles out of town and you will see on every side green dirty tanks, and native men, women, and children bathing in them, and washing their clothes, and filling their mouths with filthy water. Why they don't all die seems to me a mystery, but I suppose that they are so inoculated with microbes from birth that they attain a certain degree of immunity. I say a "certain" degree of immunity, for of course the death-rate amongst the natives is very high, and they are almost the only victims of plague, small-pox, and cholera, which rarely get hold of Europeans, who take moderate precautions.

Water, as personified by the monsoon, is the source of all the wealth of India. Take away the monsoon, and India in less than two years would become like the shores of the Red Sea—an arid desert. The hot months of March and April parch and dry up everything, and just when desolation seems to be complete the various monsoons (for there are several of them) blow up, charged with moisture, and bring the clouds with them, and deluge the whole of India, washing away the accumulated filth of the preceding year, filling and cleansing the tanks, and accumulating a reserve supply in the subsoil to assure good crops for the



INDIAN WATER CARRIER

With skin as bright and bronzed as his jars

following year, and generally relieving the tension and the temperature.

The monsoon season is not, on the whole, unpleasant or unhealthy, and though the rain pours down in torrents, such as are unknown in Europe, still the sun comes out again, and it is astonishing how soon the roads dry up. You see all the mud is washed away by the intense downpour, leaving sand and firm soil, so that, half an hour after the rain has ceased, everybody is out and about again, just as if there had been no rain at all, and work goes on in the cities just the same in the rainy season as in the dry. Office hours do not change, business people come and go, banks open, ships sail, trains leave at the scheduled time, and it isn't nearly as terrible as it sounds.

The cow has also crept into the Hindu religion, and taken a place there that was never meant for it. Some wise ruler in the bygone ages foresaw that the natives, improvident and fatalistic, would, in time of famine, kill off and eat their cattle, and that there would then be left them no means of tilling the ground, and they would starve altogether. So, in order to prevent such a catastrophe, an edict was promulgated that the cow was sacred, and must not be killed, and its flesh must not be eaten; it must be kept to give milk, to till the ground, and pump the water on to the land; for all over India cultivation is carried on by means of water raised by bullocks, which climb up an artificial slope whilst a leather receptacle at the end of a rope sinks down a well and fills with water. The bullocks then walk down the slope, and by means of a pulley and rope pull up the water to the top of the slope, whence it is conveyed in channels to the place where it is required.

The cult of the cow has now been carried to

ridiculous lengths. I have myself seen a respectably dressed native in the streets of the native quarter in Bombay dip his fingers in the water of a cow and put them in his mouth to purify himself from sin. In certain of the religious ceremonies, too, everything coming from the cow is used in the same manner.

I asked an educated Hindu about the cult of the cow, and he answered me:

“The cow is our mother, that is all, we love her just like children.”

In the bazaars the cows walk about among the crowd, on the road, on the footpath, into the houses, anywhere they please; they go from dust-bin to dust-bin to pick up any delectable morsel that they can find, and if you chance to be motoring through the bazaar, and a cow is in the way, you must wait until it feels inclined to move on, for the cow has the absolute right of way.

You must not think for this that the natives are kind to the cow's brother. Not at all. The bullock, whether it is of the zebu variety or of the buffalo breed, is badly treated in India. There are, of course, exceptions, and you will sometimes see a man driving two lovely fat zebras, in which he evidently takes a pride, but alas! you will see hundreds of others with zebras so thin that there is nothing left but the bones and the hide.

The Hindu mode of persuasion towards the bullock differs, too, from the methods employed elsewhere. It is true that whips cost money, and the drivers have not much spare money, or do not want to spend it. It is so much simpler to grab the bullock's tail and twist it at the roots, and you know the tail is sensitive, and the bullock knows at once that even if he is dropping with overwork and scanty food, at the wrench of the tail he must pull and pocket his feelings. As the driver always sits on the



SACRED COWS WANDERING ABOUT THE BAZAARS, CALCUTTA

front of the cart, he has not got far to reach for the tail, and, with his bare foot on the poor animal's back, he gets a good leverage.

At Calcutta I landed my automobile in its packing case. It weighed just under two tons, and was loaded on to a two-wheeled flat cart drawn by two buffaloes. The cart was so short that the case overlapped the bullocks' backs by at least two feet, and, as the cart was low, the case banged about and scraped the poor beasts' backs in a shameful manner. At the first turn one of the animals twisted its hind fetlock in a sunk rail, and, as far as I could tell, broke a bone, and stood on three legs evidently in great pain.

To my relief the driver took it out, as I supposed, to change it for another, and send it home to be looked to. Not at all. He and two others beat and pulled it round and round in a circle to make it put its injured foot to the ground, and the poor beast at last laid down in agony, and I had to get an interpreter to tell them that I would not allow my car to go on their cart unless they brought another bullock. They wanted to go on beating the poor beast to make it get up again.

Talking about cows and automobiles, there is quite a funny particularity in Indian cows which motorists will surely notice on going through India. Some of the cows seem to be mesmerized by an automobile, and charge, galloping along for miles after it. My first experience was on the road from Calcutta to Diamond Harbour. A little white zebu cow heard me coming, and came charging up a side road, tail up in full martial array in an appalling manner. I put on speed and the cow turned up the main road after me as fast as it could gallop, and came up with me as I slowed down for an obstruction. I expected every moment to hear it smash

in my back panel; but no, it did not touch the car, and only made all the motions of charging it.

When relating my experience to other motorists I heard that it was quite a frequent occurrence, though nobody could give me an explanation of it.

Contact with Europeans does not alter the native very much. Your servant, who washes your plates and knives and forks for you, will not eat from a plate, nor use a knife and fork. Perhaps he knows too much of the lick-and-promise kind of washing which these utensils get. He eats off a clean leaf, using the fingers of his right hand; that is to say, he scoops up his rice with the first three fingers, and flicks it into his mouth with his thumb, and thinks the while how dirty Europeans must be to eat off plates, and put forks in their mouths which other people have used for the same purpose.

His right hand is used to touch any part of his body from the waist upwards, and his left hand for any part of the body from the waist downwards.

The little brass jar which I have alluded to in describing the ablutions of the natives, plays a very important part in the lives of many millions of Hindus, from whom it is inseparable. You see them walking along the roads, or riding in the train, but whether at home or abroad you are sure to find the brass jar never far out of reach. And then you will see them constantly cleaning and polishing it, for it must always be bright, inside and out, and what better cleanser is there than sand and water, which costs nothing, and what better polisher can there be than the skin of the human hand?

The traveller is continually asking himself whether the Hindus are a clean or a dirty people, and continually giving himself a contradictory answer to the question.

CHAPTER XVI

PADDY .

TRAVEL through the length and breadth of India, and indeed of all the East, and everywhere you will find "paddy" fields.

If water be the great necessity, it is always for the "paddy" fields: if there be a drought, it means failure of the "paddy" crops and consequently famine. Vast schemes of irrigation by simple means exist all over the East, and on the great plains and table-lands, countless little fields are levelled and surrounded by mud walls six or eight inches high. The sides of the slopes are terraced and levelled, and resemble at a distance the vine-clad hills of the South of France, but on a near approach one finds the inevitable "paddy."

Now "paddy" fields produce the staple food of all Eastern nations, namely rice, and rice must be grown in water, so that irrigation is essential to life.

On the plains the water is raised by various primitive methods, one of which I have already described. On the hillside a mountain stream is diverted so as to flow over the highest field and from thence to the lower fields, and so on down to the valley.

The paddy is first sown in boxes, like our bedding-out plants and like most of our vegetables; it is then planted out in the fields, which are covered with a few inches of water, and there it grows and ripens and is harvested, and, by primitive native

methods or in the great rice mills, the grain is extracted and prepared for consumption.

Go where you will in the East, you come across rice on every hand. It is loaded on the steamers by which you travel; it is to be seen in the country, in the town, in the warehouse, in the shop, in the streets; it is to be found on every table; everybody, rich or poor, eats rice.

Now this brings me to a question to which completely contradictory answers are given in India.

Are the people of India poor?

"Yes," the tourist will reply at once. "Did we not see hordes of beggars holding out their hands for the smallest copper piece? Did we not see naked children holding out one little hand for alms and with the other pointing out the evident emptiness of "little Mary"?"

"No," will reply emphatically the Anglo-Indian, "there are no poor in India. To beg, in India, is to exercise a legitimate profession, and the man who holds out his hand has, as often as not, an ample board."

"But what about the children?"

Well, they have one meal a day, which consists mostly of rice. Now rice, you all know, swells, so that when they have had their meal, "little Mary" assumes inordinate proportions, whilst the following day, before the daily meal, "little Mary" shrinks away correspondingly.

"But what about the famines?"

The famines, we are told, are caused by the absolute improvidence of the people, who will sell to dealers all the rice which they grow with the exception of what they require for their own consumption until the next crop. If the crop fails there is no rice in the district to supply their needs, and the distances are so great and the population so intense,



FULL OF RICE



BULLOCK WAGGON, CALCUTTA
These waggons do all of the hauling

that it is naturally impossible to obtain and move the requisite quantities to the spots where they are wanted. And so the people starve because, although they have money to buy the rice, there is no rice to buy. It is the old story of Joseph's brothers over again. They had the money, but could not buy the grain in their own country, because there was none.

Another thing that strengthens me in the belief that the opinion of the Anglo-Indian is the correct view is that the natives of India all marry very young and have large families. Now they have to buy their wives or go without, and as they all marry, it is evident that they all have money.

Then again, it is hard for us to realize how small are the wants of the native of India. He requires neither house nor bed. The roadside, the side walk (paved or unpaved), a doorway, a passage, the mud floor of a hut, is all he asks for. He does not know the use of pillows and will roll himself up in any old discarded rug or blanket, and sleep more soundly than we do in our best bed.

His clothing is of the scantiest and there is no washing bill to pay. He just steps—clothes and all—into the water, and wears his clothes until fate brings him another set. Most Hindus go barefoot, or at the most have a pair of slippers without heels, which they generally carry in their hands. Their food—a little rice and some dried fish—costs next to nothing, and fuel has only to be gathered.

Just come with me and admire this lithe, pretty, bright-eyed Hindu girl, with a basket on her head. She is straight as an arrow and walks like a little queen. She has been used to carrying weights on her head from infancy, and that is what makes her so upright and gives her that queenly walk.

What a sensation a debutante would make in a

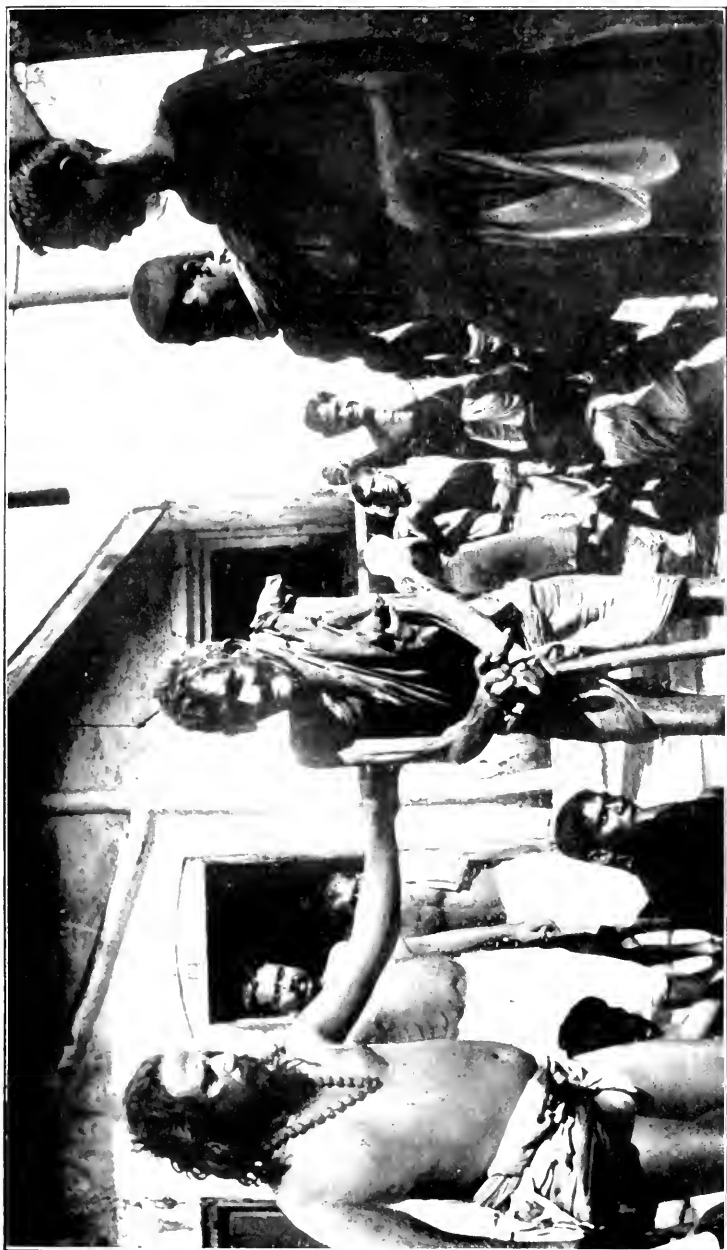
London drawing-room if she could hold herself and walk like this little girl.

See how she is covered with gew-gaws; she has four necklaces, six bracelets on each arm, and as many anklets. She has pretty ear-rings and a little gold nose-ring to show she is not married, and she has rings on her dainty hands. What few clothes she has are of pretty harmonious colours, and arranged with absolute discretion and modesty.

Whatever has she stooped down for? Why, she is making a mud-pie with her dainty hands. She has patted it into a nice little cake which goes into the basket on her head. What? You don't say so? Gathering fuel, is she? Yes, there are bullock wag-gons constantly passing along all the roads in India and fuel costs nothing.

Of course, in taking into consideration the question of poverty, one must leave out the cities. In the cities the conditions are quite abnormal, and besides this, the people who live in the cities of India are a very small proportion of the three hundred millions which make up the total population. The vast majority are on the land and live in tiny one-roomed mud huts, in the tiny villages dotted all over the country.

The huts are miserable in the extreme, no window, no chimney, squalid, dirty—all that is true; but the hut is only meant to keep them warm and dry at night, and all day long they are out in the sun. They each have their little patch of land, their cattle, their live stock, hens, etc., and if you ask me whether or not they are happy, the only answer I can give you is that you can hear them singing all day long as you travel on the roads, and that it would be difficult to ascertain whether there are more children than chickens, or chickens than children.



FEEDING THE BEGGARS

CHAPTER XVII

ABOUT CASTE AND RELIGION

HINDU caste is a subject far too deep for me to attempt to tackle seriously. It has been dealt with by many clever and distinguished authors, from the Abbé Dubois downwards—or upwards. They mostly give each other a polite amount of praise and then contradict each other's statements. The fact is that no one life would be long enough to make a complete study of the subject and give a full account of all its phases, and this because it varies, not only from district to district, but also from village to village.

I will only attempt to give, in very general terms, an account of what is meant by caste and what it leads to.

Caste appears to me to be a vast trade union system turned completely upside down. The masters form the rules of the union and the workers rush blindly, unanimously, indeed fanatically into the most stupendous *guet-apens* that the world has ever seen.

No one knows what was the origin of caste, but it is not difficult to see that it must have been invented by a few clever people who wished to retain their hold over a vast number of ignorant people.

By caste the whole of the Hindu race is divided into about five great classes, viz.: the Brahmins, the Kshatriyas, the Vaisyas, the Sudras, and lastly and leastly the Pariahs, or outcasts.

Each Hindu is born into one of these castes, and never by any means can he or his descendants move into a higher caste.

Should a Hindu offend against the laws of his caste, he is promptly excommunicated and turned out and becomes a pariah. He may, in exceptional cases, by great degradations, and by ruinous sacrifices of money and possessions, regain his lost caste, but such cases are few and far between. To be made a pariah means utter ruin of body and soul to a Hindu. He is renounced by his wife and children, father and mother, and all his friends—even his servants. He must leave his house and his village, for no one will receive him, or serve him, or give him food or shelter. He must go and live with the lowest of the low—the pariahs, the outcasts, the robbers. They are the only Hindus that will receive him.

Often the reason may be quite frivolous, or indeed it may be the work of an enemy; but the result is the same.

To give an instance of the laws of caste, a Brahmin may not sit down to eat with anyone of a lower caste, and if he should do so, even in ignorance, he is liable to lose his caste.

It is difficult for Europeans to understand fully what losing caste in India means, but I might give a comparison to explain it in some measure. Suppose that caste existed in London and that a member of the aristocracy, which we may compare with the Brahmins, had broken a law of his caste. He would no longer be received or called upon by his friends; his relations would have to choose between leaving him or themselves becoming outcasts; his servants would leave in a body; none of the respectable tradesmen would serve him; he would only be received and served by the outcasts and the lowest of the low, with whom he would have to live. His life



INDIAN CASTE-MARKS

would be made a misery and a reproach to him, and the only friends he could make would be doubtful characters. This is what loss of caste means in India.

By the inexorable laws of caste, a cobbler must not only always stick to his last, but his sons, and his sons' sons and their descendants must also be cobblers. And so it is with every trade and every rank of life. No amount of aptitude, or study, or talent, or exertion, or merit can lift a street sweeper out of the position he was born in. And all this is so obviously for the benefit of the Brahmins that one wonders how the rest can be so easily gulled. And the most curious part of it is that if you were to try to introduce a reform and to break down caste for the benefit of the oppressed, you would not have a single follower—not even among the oppressed; they would go against you to a man.

Naturally the priest plays a most important part in the caste business and draws a substantial income from it, and as the laws of caste are most complicated and not at all clearly defined, each priest embroiders on the original material to his heart's content, and so it comes about that the variations are infinite.

What may be eaten, when it may be eaten, how it may be eaten, and what it may be eaten from, seem to be the leading features, whilst the complicated processes of ablutions comes next, and after this follow all the different operations of life, each of which becomes a religious ceremony, to be accomplished only in a special way and whilst repeating certain nostrums.

The higher the caste the more one has to do. The Brahmins, if they are true to their caste, spend the greater part of their lives in following out its laws.

All Europeans are pariahs to the Brahmin, and should you touch or even should your shadow fall

on the food of a Brahmin, he would promptly throw it away in disgust. Should you touch an earthenware vessel belonging to him, he would break it at once, so that it could not be used again. Should you look into his kitchen, it must be purified by religious rites before he will eat anything cooked in it.

A Brahmin may never, under any circumstances, marry anyone but a woman of his own caste. Should he do so, or should he even co-habit with a woman of another caste, he is at once excommunicated.

It results from this that the Brahmin caste is perhaps the most select aristocracy in the world. For thousands of years there has been no admixture of other than blue blood. No peer of the Brahmin aristocracy can marry an actress and still retain his rank.

Do you wonder, then, that the Brahmin is as proud as Lucifer, and looks down on you and me with legitimate contempt?

Can you not imagine his disgust when he sees that we drink out of the same glasses and eat off the same plates that hundreds of indiscriminate people have used before us—he who would sooner die of hunger and thirst than eat or drink out of any but his own vessels?

Can you not imagine what his feeling must be when he looks into a hotel kitchen where a meal for the rulers of India is being prepared, and sees the grease and the dirt and, above all, the pariah cook preparing the food—he who has his food always cooked in his own spotlessly clean kitchen, in immaculate utensils, by high caste servants or by his own family?

This is what caste means in India, and it comes first of all. It is inexorable. Interfere with it, and the whole of the Hindu people would rise to a man to defend it with the last drop of their life's blood.

Cela vous laisse rêver?

Religion with the Hindu, takes, as far as I can see, a secondary position to caste, although the two are so mixed up together that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. Religions amongst the Hindus are endless in their variations, but as a general rule the temples are dirty and miserable, and the gods paltry. They worship practically anything: a stone, a tree, a hill, a brook, and, I regret to say, many things that polite people in most countries of the world never even mention. Some of their ceremonials are brutal and a few are unprintable, but the latter are dying out, or are only practised in the country, far from the towns.

There are sects without end.

Most of the Hindu sects are not allowed to eat meat but there are some which go to the other extreme. Anyone who happens to be in Calcutta in March or April, and is so minded, may witness a regular scene of carnage when the Hindu worshippers of Kali have their annual festival.

Kali is such a terrible person that only to look upon her in her temple would be death, and in pictures she has a bloodstained sword in one hand and a bloody head, held by the hair, in the other. I believe it is the head of the hated European, if we only knew the truth.

On her fête day, a flock of goats are brought in front of her temple into an open space where several forked stakes are placed in the ground. One by one the goats have their necks fixed in the forks, which are arranged at such a height that the animals are still standing on their four legs. The priest, or some other functionary, steps out with a sword and cuts the head of a goat off in one clean stroke, and, horror of horrors! the body, severed from the head and released from the stake, careers round, to the great

joy of all the people, who daub themselves with the blood.

The people buy a red powder which they throw at each other all day long (just like we throw confetti), and this powder stains their hair, their faces, and their clothes red, until it becomes evident to the simplest mind that the whole thing is a direct relic of human sacrifice.

In addition to the Hindu religion, in all its sects and varieties, there are Buddhists, Jains, Parsees, and many others, and last, but by no means least, Mohammedans.

The Mohammedans appear to me to be the highest and most respectable class in India. They have little or no caste, but they build most beautiful mosques all over the country and keep them spotless. There is little or no variation from the orthodox religion based on the Koran, and the principles of sobriety are, as a rule, strictly adhered to. They are allowed to eat meat with the exception of pork, and certainly, outwardly, they profess and observe their religion to a man.

I shall never forget going off in a "sampan" to a steamer anchored out in the Calcutta River late one afternoon.

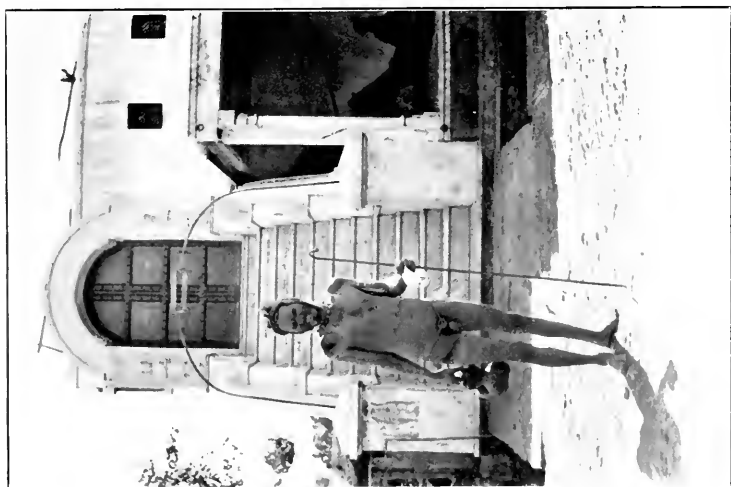
The steamer was surrounded by barges loading cargo or waiting their turns to load.

The crews of the barges were composed of the most villanous looking individuals imagination can picture. They were clad in dirty rags, and plied their long oars as if they had been galley slaves. They were no doubt the scum of the population.

It took me a long time to thread my way through the barges, and the sun was sinking as I returned. To my surprise the crews of the barges lined up on the prows of their boats, and down they went altogether on to their knees and touched their fore-



A FAKIR



FAKIR IN FULL DRESS, DELHI

heads to the deck, and up again with hands folded in devotion, and then down again, prostrate before Allah, proclaiming his greatness.

It would be rather a shock, I fancy, if one were to see the crew of a Thames barge acknowledging publicly their God in such a manner.

The Mohammedan religion certainly gets a better grip on its adherents than our religions do on their followers.

CHAPTER XVIII

EURASIANS AND EMANCIPATED HINDUS

ASK anyone in India what they think of the Eurasians, and you get the invariable reply: "No good." That is the general opinion.

It may be right, or it may be—as general opinions sometimes are—wrong. I have not the practical experience necessary to decide the question, and I will content myself by stating a few facts.

For the sake of any reader who perchance does not know the meaning of the word Eurasian, I will explain that a Eurasian is one born of the union, legitimate or otherwise, of white and black parents, or the offspring of the same.

In all Indian cities there are many Eurasians. The mother of an Eurasian is almost invariably a pariah, that is, a member of the lowest and most degraded class. No other Hindu woman will cohabit with a European, as that means excommunication.

The fathers are, by a large majority, soldiers. It is said in India that God made the black and the white, but Tommy Atkins made the Eurasian.

By birth and parentage, therefore, the Eurasian has not many advantages, and too much should not be expected of him. But it is said that he has the vices of both sides and the virtues of neither. Yet in all the large cities the big shops have Eurasian salesmen and women, and I must say, from the customer's point of view, I never found them less civil or attentive than others.

Again, on the Indian railways the guards and station masters seem to be nearly all Eurasians, and in the business offices as typewriters; they certainly command a higher wage than the Hindu.

You see them in every walk of life, and there seem to be many in comfortable circumstances, to judge by the way they take their families for outings on Sundays and holidays.

No doubt you will be told that in the second and third generation they die out, but, if you will make more careful inquiries, you will find that, on the contrary, they are very prolific.

The situation of the Eurasians has been, and still is, extremely difficult. They are not received by either black or white, except, of course, by the pariahs, which is worse than nothing at all. They are gradually creating a society amongst themselves, and no doubt, in a few generations, that difficulty will right itself.

A marriage between black and white is a fatal, deadly mistake, which, to dwellers in India, must inevitably lead to unhappiness, and no warning can be too often repeated to prevent English girls from marrying young, educated, and wealthy Hindus, whom they may meet in England.

Unless he intends to forsake India, and never to set foot there again, no consideration should persuade an English girl to accept a Hindu.

Once landed in India she will find herself snubbed and cut by all decent people, white or black, and the only possible companions will be those who are doubtful, fast, and on the fringe of society. She will be thus thrown on her own resources completely, and even if she be strong enough to live her own lonely life, her Hindu husband, who does not feel the snubs which cut her to the quick, and who does not at all object to the doubtful people,

will not be satisfied at all to live a lonely life. He is the emancipated Hindu, the butterfly just breaking through the walls of his chrysalis of bondage. He will want to exercise his wings and show himself off before somebody. He will think it fine to give dinners to white people, whoever they may be.

And what about the whitey-brown children when they come, the Eurasians? They will have no playmates. The white children will despise them. They will find few Eurasian children with whom they can associate. If they go home to England to be educated, and are received by their English schoolmates, as they would be, it will be a thousand times worse for them when they return.

There are, in all cities of India, quite a number of emancipated Hindus who have been educated in Europe and have deserted their caste, but of what weight are these amongst three hundred millions of caste-bound hordes? They are certainly not the leaven that leaveneth the whole loaf. They have no influence whatever on India. They are pariahs and renegades.

There are charming, pure-blooded Hindu ladies and gentlemen only too anxious to be friendly, and to be treated as they were in England, invited to dinner, or to country houses, and rather lionized than anything else.

They would make a good, healthy influence in India, a nucleus that might lead to a better feeling if they were treated with a scrap of regard.

Once they return to their own country the door of every decent European house is closed in their faces without any ceremony. No English lady in any of the respectable groups of society dare receive them. She would be ostracized at once.

The consequence is that they shut themselves up with the bitterness of their souls and become our

enemies, or open their doors to the fast set, dine out, with or without their husbands, in the restaurants, smoke and drink, and generally shock both their own Hindu friends and decent Europeans. And inevitably they become gradually changed from enthusiastic lovers of England, and all that is English, to deadly haters of our race.

CHAPTER XIX

HOTELS IN THE EAST

“All hope abandon ye who enter here.”

IN the remarks which I am about to make regarding hotels in the East, I fear that I may tread badly on some people's corns, and therefore, in order to overcome this difficulty and make everyone happy, and tell the truth at the same time, I may say at once that there are glorious exceptions to the rule which I am going to lay down, and should any hotel keeper in the East find fault with my criticism, I would like him to know that his hotel is that glorious exception, and therefore he must not take my remarks to allude to him in any way. In fact, he will know at once that my remarks do not apply to him, for has he not a testimonial book in which all sorts of high dignitaries have written glowing testimonials, which prove to an absolute certainty that the accommodation, service, food, and attention in his hotel are absolutely beyond reproach?

Having, therefore, got rid of this difficulty, I will endeavour to tell the strict truth about the hotels of the East.

I may say at once, that from the point of view of health and comfort they are a standing disgrace to the Anglo-Saxon race, and the farther you go east the worse they become.

With regard to the accommodation: here there is much excuse to be made for the hotel keeper, because of the differences of temperature. For instance, in the northern parts of India the summer

is intensely hot, and the hotels are all constructed to protect travellers from the effects of the sun. The walls are very thick; windows hardly exist, and every precaution is taken to have cool rooms. But these same rooms in the winter are just like cellars or tombs; it is impossible to warm them by any means at the disposal of the traveller.

But first let me explain what the rooms in an eastern hotel are like. In all of the much frequented hotels the traveller has a bed and a bath room at his disposal. This sounds luxurious, does it not? Well, the bedroom is off a low-roofed veranda, so that the only light that comes in has to pass under the roof of the veranda and go through windows or doors, which must be kept closed or curtained continually because of the promiscuity of the veranda. The bedroom generally consists of four white-washed walls and a tiled floor, with perhaps a frowzy *descente de lit* near the bed, which latter is composed of an iron bedstead and a set of mosquito curtains.

In large numbers of hotels in the East the traveller is expected to supply his own mattress, his own bed clothes, his own sheets and blankets, pillow and pillow covers, and, of course, his own manservant to make the bed, the proprietor of the hotel providing the bare room and the bare bedstead.

Off the bedroom, at the opposite end to the veranda and leading directly on to mother earth outside, or on to a tiny gallery, if the bedroom be not on the ground floor, is the bath-room, which consists of a cellar-like structure, with a hole at one corner of the floor, through which the rats can come in and the bath water can go out.

The bath consists of an earthenware jar and a tin dipper. If the hotel is very luxurious, there is a tap over the earthenware jar which supplies the water;

if not, the water has to be carried. Another great luxury is a bath-mat in front of the earthenware jar, so as not to have to stand on the cold floor, which is of the most rudimentary kind. You are supposed, therefore, when you want a bath, to stand in front of the earthenware jar and spoon the water out of it with the tin dipper and pour it over yourself. If you insist very much, you can perhaps get from the kitchen one of the zinc utensils in which they accomplish culinary arts, or the washing up of the dishes and knives and forks, and have about three inches of hot water put into the bottom of this utensil for you to have a "proper" bath in.

In one of the best hotels in Calcutta, we asked if it was not possible to fix up a real bath, and after very delicate negotiations the proprietor of the hotel kindly consented to our desire, and we had visions of a plumber with his outfit coming to put in a regular bath in which we could have a good swim. The bath came, but not the plumber. It was just stuck on the floor underneath the tap, so that when the plug was pulled out the whole of the bath-room swam with the contents of the bath until the water had time to run away down the hole in the corner.

In some of the hotels printed notices are put up saying that you are expected to bring with you your own servants; but whether you do or not, if you want any service at all, you must have your own servant.

So much for the accommodation and the service.

Now we come to an infinitely more important matter, that is to say, food and the eating of it.

The hotels in India are mostly run by Eurasians, and the kitchen hands are, almost without exception, Pariahs.

Now every Pariah knows that a respectable Hindu of caste would not consent to be served by him and

would not allow him in his kitchen, so that he must, in his heart, despise the white man who is quite willing to eat the food he has cooked off the dishes that he has washed. I said "washed," to use a general term, which must not, however, be confounded with the same word applied to a European hotel.

Water is so scarce in India that even in places where there is plenty it is used economically, and I have seen with my own eyes dishes and knives and forks for thirty people "washed" in a zinc basin half full of lukewarm water.

In one of the principal hotels in India—I will not even mention in what city so as to avoid being personal—there was not a single clean glass on the tables. If you took up a glass and looked through it, you would find it covered with dirty grease marks. We objected to drink out of the glass that was put for us, and immediately the "boy" took another off the next table, out of which we also refused to drink, and after three or four days they began to understand that we wanted clean glasses, and immediately we entered the dining-room there was a rush to carry off the glasses to clean them properly and put them in front of us.

Now it is easy to see dirt on a glass, but you cannot see it so easily on plates and dishes and knives and forks—and it is perhaps, on the whole, a good thing that you do not.

We now come to the food which is supplied according to a high sounding French menu, in rather a curious mixture of bad French and bad English.

We will begin with chicken. The chicken of India lives on what it can pick up in the streets. It is of stunted growth to begin with, and as the refuse from an Eastern house is almost nil and nothing is spilled or wasted, it is really a puzzle to know what the

Eastern chicken does eat, except frightful garbage and insects.

Well, the chicken is caught, and has its head chopped off just about the time it is wanted at the table, and hardly has time to cool before it is put into the pot. The result is a kind of mixture between india-rubber and leather stretched over bones.

The next thing we come to is the egg, and you can well imagine that the eggs produced by fowls brought up as above described are just about of the same calibre.

Hen eggs are so small that as a rule duck eggs are employed, and frightfully stale ones at that.

Beef and mutton next come under observation. There is very little beef, and no arrangements are made to keep the meat any length of time after the beast has been killed, so that, apart from the animal being in very poor condition at the time of its being killed, the meat is almost inevitably tough, and goat—which is naturally tough of itself—replaces, in many cases, miserable mutton.

There are, of course, vegetables left, but alas! vegetables in the East are very scarce; only the Chinamen cultivate them, and then they are so highly manured that they become coarse and distasteful, and you must absolutely forget to think of how or in what water they have been cooked.

Milk in the East, unless it is tinned, you must not take on any consideration. Not only is there danger from the insanitary condition in which the cattle are housed, but also you cannot tell from what filthy source comes the water that has been added to the milk.

Water, of course, must be absolutely tabooed. So you can easily see that it is rather puzzling in the East to know what to eat and drink.

The Mohammedan "boy" we had during our

travels happened to be a very good cook, and when we entered any hotel he always examined the kitchen and reported to us on it in the following words:

"Master not eat here, kitchen very dirty, eggs rotten." Or: "Clean kitchen here, master can eat."

Where the conditions were too bad our boy went to market, bought all our food and cooked it for us.

In all the hotels in the East you pay so much a day for your room and food, but nothing was ever deducted from our bill, whether we fed ourselves or not.

The further you get east the more you fall under the influence of the "heathen Chinese," and you will find, in nearly all the hotels of the Malay Peninsula, the Straits Settlements, and even Sumatra, Chinese attendants. On first arriving the Chinese waiters in the dining-room make rather a favourable impression, as they are clad in spotless white, with nice white stockings and dainty Chinese shoes, and wear a pigtail down the middle of the back. They do not, however, improve on acquaintance, and you will find that they have a perfectly stolid indifference to your requirements or comfort, and that they insist on serving visitors as they themselves want and not as the visitors want, and have a way of failing to understand people who want anything different. There is a perfect system of freemasonry between them, so that if you offend one, you offend the lot.

The bedroom attendants are Chinese of a lower class, and the coolies, who do the dirty work, are Chinese of the lowest class of all. I think I prefer the coolies, although they are dirty and evidently have very little intelligence; still, they do what you want with alacrity if you make them understand, and laugh and show a generally agreeable manner, and they are delighted and grateful for the smallest present. Unfortunately they are brutally treated by

a great many people who ought to know better; I have, with my own eyes, seen an Armenian hotel manager kick and cuff them as a wicked bullying child would kick and cuff a faithful dog.

The hotels in the part of the world I am now alluding to are owned to a great extent by Armenians and run by Chinese. A Chinaman will take a contract to supply food and waiters to a hotel at so much a head per meal, and this is an infamous system, for the only object of the Chinese contractor is to make money, and his limit in the quality of the food put on the table is as near as he dare go to poisoning everybody.

Before leaving the hotel question I can only add that there is no reason why the food in the hotels in the East should not be good; we dined in private houses in every place we visited in the East, and found good food and good cooking—sometimes excellent food and excellent cooking.

CHAPTER XX

FROM P. AND O. TO B. I.

WHEN you leave Calcutta, going eastwards, you say good-bye to the P. and O., which is in evidence everywhere between Europe and Bombay, and you are taken up by the British India Steam Navigation Company, commonly called the B. I.

After being used to the P. and O., the B. I. comes as a shock. The boats, of course, are smaller; the regulation dress-suit disappears; the officers of the boats and the passengers mingle to a much greater extent, and the general feeling and sensation is quite altered. The stewards and the sailors are all Easterns, and the former are all "boys." If you want any attention you yell out as loud as you can "Boy," and the man with the biggest voice gets the most attention. In one of the many B. I. boats on which we travelled, the captain, a jolly Scotsman, kept us all amused and entertained during the whole of the trip, and his voice calling "Boy" made the ship tremble from truck to keelson.

Of course we were getting towards the calmer seas, and it is very rare that any rough weather is met with between India and Malasia, and in Malasia the sea is always calm. This, of course, makes an enormous difference, and leaves the officers of the ship much more leisure, as they have little or no anxiety for the safety of the ship, and as we sat around with the captain and engineers and any of the other officers who did not happen to be on

special duty, tales were told and songs were sung, and everybody was friendly with everybody else.

The class of passenger is completely changed; the British officer and the Civil servant element—which make things so stiff and sometimes so disagreeable on the P. and O.—has entirely disappeared, and there is a greater mixture of nations and of all sorts of people going to and coming from wild countries, many of them intensely interesting and some very amusing.

If the first-class passengers begin to be interesting, the steerage passengers are exceedingly so. The rules and regulations of a Steamship Company in the Eastern seas are not quite so stringent with regard to steerage passengers; in fact, these passengers are accommodated wherever they like to find accommodation outside the precincts of the first and second class.

The steerage passenger buys a ticket which simply allows him to climb on board. He is provided with water—not in too large quantities—twice a day, and here the Steamship Company's contract ends. He must look out for a place to sleep for himself—on the deck, of course; there is no attempt at all to give him shelter of any description. If there be many steerage passengers—and there usually are a great many—hundreds of them are accommodated in the hold, with the hatchways removed to give them a little air. When I say that they are “accommodated” in the hold, I should rather say that they are allowed to climb down into it and settle themselves on the bare boards, with all their wives and families and bundles. They are a most interesting study to the first-class passenger, who can circulate freely amongst them. He will find Hindus, Klings, Tamils, and almost every other Hindu tribe, of both sexes and of all ages, all camped without the slightest discrimina-

tion, on any of the decks, in any position that they find most comfortable.

If there is not room on the deck, they establish themselves on the hatchway; and if there is no room on the hatchway they establish themselves on the fo'c'stle. If there is not room there, well, they have not a place to lie down at all, and that is all there is about it. The ship supplies them with no food unless special arrangements have been made beforehand, which is not generally the case. They bring their own food and cook it themselves as best they can.

A favourite place to sleep was the tarpaulin thrown over my automobile, and I was obliged to go round with a stick regularly every day to keep it clear, and one day I found a Tamil sound asleep across the bonnet, with his feet on the front mud-guards, and his head on the glass wind-screen, which had been lowered in order to take up less room. He had a rude awakening.

There are also Mohammedans, who feed apart, with their own special food, and they are most particular not to eat anything else. Our own "boy" went three days without food, because he could not get his own food, although we offered him tinned milk, biscuits and tea, or anything else he wanted.

There are pretty Burmans, and generally some Burman priests in their yellow garments, Chinese, Malaysians, Javanese, and countless other nations, and so crowded was the steamer with this motley collection, that my own Mohammedan boy could not find a place to lie down, and I had to get special permission for him to sleep on part of the deck reserved for the second-class passengers.

The varying raiment of the steerage passengers makes the scene very gay; all sorts of gaudy colours vie with each other, from the spotless white of the

Chinese to the bright reds, blues, and golds of the Hindus.

The women are covered with ornaments from head to foot, and it is most amusing to thread your way over and through the crowds, and to see the sprawling children in swarms, some only a few weeks old, and others ranging up from all ages.

The whole crowd seems quite content, and as the weather is generally fine and warm, they squat around and chatter and sing. The singing is most interesting and weird. It is generally led by some Hindu adolescent, who chants a sort of monologue, which gets higher and higher and higher until it dies away in a wail, and then the chorus is taken up by all the rest. I am told that it is very fortunate for the rest of the passengers on the ship that they cannot understand these songs, as they are generally connected with some conjugal prowess, and they are never ending. They last for hours and hours, and pervade the whole of the ship. They are sometimes accompanied by more or less musical instruments, and always by the tom-tom, or some drum-like contrivance.

The weather had now begun to be hot, and we made our first acquaintance with the colonial suit. The colonial suit is the best garment that has ever been invented for hot weather. It consists of a pair of white cotton drill trousers, and a coat to match, single breasted, buttoned right up the front, and with a collar turned up like a clergyman's. The only garment, if any, worn underneath this suit, would be the thinnest woollen or cotton jersey. This suit withstands the ravages of the ever present perspiration without wilting.

Nothing but the "side" which the British military and civil servants in India think fit to put on prevents everybody in that country from wearing

this comfortable garment, which is used, not only for day wear, but also put on for dinner in the evening. The suit is never worn two days running, so that it is always fresh and cool looking. Efforts have been made, and are still being made by stupidly snobbish women in Malaysia to oblige their male friends to torture themselves in dress suits, which are so totally unsuitable for the climatic conditions. I must say I admire the Dutchmen, of whom there are quite a quantity all over Malaysia, who rose up in arms against a certain hotel where the management tried to make dress suits obligatory at dinner. They all came down in colonial suits, and threatened to leave the hotel at once, in a body, if the foolish regulation were not at once withdrawn.

On a great many of the colonial suits are to be seen peculiar silver buttons, which look like very tiny plum puddings which have kept the marks of the cloth in which they were boiled, and the string with which they were tied up. These buttons are made of old Siamese coins, which have a considerable sale in Malaysia for this purpose.

In the matter of ladies' wearing apparel in this part of the country, plenty of white washing frocks are all that is required.

Headwear, both for men and women, should be the "topee," that is to say, the pith helmet; it is dangerous to go about without one.

On the B. I. boats one, alas! makes a closer acquaintance with the cockroach. It is not altogether the fault of the B. I., as it is impossible to keep out these vile pests, which fly on to the ships out of the barges that come alongside to bring coal or to load or unload cargo. The flying cockroach is certainly the most villainous beast imaginable. He is at least three inches long, and not only does he fly, but he also runs and climbs with the greatest rapidity;

he positively cannot be kept out, and is to be met with under all sorts of circumstances.

One night I awoke suddenly with an uncomfortable feeling, and immediately realized that a cockroach was crawling up my arm inside the sleeve of my pyjamas. I ripped my coat off, and sure enough there he was on the bed. He went out of the port-hole quickly, and I am afraid the B. I. was a towel short when they made the inventory at the end of the voyage.

There are also, on all the steamers plying in this part of the world, whole colonies of tiny cockroaches, and also tiny little ants, which have a nasty bite. If you leave any food in the cabin the ants will smell it out and make a thoroughfare to it within a few hours; but a plentiful supply of Keating's Insect Powder sprinkled all about the cabin, where there is any sign of either the small ants or the small cockroaches, will keep them away.

CHAPTER XXI

BURMA

THE first port of call on leaving Calcutta was Rangoon, the present capital of Burma, situated on the banks of the Irawadi River, which sweeps down to the sea with a rapid current.

The view of Rangoon, on arriving by steamer, is quite interesting and attractive, and the river, in spite of the rapid current, is covered with peculiar craft of all sizes. Hundreds of small boats, broad and flat-bottomed, and with one end pointed and the other end with two great arms sticking out on each side, cross and recross the river, borne rapidly down by the current, twisting around in eddies, and generally looking as if they would never get to their destination. We had some weird experiences coming to and from the steamer, with reference to our automobile, but we were made to understand that there was no great danger, because if the boat capsized or filled it would not sink, and there was a rope fastened to a ring at one end, which we were requested to cling to in case of such accident happening.

Rangoon reminds one of the "lang toon" of Kirkcaldy, that is to say it is built, for an enormous distance, along the river bank, but does not go very far back. The bright colours of the garments worn by the inhabitants are very striking, and the number of Chinese in the town is also remarkable.

The Burmans themselves are nice looking, especially the women. They are daintily clad and always

have a silk handkerchief tied over the head with a peculiarly attractive little knot. They are not a particularly energetic people, but are very placid, especially the men. The women wear breeches in more senses than one, and mostly take the duties in family life that are generally allotted to men; they are the thinkers and managers.

In India you feel that the Hindus despise and dislike you, but in Burma you feel quite the opposite, and I am told that travellers in the interior are received with great hospitality, and that English officials, who take part in the government of the country, meet with nothing but kindness at the hands of the Burmans; they are, indeed, often embarrassed by the continual gifts that are showered on them in exchange for any little attention they may have shown; they are forbidden by the Government to accept these gifts, and it is very difficult to make the Burmans understand why they have to refuse them without offending the kindly little people.

The next thing that strikes one is the enormous cigar, cigarette, or cheroot, whatever it may be, which the Burman ladies smoke. They vary from six to twelve inches in length.

To give an instance of how nice and kindly in disposition are the Burmans, I met in the wooded country, not far out of Rangoon, a Burman lady walking with her servants. She was smoking an immense cheroot, and the whole thing was so picturesque that I resolved to try and get a photograph of her. So I stepped forward with the Kodak, took off my hat, and smiled and made signs that I should like to snapshot her. She immediately nodded a willing consent and sat down on her heels in the most approved manner, and waited until the camera had done its deadly work; then, as we seemed inter-



A PRETTY BURMESE



BURMESE LADY SMOKING

ested in the length of her cheroot, she beckoned to her servants and had one handed to us.

The whole interview took at least ten minutes, and I think it would be difficult to find, in any race, anyone more polite or kind than this Burman lady.

The great characteristic of Burma is the endless number of pagodas which adorn the country in every direction.

The pagoda is a sort of shrine with a peculiar pointed roof and extraordinary ornamentation. The entrance to it, by marble or stone steps, is generally guarded by fearsome-looking enormous statues, which seem to be something between a dragon and a cat, and which, no doubt, most effectively keep away all evil spirits. The pointed roofs of the pagodas, which end in a sort of spire, are generally either gilt or covered with thin sheets of solid gold, and enormous wealth is lavished on their decoration. The rest of the roof is generally of white marble, so that the effect of it, glistening in the sun or glimmering in the moon, is exceedingly beautiful.

I am very fearful of raising a storm of indignation when I say I would strongly advise anyone who wants to go away with a beautiful idea of Burma and its pagodas, not to mount the steps. If you do you will require an enormous amount of Buddhist enthusiasm and love of antiquities to carry you through. To my unsophisticated mind, the only thing that is attractive in the inside of the pagodas, is the absolutely contented face of the statues of Buddha. I say statues, because it must not be for one instant imagined that each pagoda only contains one statue of Buddha. On the contrary, each of the large pagodas contains hundreds of statues of Buddha, all more or less alike as regards the position and the beautiful, calm, contented face. The figure is squatted, with the legs tailor fashion and the hands

crossed, and most of the statues are made of alabaster. They vary in size from one foot to twenty feet high. The big ones are generally made of plaster over a framework of wood. Some are taken care of, others are dilapidated, and all of them are indescribably filthy around the base with the grease of the sacred candles which is allowed to gutter down from the votive offerings and run all over the floor.

The pagoda is also a sort of market, and has stalls here and there, at which one can buy cheroots, fruit, flowers, books, and all sorts of offerings, but particularly gold-leaf. This is used as another kind of votive offering. The Buddhist buys so many sheets of gold-leaf and puts them on one of the statues of Buddha, and enormous quantities are used up in this manner.

There are all kinds of beggars—blind and crippled and otherwise. They play whistles or primitive fiddles, or just beg in the ordinary way.

In the great pagoda near Rangoon, a sacred white elephant is kept. It is the most miserable, measly-looking, wretched creature I ever saw, kept in a sort of filthy cage and fed by anybody who likes to attend to its wants. To call it white is a libel on the colour; it is a sort of scabby brown and looks as if suffering from a skin disease, which is very probably the case. The whole place is in indescribable filth and disorder, and on the day we visited the great pagoda there were notices up to say that there was smallpox in it.

Of course, it is interesting, it cannot be denied, and on fête and festival occasions it is doubly interesting. But the above description is strictly truthful.

Whilst we were in one of the pagodas one day we saw a water carrier offering his respects to his special Buddha. This was done by means of a chant at the



THE GREAT PAGODA, NEAR RANGOON

very top of his voice, in which, so the guide told us, he was telling Buddha of the virtues which water possessed, making them up as he went on.

There are gongs and great bells in the pagodas, and special indulgences are procured by ringing them.

The pagodas are nearly always surrounded by monasteries, and there seems no end to these buildings. They are constructed in any spot the people fancy, and in the woods near Rangoon the day I photographed the lady with the cheroot, we came across an enormous statue of Buddha right in the woods, difficult to get at and surrounded by the usual monasteries, the statue of Buddha being higher than the highest point of the monastery, the head measuring probably about fifteen feet from crown to chin.

All these pagodas and monasteries are built by private subscriptions and by the alms which are given to the priests, and millions of pounds sterling are poured into the coffers of the priests by this simple, devoted people.

The priests, who live in the monasteries and study the infinite calm of Buddha and the means which they must employ to reach this desired state, are clad in yellow robes with bare heads and feet. A little boy accompanies almost every priest, carrying his umbrella and his purse. The priests take no notice of anyone and hardly look at the passer-by. They are supposed to be continually contemplating infinite peace. They generally have a palm-leaf fan in their hands with which they fan themselves and more or less block out the sight of this sinful world.

Any Burman can be a priest. He just simply leaves everything and walks into the monastery, has his head shaved, and puts on the yellow garment. He has to be absolutely without means and live

entirely on the food given to him by the surrounding population.

At an early hour in the morning the priests line up, each with a little boy, and go for their daily alms. You cannot say they beg, that does not describe it; they demand these alms as a right, and everybody gives willingly and freely, and, as they all look fat and healthy, they must have no difficulty in collecting their daily meals.

It may be imagined that once a priest, always a priest. Not at all. Almost every Burman has been a priest at some time or other in his life, and there is nothing to force them either to go into the priesthood or remain in it when they get there.

Whilst in the monastery they have every facility to study anything they choose, provided it leads always to the same end—eternal peace.

Of course, no Buddhist may take life of any kind, not even insect life. We had an example of the strength of this tenet of their faith. We had a bird with us which we had brought from India, and which had to be fed on grasshoppers; but we could not get any Burman to collect the grasshoppers, and had to do it ourselves.

There are monasteries also for women, but not very many women go into them; they are too busy keeping the pot boiling.

At the distance of a short drive from Rangoon are situated some beautiful artificial lakes, which are very well kept and well timbered, with grassy banks and long carriage drives. They are not far from the great pagoda, and the view of the lakes, surrounded by flowering bushes and trees with blossoms of every colour, and the great pagoda with its golden spire as a background, must be taken in at all times of the day to get the varying sheens and shades. But what to me was most beautiful was the scene



BUDDHAS IN BURMAN TEMPLE



BURMAN PRIEST

just at sundown, when the fleecy clouds reddened to crimson, and the red of the clouds was mirrored in the lake, where the waters seemed turned into blood. It must be seen to be appreciated; no description could do it justice.

Again, in the moonlight, the scene is fairy-like; so much so, that always at full moon a band plays on a promontory on the great lake, and the whole of Rangoon society turns out in every imaginable kind of vehicle, from a bicycle to a Delaunay Belville six-cylinder automobile, to listen to the music. To add to the attraction, the band generally sends out a cornet soloist in a boat on the lake to make a wonderful echo, which reminds one of Hardress Creegan and the Colleen Bawn.

The Burmans have no caste, and seem to have completely accepted British rule, which does not interfere with their home or religious life in any way. They are a happy and contented people, free from reformers, political or otherwise.

The roads in Burma are not very brilliant, and outside Rangoon itself there are few automobiles. If you want to visit Mandalay, you can only motor about sixty miles from Rangoon, and it is better to put your car on the train or the steamer, and even then, there are very few good roads, and, as Mandalay is no longer the capital of Burma, its glories have, to a great extent, passed away.

If you go farther up the river there is a good automobile road to the ruby mines, and quite an interesting trip may be had, provided you make your arrangements well beforehand for accommodation and supplies.

CHAPTER XXII

MALAYSIA

FROM Rangoon the B. I. steamer takes the traveller to Penang and Singapore, about five days' journey. The sea is not often rough after leaving Rangoon, but when you get a couple of days on your journey you are in a region where the sea is always calm, the sun is always bright, except when a fleecy cloud covers it, resulting in a ten minutes' shower, which cools the air and make things most pleasant.

The steamer calls at Penang, and one can go on shore, but as we are visiting Penang later, we will defer the description of it and push on to Singapore.

Singapore is a small island south-east of the Malay peninsula, and close to it.

The city of Singapore, which is said to be the seventh largest port in the world, is situated on the southern shores of the island, in a most favourable position, and it is the capital of the Straits Settlement.

The harbour is protected by chains of islands, and is of immense size, and literally thick with shipping of all kinds, from the big mail steamers down to the little coasting sailing vessels, of which there are many thousands.

In addition to being surrounded by islands, Singapore is in the sea of perpetual calm, and its surface is rarely more than rippled by the light breezes, which are nearly always blowing.



AMONG THE COCOANUTS IN SINGAPORE



ROAD SCENE IN MALAYSIA

The greater part of the town is only very slightly above the level of the sea, which shows that the water can never be very rough, or it would long since have washed it away.

The scene on arriving in the harbour is very bright and attractive. Palm trees line the shore in every direction, the big hotels, clubs, and public buildings look imposing along the front, and at the west end of the town are promenades and big open spaces, carpeted with the greenest of grass, and gay with flowering trees and shrubs, abounding with blossoms which startle one by their size and vivid colour.

Coming alongside the quay, the first thing that strikes one is the Chinese and Malay population. The Chinese do most of the work, and, above all, pull the rikishas, of which there are tens of thousands. The Malays prefer driving the cabs, and they seem to me to be good judges. The rikisha coolie has a bad time of it, and never lives to old age; he is, however, the merriest and most contented fellow you can possibly imagine. He wears a wide straw hat and a pair of trunks, and for the rest makes his skin do. He drags his customer along at a brisk trot, which immediately brings a profuse perspiration through his skin from head to foot, and his charge is quite ridiculously small.

As a rule he is treated very badly, and threatened with blows at the door if he grumbles that his customer has given him too little, which he probably has. He is at a great disadvantage, because he cannot speak or understand any language but his own, which is some Chinese dialect that no one but himself and his fellows understand. He does not know the name of a street, or the name of a hotel; he does not know anything. He just trots off with one, or even two fat people, in his two-wheeled

vehicle, and pulls in the shafts with astonishing ardour, and, for the rest, he takes you straight in the direction he is facing when you get into the vehicle, and trusts to you to turn him off to the right or to the left whenever you feel inclined, and if you do not know enough to do so, he just goes on straight forward, and, like Charley's Aunt, is still running, when you realize that he has not the faintest idea where he is going—or you either.

When you have paid him his legal fare he always puts out his hand to beg for the smallest tip, and in most cases is grateful for it. One of the funniest things I ever saw with a rikisha coolie took place close to the veranda of one of the large hotels. He had just brought a lady to the hotel and she had gone to her room and sent a little child six or seven years old to pay. The coolie received his fare and then held out his hand to the child with the most winning smile that I have ever seen, then he seemed to realize that the child was too young to understand or to have a coin of any kind to give him, and he shook his head and frisked away, just like a dog that has wagged his tail and licked the face of his child master.

The traveller quickly learns that *piggy-plan-plan* means "go slow" and *la casse* means "go fast," etc., though even these magic Malay words are Greek to many coolies.

The cabs in Singapore are of different classes and the lower the class the frowzier the vehicle, which is not in any case most comfortable. The cabs are drawn by ponies that are bred in one of the many of the islands around the bay.

A long drive through the eastern part of the town, past very smelly swamp lands where docks are being established, leads to the west end where all the hotels are situated. The appearance of the streets

is very novel, for all the shops are Chinese and everybody seems to be riding in a rikisha, of whatever rank or nationality he may be. Few of the streets have footpaths.

Singapore was, until quite recently, the happy hunting ground of pirates, who slipped out of the shelter of the beautiful harbour and sailed across the calm waters to attack any unwary vessel that might come too near their murderous clutches. They were mostly Chinese pirates of the deadliest sort. And now, having been obliged to quit their remunerative and interesting occupation, those who were fortunate enough to escape have settled on the shores so well known to them, and become peaceful contractors of comestibles for unwary Europeans, and I regret to say that the same principles, which are no doubt ingrained in them, have been applied to their new commerce. They give as little as they possibly can and get as much.

The climate of the island of Singapore cannot be said to be unpleasant or unhealthy. Although the island is situated quite close to the equator there is never the appalling heat of India. There is always a pleasant breeze, and an occasional shower of rain comes to freshen everything and cool the air.

It is always summer in Singapore; there is no change of seasons of any kind, and the grass is just as green in December as it is in June, though it is never watered except by the kind intervention of a passing cloud. The conditions are ideal for the gardener; all he has to do is to keep down the weeds; everything grows without any artificial aid.

The roads, of which there are many, cross and recross and go round the shores, and are as perfect as any French roads that ever an automobile has rolled on. The surface is made of laterite, and its dark red colour, picked out with glorious hued tree

blossoms, makes the most beautiful scene imaginable. There is a luxuriance of growth in the jungle which has to be seen to be understood. In parts of the island the roads climb steep mountains, traverse rocky gorges, and give the traveller all sorts of surprises in the way of beautiful scenery.

Most of the island was, until lately, covered with jungle, but now clearings for rubber plantations are being made on all sides and many plantations are in full swing. When I say that the island was until lately covered with jungle, it must not be imagined that it has always been in this state. On the contrary, it has been many times cultivated for the growth of indigo, pine-apple, and other products, but in the tropics, if the land is left to itself after cultivation, a very few years brings it back to jungle, and all traces of civilization are effaced by the mad struggle for existence of trees, bushes, flowers, climbers, etc., that vie with each other to shoulder out all traces of civilization.

There is no reason why life should not pass very comfortably in this favoured spot for those who have their own houses and a good cook, but, like every other good thing, it has its disadvantages, and anyone who has lived for any length of time in any tropical country will tell you how weary they get of the never changing scene. It is always summer; the sun is always shining; the nights are always clear; the flowers bloom unfadingly; the trees are always at their best; the grass is always green, and those who come from temperate regions long sometimes for storm and wind and spring and winter. As one of the residents of Singapore explained to me when I was expressing my admiration of his beautiful garden: "Oh, yes, it is very beautiful and all that, but you very soon get fed up with it; there is so much sameness about it." Like Monna Lisa, the



RUBBER TREES ONE YEAR OLD, MALAYSIA



TAPPING A RUBBER TREE

tropics are always smiling at everybody with the same smile.

No doubt the intelligent reader will wonder how the trees and vegetation generally ever get a rest during this eternal summer, and the answer is that the trees do actually get a rest, but this season of rest does not come to all the trees at the same time, that is to say, each special tree has its own spring, summer, autumn, and winter, which time is perhaps governed by the season at which the original seed sprouted, or by some such cause; but as it is impossible to notice any change in the scene, taken as a whole, it always gives one the impression of the height of perfection

CHAPTER XXIII

THE PEOPLE OF SINGAPORE

IN some parts of Singapore Island there are very high trees, rising straight out of the jungle, and towering over it like the huge masts of some giant ship. But however high the tree, a creeper generally climbs it and looks startlingly like an enormous snake, with a body as thick as a man's arm. Palms of every description mingle with the thick growth, and round the shores the sandy land is covered with cocoa-nut palms, cultivated, of course.

The cocoa-nut palm is said to be the Consol of the East. It is the safest investment and is always bound to produce its revenue; it requires no care; all that is to be done is to sit under it and wait till the nuts drop off, and the owner must take care they do not drop on his head, as no skull would be thick enough to resist the onslaught. It is said that two cocoa-nut trees will keep a man for life.

The principal production of the cocoa-nut palm is copra, which is largely used in the manufacture of soap; so largely is this ingredient employed that the representatives of the big soap manufactories, like the Sunlight for instance, have agents all over the eastern Pacific, in the most out of the way places, collecting this necessary product, which now occupies a considerable industry.

On Singapore Island there are few Malay villages, but there are two or three Hindu settlements, made up of the labouring classes which come over from

India. There is nothing attractive about their villages, which are generally built on the side of some little stream which all the refuse and drainage from the village pollute and make impossible.

Almost every village has its theatre, and as we were crossing the island we came to a theatre in full swing and stopped to see the performance, which was something like a Punch and Judy show with marionettes. Of course the play goes on, like all Oriental plays, for days and weeks and months and never seems to come to an end.

Every now and then we came across a Hindu shrine, paltry and insignificant: the stump of a tree, a piece of rock, or any old thing becomes a shrine, when some native, with an eye to the main chance, constitutes himself a fakir and tells some wonderful tale of what he has seen by the stump or the rock, and the story soon gets amplified, and canonization by the "guru" or priest follows.

On the north the island of Singapore is bounded by a narrow strait, some two or three hundred yards wide, and exceedingly picturesque. The opposite shores are the easternmost part of the Malay Peninsula and form the Sultanate of Johore.

The great promenade for Sunday in Singapore consists in motoring to the Straits, leaving your automobile there and crossing in the ferry boat to Johore. There is a very decent hotel in the main street, where you can have lunch before visiting the gambling farms.

The traveller has surely heard about the gambling farms before reaching Singapore, and has had visions of Monte Carlo and Ostend. The reason the gambling houses are called farms is because they are farmed out by the Sultan of Johore. After lunch our party got rikishas and started out for the farms, through pretty scenery and a well-made road, and

up a very steep hill, which the coolies can only negotiate by going from side to side, and even then, how they did get up was a mystery to me. Some half an hour's rikisha drive took us to the farms, and our enthusiasm dropped quickly from fever heat to freezing point.

In the rooms there were about a dozen gambling tables, with mostly Chinese or Malay natives losing their money at "fantan." To play fantan a heap of cowrie shells and a little bowl are required. A scoop full of cowrie shells is placed in the bowl and it is upset on the table; when all the stakes are placed, the bowl is lifted, and the croupier, with a little piece of bamboo, counts the cowrie into heaps of four, until what are left cannot be divided by four. The participants bet on the number of cowries which will be left, that is to say, one, two, three, or none.

Of all gambling games, it seems to me to be about the most uninteresting, and the players are likewise uninteresting, and after we had put a few dollar pieces on the table and lost or won, we went away.

Alongside the gambling room is the inevitable Chinese theatre with its never-ending play. This time it is not the marionette performance, but one with living actors taking part. It was most extraordinary, with weird dancing and all sorts of grimaces. The hero seemed to be killed and brought to life again very often. He expressed rage by stamping on the foot of his enemy and playing him all sorts of tricks. There was, of course, the funny man, who, while we were standing watching the play, took the part of an evil spirit to tempt three lovely maidens, and his gestures, although intensely comic, were not such as would have been permitted, even in a Paris music-hall. There are no seats in the theatres. The audience just squat around on the ground or on the trunks of fallen trees, or on anything they can find

which is free from ants. The curtain never falls and the scene shifters loll about in full view, and carry the paraphernalia in and out in the most matter-of-fact manner. Altogether we were as soon satisfied with the theatre as we were with the gambling rooms.

The best part of the day's outing was spent in visiting the palace of the Sultan of Johore. It was not very difficult to get the servants to show us over. The palace contains some big, fine rooms, and a motley display of furniture and ornaments.

The Sultan of Johore is, in some ways, a picturesque individual. He has one great virtue, and that is military training and discipline. He has got a miniature army, dressed very smartly, and with a capital band, which plays frequently on the sea-front and plays very well indeed. His little army is absolutely up to the mark as far as drill and equipment are concerned, for the Sultan is immensely enthusiastic on the subject of drill, and never fails to take command at early parade when he is in Johore.

If the Sultan would confine his energies to this laudable object it would be better for himself and those around him. But unfortunately his capers—amorous and otherwise—have led him into fearful trouble, and have caused the authorities to put such pressure on him that he is obliged to return to his Sultanate every evening, and is never allowed to stay in Singapore over night without special permission.

The subjects of the Sultan of Johore are Malay, and are very decent people, whom we shall meet and hear about further on. There is a railway from Singapore to the Straits of Johore, and eventually this railway will be continued right through Malaysia.

Around the shores of Singapore there are some particularly fine views to be seen, especially at the

south-east, looking on to the islands. The road skirts the edge of the sea, and the combination of white sand, cocoa-nut palms, blue sea and sky, with the islands as a background, is one of the world's sights, well worth seeing.

In Singapore there is an excellent club—the Singapore Club. The members are most hospitable to strangers, and if you can get put up as a visitor, you will have a respite from hotel food and enjoy the excellent cuisine. No club that I know in this world has such a fine situation, for while one side of it is right in the middle of the town, the other side faces directly on the sea-front, with a view of the animated water scene, which is unsurpassed. It reminds one slightly of the position of the Miromar Hotel in Havana, although, of course, in Havana there is very little shipping, whilst in Singapore the whole of the immense harbour is teeming with life the whole time.

There do not seem to be many sharks about these equatorial waters; at any rate, people bathe freely and one does not hear of any accident.

The fishermen have got a peculiar way of fishing in certain parts of the bay. They get out of their boats into the water and swim, or walk along if it is possible, pulling their nets. They may be seen engaged in this piscatorial performance for hours together.

CHAPTER XXIV

LIFE IN SINGAPORE

IN the town of Singapore there are some good Chinese and Japanese shops where all sorts of eastern treasures can be purchased by those who are not actually intending to visit China and Japan.

Pawn shops are a great feature of all Chinese towns. They are not pawn shops proper, but are shops filled with unredeemed pledges, and bargains are to be had if great care is taken. But those who are not competent in such matters will do well to get some one who is competent to go with them. It is most amusing to bargain with a Chinaman, who, as a rule, does not speak anything but Chinese, and the bargaining has to be done by signs. All the Chinaman knows how to say is "silber" and "colod," which is the nearest approach he can make to silver and gold.

As most of the articles that are bought are in the way of jewellery, the main question is whether the article is gold, silver, or silver gilt, and a touchstone is kept by every Chinaman to prove his assertions.

As a truthful historian, I am sorry to be obliged to confess that when the visitor gets into a rikisha after dinner and does not happen to tell the driver where to go, he will drive him straight to the Japanese quarter, which seems to be the principal evening promenade.

There is very little in the shape of amusement in the evening at Singapore. The best thing to do is

to take a rikisha and drive along the sea front backwards and forwards. There is, of course, the inevitable cinematograph, which will be found now in every quarter of the globe, however remote. There is also the gramophone, that squeaks out its performance in Chinese just as lustily as it does in other languages, and it seems to have just as many admirers with pigtails as without.

The Malays are intensely fond of football, and a match attracts as much attention in Singapore as it does in Manchester, and when there is no match, scores of parties can be seen on every available open space, playing what we used to call at Rugby "little side," that is to say, a football game where any number join in. Cricket and lawn tennis are played mostly by the whites.

The great danger to life in all tropical parts comes from the fact that, as the air is highly charged with humidity, the slightest exertion brings on profuse perspiration, and if there should be any breeze at all, it commences to evaporate the perspiration freely, and with the flimsy garments, which are the only possible ones to wear, this evaporation brings on a chill.

I must not leave Singapore without alluding to the mosquitoes. The wily hotel proprietor will tell you that there are no mosquitoes in his hotel, but you must not believe a word of it. The mosquitoes are very annoying, and there is really no excuse for their existence. The slightest care would enable the pest to be abolished, but invariably there is stagnant water all about the houses and hotels, and the mosquitoes breed to their hearts' content. As soon as you get settled in your bedroom, they find you out and set to work to make you uncomfortable.

As a rule, the mosquitoes in the hotel quarter of Singapore are not of the fever-giving kind, but in

the swampy lands, down by the docks, the worst kind of mosquitoes breed, and take their toll of fever-stricken mortals. One is not, of course, obliged to go down to the swamps, and those who do should be careful not to let themselves be bitten; but above all, it is well to keep away from the swamps at dusk, when the fever-carrying mosquito comes out of his hiding place.

Nothing that I have said must be construed to mean that there is any great risk for the traveller in visiting Singapore. There is practically no more risk of catching fever in Singapore than there is of catching smallpox in London when there happens to be an epidemic in the poor quarters.

There is nothing to be done by the individual to keep the mosquito from biting. At night, of course, the mosquito curtains give a perfect respite, provided the "boy" is careful to shake the curtain well out and see that no wily mosquito has got into it during the daytime. Where the mosquito troubles you most is when sitting down at a table; he hides in the dark, underneath the table, and gets to work as soon as you put your legs under, the favourite spot being just at the top of the boot where the sock begins to show. He can get his trunk through most materials, and is most enterprising; it is not at all an uncommon thing to be mosquito bitten through the seat of a cane-bottomed chair.

In Singapore there are not many other insect pests besides the mosquito, of the worrying kind. There are, however, enormous moths to be seen round the electric light standards, and they occasionally enter the rooms. They are twice the size of a man's hand, and are very beautiful. But they do not cause any annoyance.

In all the houses in the tropics there are hundreds of little lizards, which live on the ceilings and on

the walls, wherever they can find a shady nook or a hole. Every picture hung on the walls has its lizard behind it. He comes out when there is a mosquito or a little fly of any kind within the boundaries of his hunting ground. The suckers on his feet enable him to walk on the wall or on the ceiling just as easy as you and I walk along the floor. He approaches his victim with great stealth until he is within about an inch, then there is a rush and a snap. You cannot see what happens, but the fly has disappeared, and the lizard goes back to his hiding place behind the picture. As the lizards clear off the flies and mosquitoes, they are left in peace and never disturbed, and it is very rare that they become a nuisance. Sometimes they drop by accident on to the table, and that is not very pleasant, but it is a rare occurrence, and they are forgiven because of their fly-devouring propensities. They make a funny little clucking noise, rather like a bird.

CHAPTER XXV

A TRIP THROUGH RUBBER LAND

SINGAPORE is the chief centre and starting point of the "veranda sailor."

Where the B. I. steamers ply between Calcutta and Singapore, they sometimes run into rough weather, but the Straits Steamship Company takes the traveller to various ports within two or three days' sail of Singapore, and always through calm seas. The Straits Steamship Company is to Singapore what the B. I. is to Calcutta and the P. and O. to London—the link in the chain. There are lots of other Steamship Companies, British, Dutch, Chinese, etc., and on each the veranda sailor gets a superlatively comfortable job. All he has to do is to sit around in the most comfortable deck chair he can find and fan himself, and occasionally come down to meals, or send for a "stinger." (Whisky and soda.) There is absolutely nothing for him to do except to gaze complacently on the crowds of passengers of all nations which are under his charge, and which he cannot help delivering safely at their destination, at some other part of the glassy lake-like sea he is traversing. His occupation consists in reclining on the veranda. That is why he is called a "veranda sailor."

The steamers are most comfortable for first-class passengers, and as the motion creates a breeze, it is never too hot, and the poorest sailor can thoroughly enjoy his voyage, and has nothing but regrets when it comes to an end.

The veranda sailor took us, automobile and all, from Singapore to Port Swettenham on the Malay Peninsula.

The housing of a big automobile on a tiny little steamer seems at first sight to be difficult; but as there is never any rough weather, the automobile can be put in any exposed place, and so is treated just like a piece of baggage and dumped down anywhere there is room for it on deck.

Going on board in the afternoon, we found ourselves the following morning alongside the quay at Port Swettenham, which is situated in swampy, low land on the western shores of the Malay Peninsula. From Port Swettenham good roads lead right through the Malay Peninsula—at least so we were told. We were also told that we should find plenty of supplies at Port Swettenham, but what was our dismay to learn on landing that there was not a drop of petrol to be had until we reached Klang, about seven miles distant. The question was how to get over those seven miles.

After making inquiries right and left, we came across a friendly European who had a little motor-car, and who volunteered to give us as much as he could spare out of his reservoir. But the difficulty was how to get it out, as there was no tap handy.

The only plan available was to suck it out into a rubber tube, and syphon it thence into a tin can, and pour it from the tin can into our reservoir, but as the rubber tube was very flexible and kept flattening and stopping the flow, many mouthfuls of petrol had to be spluttered out before the desired result was produced, and we got a few pints of the important liquid in our tank.

However, we got to Klang safely, and found it to be an entirely Chinese settlement where not a word of English was understood. But we were able to

locate the man who had the petrol and get a full supply.

The Malay Peninsula, which starts at the south with Johore and finishes at the north with Siam, is the home of the Federated Malay States, each of which is nominally governed by a Sultan, protected and advised by Great Britain.

It is the great centre of the new rubber industry. In order to grow rubber successfully one must have good soil, hot sun and plenty of rain.

It has been found that Para rubber has all it requires in Malaysia, and there, under cultivation, it produces just as good results as in its wild state in the inaccessible forests along the banks of the Amazon river.

Everybody knows, of course, that rubber is the sap of a tree. When the bark of the rubber tree is cut the sap runs out, and is in appearance just like milk.

An oblique cut is made in the bark on one side of the tree, and a little stream of sap comes down from the cut, and is received in a little tin cup which is placed in readiness. As soon as the slit in the bark dries up, the scab of dried sap is removed by the next cut, and the sap begins to flow again. The milky sap is gathered every day into big bowls and brought to the home station, where it solidifies and is then dried and prepared for the home market.

A rubber plantation is not in the least picturesque, in fact it has rather a desolate appearance, though the tree itself is not at all an ugly tree.

The jungle, with its beautiful ferns and indescribable tangle of vegetation, has been cleared away, and the earth between the trees turned up, so that it has more or less the appearance of a rough ploughed field with trees all over it.

There are railroads, of course, in the Malay Penin-

sula, but the principal and fast increasing means of intercommunication between the rubber plantations is the motor car, over the excellent and well-kept roads.

Although the roads are so well kept up, they traverse an absolutely wild, uninhabited jungle, where all sorts of surprises lie in wait for the inquisitive traveller. Now and then there are swamps to be crossed, and occasionally a very rickety punt over a river, so that it is not quite all plain sailing; but on the whole, intercommunication by automobile is generally easy, and always interesting. The traveller must be ready to see an unexpected sight at any moment, in the shape of bird, beast or reptile; but there is little or no danger in the encounter, provided always that it be by daylight.

We frequently came quite close to the big hornbill, which is the most extraordinary looking bird imaginable, with a beak like a shovel. Once we ran over a small snake, and another time we just missed killing a splendid specimen of one of the most dangerous snakes in the world—the hamadryad.

It is said that this snake is one of the few that will attack human beings, and will not turn like most reptiles.

We were spinning along at a nice pace and had just negotiated a corner in the blazing heat of the sun, when I saw a hamadryad, from three to four yards long, across the road. I tried to turn the steering wheel right over his body, but he rapidly recoiled himself, raised his head, and struck at the wheel as it passed. I put on the brakes, but before I could stop he was off into the jungle, where it was absolutely impossible to attempt to follow in the thick undergrowth.

Monkeys, of course, inhabit the forest jungles in thousands, and they may be heard chattering and

barking at the traveller as he passes, and occasionally one is to be seen scampering off the road or dropping down from the branches of a tree.

Some strange stories are told about monkeys and their habits. They are sometimes quite dangerous, and have been known to attack a lonely man and tear him to pieces; but this is, I believe, very rare.

At Kuala Lumpur one of the old residents told me a story of the monkeys which I believe is fully authenticated.

Some twenty or thirty miles from Kuala Lumpur there is a hot spring in the surface of a big rock, where the water has made itself a basin. In the early days of pioneering in this district, and just after the spring had been discovered by the white men, my informant said there was a tree overhanging the rock, and the monkeys used to sit on this tree, above the almost boiling spring, and make a chain of their bodies reaching from the branch downwards, until the lowest monkey could just reach the water with its paw. It would then flick the water and nearly scald itself and run up to the branch, whilst another monkey would run down to have a turn at the game.

The tree no longer exists, and the monkeys have gone further away into the wilds, and now there is a bath for white men at the hot spring.

Of course in the night-time the roads in the Malay Peninsula are not quite safe, and it would not be pleasant to have a breakdown at night on the jungle road. It is essentially a tiger country, and one never knows when a man-eater may be prowling around. It has happened that motor-cars have been attacked by tigers and also by elephants, but these cases are very rare and need not prevent anyone from motoring in Malaysia.

Everyone who has motored at night in Europe will remember frequently seeing a rabbit dazed by the headlights keep crossing and recrossing the road in front of a car, not daring to flee into the black shadow marking the outside edge of the road.

A tiger in Malaysia happened to be on the road when a motor-car came along, and was similarly dazed by the headlights. He, however, turned and sprang at the car and landed on the radiator, which he tore open with his claws. The hot water and steam scalded and frightened him, and he jumped off again and rushed into the jungle.

A wild elephant, who had evidently been enraged by the noise, or perhaps alarmed as he was crossing the road, knocked a car over and then ran off into the jungle.

The knowledge of these occurrences gives a little piquancy to the journey, without making it really very dangerous.

Having got our tank full of benzine at Klang, we set off to find some information about the road. We came across a Eurasian, who showed us the way to Kuala Lumpur, and gave us all the explanations he could. He omitted, however, to tell us of the dangerous swamp that we had to go through a little after Klang, and in the lightness of our hearts we ran into the soft soil and got our front wheels completely embedded. Fortunately a road mender's gang was close at hand, and plenty of willing workers came to our assistance and enabled us to cross the swamp without further mishap.

A little further on we came across a big sign, "SLOW DOWN, DANGEROUS TURNING," which looked quite familiar, and indeed was very necessary. The turning was the worst I have ever seen. A bridge had been built over a little stream without the



OLD AND NEW LOCOMOTION. NEAR KUALA LUMPUR



GREAT BANYAN TREE

slightest attempt to make it line up with the road, so that one had to make a letter Z from the road on to the bridge, and from the other side of the bridge on to the road again.

We, however, reached Kuala Lumpur without mishap.

CHAPTER XXVI

THROUGH THE MALAY PENINSULA

KUALA LUMPUR, which is about forty miles from Port Swettenham, may be said to be the head centre of the oriental rubber trade. All along the roads there are signposts right and left pointing up smaller roads, and giving the names of rubber plantations familiar on the London Stock Exchange.

Kuala Lumpur itself is built in a valley surrounded by hills, and derives its name from the fact that it has a muddy river running through it. In the centre of the town is a large open green where games and ceremonies take place, and at one side of the green is situated the famous "Spotted Dog" Club, which was originally intended for Civil servants. It consists principally of large billiard and afternoon tea and bar rooms, and long verandas, where one can sit about in the heat of the day and obtain suitable liquid refreshment.

There are several other clubs, much more exclusive, one of which is situated near a lovely botanical garden.

The climate of Kuala Lumpur seems to be governed by a succession of thunder storms, which roll from hill to hill, and every now and then discharge a welcome supply of rain to cool the air and keep the grass green.

By far the biggest proportion of the population of Kuala Lumpur are of the Chinese race; they and the imported Indians do all the work, whether it be

mending the roads, running the shops, waiting in the hotels, or any other ordinary occupation.

The natural question of the reader will be, "What about the Malays?"

Well, the Malays do not work at all. If you ask them to work they smile at you pleasantly and reply, "Why should we work?"

The ground, for the smallest amount of drilling, produces rice; their gardens are full of fruit trees which do not need any attention at all; the weather is always warm; they go into the shade when the sun shines, and into the open when its rays are less powerful; they are very fond of fishing, which is not at all an arduous occupation, and are quite happy as they are.

Why indeed should they work?

The Malays live in villages apart from all other races that may be inhabiting their island, and build for themselves quite picturesque houses with materials which are close at hand.

They are very gentle and polite, and seem to have the best of everything in life without much effort.

All the arts and manufactures they have are gradually dying out, though the Government is making efforts to keep them up.

All the work on the rubber plantations is done by Indians or Chinese. The Indians are imported under contract. They suffer very much from fever, especially when they are breaking new ground. Their labour is the cheapest, but they die like flies.

The Chinese are much more expensive workers and do not suffer from fever. Their constitutions seem to be proof against any conditions, and they are rapidly becoming the most important labour factor in Malaysia.

Round about Kuala Lumpur the most beautiful

drives can be found along good roads and through delightful scenery.

From Kuala Lumpur to Ipoh is about one hundred and fifty miles of jungle road, interspersed with little towns, almost entirely inhabited by Chinese.

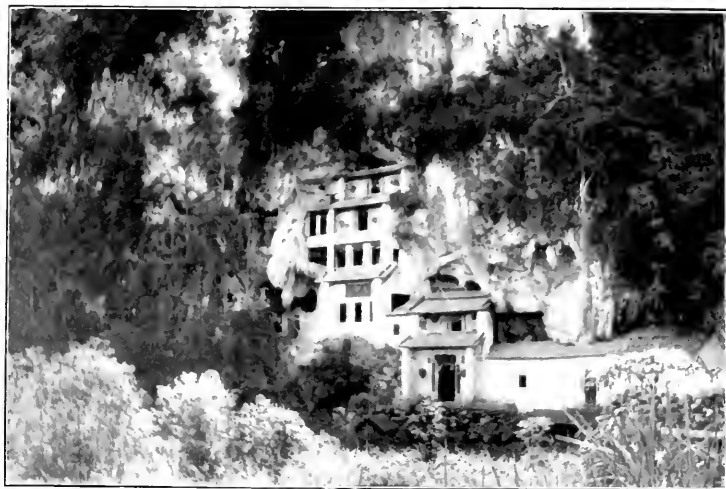
Ipoh is not very well provided with hotels, and the traveller who has not reserved rooms at the Grand Hotel, will have to go to the Government Rest House. In any case, the mosquitoes are a terrible pest in Ipoh, either at the hotel or the Rest House.

In the garden of the Grand Hotel in Ipoh we took some photographs of rikisha riding. Curiously enough, it is very difficult to get a rikisha driver to allow himself to be photographed. They have a terrible dread of the camera, and fly for their lives when they see anyone trying to take a picture. The Manager of the Grand Hotel, however, found us one rikisha driver who was not afraid.

A few miles out from Ipoh there is a wonderful Chinese Temple built in the limestone cliffs on the side of an immense rock. We climbed from cave to cave and from shrine to shrine, and the view from the cool darkness of the caves into the green panorama outside was very beautiful.

There are numerous tin mines near Ipoh, all of them alluvial. Rather over one hundred miles to the north-west lies Penang, over a most interesting road, across many rivers and across a very long pontoon bridge, which is occasionally washed away in the river floods. Crossing this bridge we felt an uncomfortable swinging motion, as it rose and fell with the weight of the car passing over it.

The monkeys in the trees, on each side of the river, watched us curiously and with evident interest and excitement, and seemed to use very bad monkey language at the top of their voices in order to en-



CHINESE ROCK TEMPLE, NEAR IPOH



A PONTON BRIDGE.



deavour to frighten us, and what with the swing of the bridge and the cries of the monkeys, the sensation was decidedly uncommon.

A little further along we had to cross a river on an old punt; a bridge being in course of construction. We were told how the punt one day tipped over and landed an automobile in fourteen feet of water.

When we got on to the punt with our car it sank down on the landing place and seemed to be a fixture, until, with everybody giving a helping hand, we managed to push off a few inches into deeper water, just to see if the punt would float.

It seemed to have just about as much as it could do to carry our load, and we had to forcibly eject another vehicle which the driver was endeavouring to crowd on to the punt. We got over with not too great a margin of safety, and reached the shores of the channel which separates Penang from Malaysia.

CHAPTER XXVII

SUMATRA

PENANG is an island about twenty miles long and ten miles broad, and a steam ferry takes the traveller over to it in half an hour.

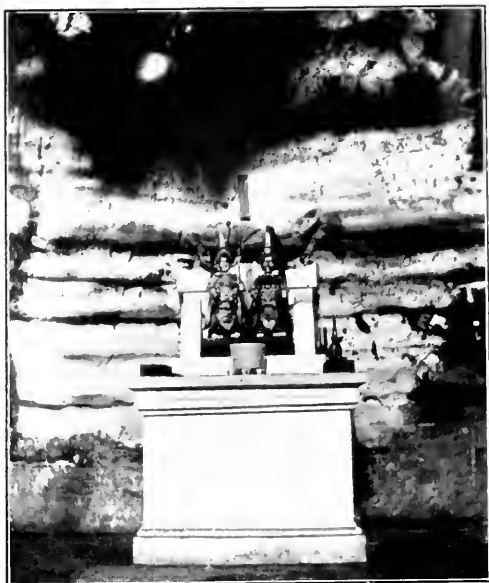
Nearly all the Indian contract labour comes through Penang, which is an important port, and we saw several parties on their way to the rubber plantations, each party with a brand new outfit and an Indian foreman to look after them.

The men bring their wives and children and seem quite happy and expectant, but alas! only a small proportion of them will ever return to their native homes.

Penang is in a most attractive situation, and the view from the sea front is most picturesque. The island is hilly, and there are lovely drives in all directions. There is quite a big European colony, and some beautiful houses standing in fine gardens.

Every tourist who visits Penang must go to the Chinese Temple and see terrace after terrace and shrine after shrine, and at the highest shrine of all will be found a very polite Chinese priest who invites the visitor to take a cup of tea and write his name in the visitor's book, which contains the names of all sorts of notabilities; the inevitable end of the interview will, of course, be a subscription for the upkeep of the temple.

Like all the other towns in Malaysia the streets of Penang have a Chinese aspect, with the inevitable



SHRINE IN ROCK TEMPLE: IPOH



MALAY HOUSE



gin rikisha as the principal means of conveying not only passengers, but also luggage.

Every day may be seen in any of the cities the interesting sight of a Chinese wedding or funeral, both of which ceremonies are meant to be occasions of rejoicing.

At an important Chinese funeral there are always several bands in the procession—either Chinese bands or the ordinary English brass bands which play lively tunes. A long string of Chinamen carry all sorts of emblems on long poles, and others carry tables with all sorts of delicacies, from a roast pig to a dish of sweets.

On arrival at the grave, presents, in the shape of fans, or some similar little objects, are given to anybody and everybody, including the onlookers, and a feast takes place of which all are invited to partake.

If the deceased has been a man of any parts, the coffin is of colossal dimensions and weight, and is carried by many bearers and covered by all sorts of rich decorations.

In the cemetery the coffin is set in an immense pool of cement which dries around it and seals it hermetically, and then a nice little arrangement of arches is built round it, making the cemetery look much neater and more comfortable than the English graveyard, with its slabs and crosses with little or no foundation to keep them upright.

The Chinese cemetery is intended to last for centuries.

The chief reason for the existence of Penang is as a port for the Malay Peninsula, and from Penang steamers go to all the ports of the surrounding seas, and these seas are almost always calm.

The steamers are more or less cockle shells.

We took a little Dutch steamer across to Belawon, which is situated on the east coast of Sumatra, at

the mouth of a swampy river. Belawon itself is so unhealthy that the European crews of the steamers never sleep there, and have accommodation on the higher land, where it is quite healthy.

A short railway journey takes the traveller to Maidan, the Capital of the Sultanate of Deli, which is a Dutch Protectorate.

Maidan is an exceedingly busy and picturesque town, built round an immense green, where bands play and sports are held. The population are, in order of importance, Chinese, Malays and Dutch.

The Sumatran Malay can be induced to do a little work, but not very much, so that a good proportion of the labour has to be imported, and comes from Java.

In the country round about Deli, and in the neighbouring Sultanates, such as Lancat, are situated the famous tobacco plantations which provide the Sumatra leaf with which the best European and American cigars are wrapped, and the exploitation of these plantations gives enormous wealth to the land.

There have been also of late extensive rubber plantations developed in this part of Sumatra.

The Sultan of Deli cannot be said to be either an interesting or picturesque personage, and before tobacco and rubber became extensive industries his Sultanate was not much good to him, and produced little else than tiger and elephant hunting. But now all that is changed, and as he still has a big interest in the land, wealth has been pouring into his coffers in the most unexpected manner, enabling him to build himself a palace and a most beautiful mosque, and also enabling him, incidentally, to annex seventy-seven wives, and produce one hundred and ninety children.

The process of annexing a new wife is of the



THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN OF DELHI



PALM AVENUE, SUMATRA

simplest description, and is not very costly. As soon as she enters the household she is provided with an outfit of a native costume of the scantiest character and sent out into the fields to work, the Sultan of Deli having thus solved the problem of cheap labour.

The Sultan of Deli is not a financier and does not really know what he is worth, and I fear he is very much exploited and has acquired a very poor opinion with regard to the dealings of Europeans.

I was invited to one of his houses to hear a violinist give a performance, and had an opportunity of noting the extraordinary collection of objects adorning the rooms—mostly things of a tawdry description.

The Sultan is exceedingly timid, and when he goes through the town of Maidan in his motor-car, horns, sirens, and mouth trumpets accompany him, and make a hideous hubbub while he passes along at about ten miles an hour.

I induced him to take a trial run in our Delaunay-Belleville, and I must say that at the first he was almost scared to death, but afterwards became quite used to the silent, gliding movement, and at the finish it was quite difficult to get him out of the car.

He allowed me to take his photograph, and also to visit and photograph his mosque, which is certainly an object of great beauty.

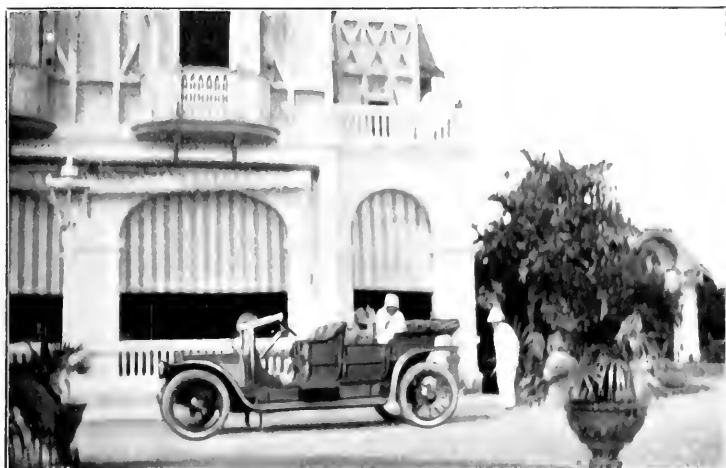
We also visited the Sultan of Lancat, whose palace is situated some eighty miles from Maidan. He is quite a different kind of individual, and more up to date, and Europeans with anything on sale will find a customer fully alive to the exigencies of commerce.

Sumatra is a most interesting and beautiful island, and is one of the few places on the world's surface where one can get right away from civilization and see the savage in his native state.

Tigers abound, and elephants in large troops will appear in a certain district and then disappear just as suddenly; gorillas are plentiful, and there are numerous other kinds of wild animals roaming around in every direction.

We went out to visit one of the big tobacco plantations, the home station of which is situated at the end of a most wonderful palm avenue, of which I was fortunate enough to get a good photograph. The managers and overseers are all Dutch, and are very kind and hospitable to strangers. The work is done by the Javanese.

The Sumatra tobacco plant is taller than a man, and has immense and beautifully developed leaves. These leaves are picked one by one, when in a state of perfection, and placed on wooden trays, on which they are carried to the home station and spread out in the drying sheds; where they are allowed to ferment before they are finally dried and packed for export.



THE SULTAN OF DELI, IN A DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE CAR



ON THE ROAD BETWEEN IPOH AND PENANG

CHAPTER XXVIII

A VISIT TO TO THE INTERIOR

IN the interior of the island of Sumatra there is a wonderful inland sea named Tobameer, which is situated some two hundred miles from Deli. We heard so much about this wonderful lake and the tribes that live around its shores, that we made up our minds to endeavour to visit it.

Our road lay for some fifty or sixty miles through the tobacco plantations leading to the foot of the Battok highlands, which have to be crossed before reaching the lake. At the foot of the hills we left the railway terminus behind us and started a difficult climb up the mountains, which had a number of hairpin turns, steep grades, etc.

Many rivulets were crossed and cascades admired, and there were little villages now and then, but they got fewer and fewer as we proceeded, and soon the last telegraph station was passed and the country became primeval, with the exception of the road, which was a good one.

When we reached the summit of the mountains a beautiful tableland came into sight, walled in by mountains on three sides, and one of the mountains, which terminated in a volcanic basin, was belching forth vast clouds of sulphureous steam, which dyed yellow the rocky sides of the aperture.

The last postal station was left behind. The road was still good, and we came in sight of a bungalow built by a friendly Dutchman on the border of the

Battok lands. We had been invited to stay the night with him and were delighted to accept the invitation.

We were received most hospitably, and taken in the afternoon to visit a large Battok "campong" or village.

The following morning we set out early. Our party consisted of my wife and myself, a Belgian chauffeur-valet, and our Indian servant, Samand.

Some thirty or forty miles further on we came to the last Dutch station, where we called on the resident and asked for information. We found him surrounded by Battoks, dispensing the law. He received us most kindly. He informed us, however, that all we could do was to see the lake in the distance, as the road was not completed, and ended in a path down a precipitous cliff, which could not possibly be negotiated by a lady.

We were terribly disappointed, but we pushed on along the road to see how far it really did go, and soon came in sight of the wonderful lake some thousands of feet below us, and walled in on every side by precipitous mountains.

A little further on the road got so bad that it was all we could do to proceed on the first speed and with the utmost care, and then, round another corner and a few hundred yards further on, the road came to an end on the side of a precipitous cliff, and we could see a large Battok village on the banks of the lake below us, but we could not see any means of reaching it.

However, the roadmakers had left some of their implements behind, and Samand took one of these implements and cut a few steps round the face of the cliff, and little by little we managed, by clinging to the undergrowth, to negotiate a bad corner, which brought us in sight of a zigzag pathway some hundred

TORA MEER





THE END OF THE ROAD

From the path



THE END OF THE ROAD

From the road

yards below us, and, leaving our Delaunay-Belleville in charge of the chauffeur, and with the aid of steps cut in the surface of the cliff, we scrambled down to the pathway without any accident save a few scratches.

When once we reached the pathway, going down was much easier, although there was only just foothold, and from time to time mountain streams had to be crossed on some rickety wooden bridge consisting of the log of a tree thrown across.

After a little climbing we came across a Battok boy, who was very anxious to show us the way down to the village.

The further down we got, the more luxurious grew the vegetation, and tall trees reared their heads high up, as if trying to climb the cliffs. The path came quite close to the top of a thin-stemmed giant, and in the highest branches, close to us, we saw the nest of a pair of weaver birds swinging down from the bough like an inverted jar, with a neat entrance at the bottom.

A little further on the fruit trees began, oranges, lemons, bananas, and many other kinds which we could not identify.

As we came nearer to the edge of the cliff we could see the native canoes on the shores and on the water, and at last we reached the Battok village on the banks of the lake, protected by a high stockade round it, and sheltered by a little wood of tall trees.

The village was all excitement, as they had evidently been watching us come down the cliffs, and when my wife sat down, tired out with the difficult descent and the hot sun, the women and children crowded round her with curiosity, and handled her clothes, shoes, and anything they could get hold of. What delighted them most seemed to be her blue motor veil; they did not seem to under-

stand how it was they could see through the chiffon, and one after another they tied it round their heads, and, at the end, my wife was obliged to make them a present of it, for they looked anything but clean.

The young Battok girls are quite handsome; they wear a garment of dark blue wrapped around them. Another piece of blue cloth is made into a sort of head-dress rather like the head-dress of the Italian peasant, and this is fastened and kept in place by two enormous silver earrings, which are attached to the lobes of the ears by a piece of cloth, which goes through the ears. Their skins are bronzed and of a fine texture, and, like most savages, the habit of carrying things on their heads gives them a very erect pose.

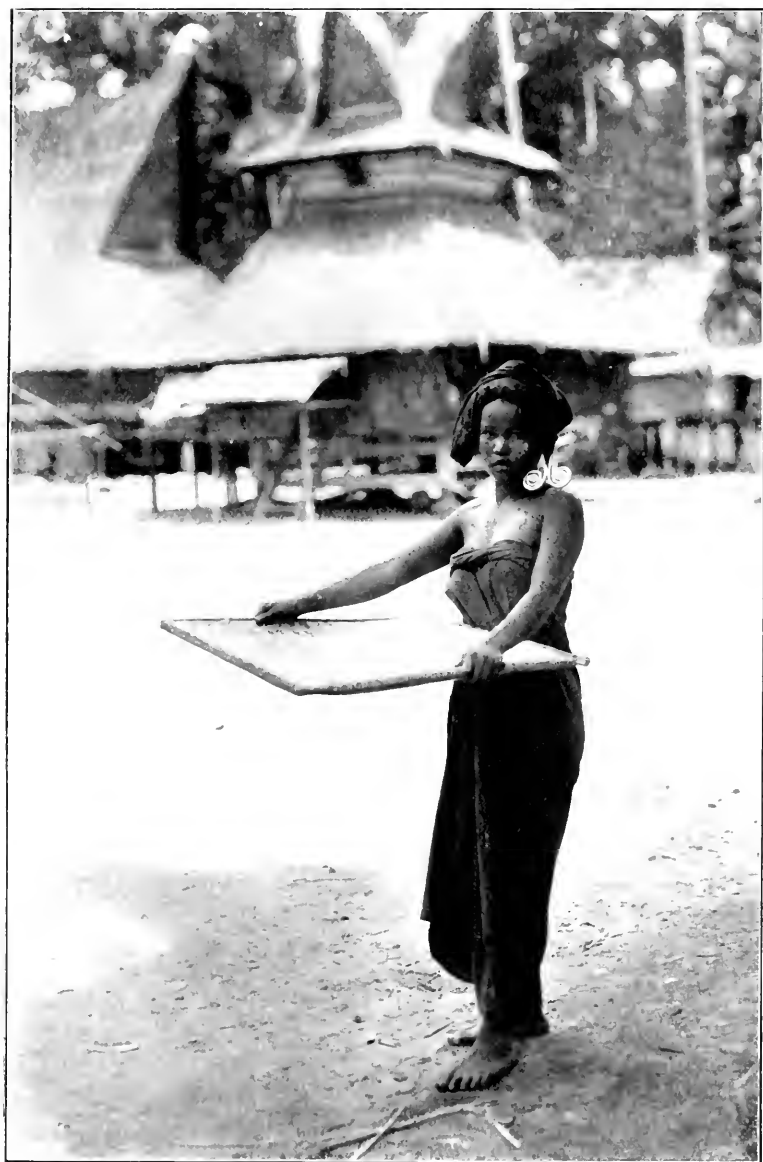
But if the young girls and some of the young boys are beautiful, their beauty is of short duration, for, at the age of puberty, they are held down to the ground and all their front teeth are broken off, leaving ugly, rugged, decaying stumps, which completely do away with any pretence to good looks.

When questioned as to the why and wherefore of this strange custom, the Battoks reply that they knock these teeth out to show that they are not flesh eaters, and are therefore above the level of the beasts; their sole diet being rice and fruit and vegetables, they argue that these teeth are not necessary.

To add to their ugliness they chew a plant, or a leaf which has a bright red sap, which they spit out in every direction.

The Battoks make the cloth for their garments themselves, and we saw several old women with the most primitive hand looms weaving cloth.

We also saw others dyeing it in indigo dye, which they grow and make themselves, for analine dyes have not yet reached them, and the beautiful indigo blue



A BATTOK GIRL.

still gives their garments a most picturesque appearance.

The Battoks have been and still are great horse breeders; they supply what is known as the Deli pony, which draws most of the vehicles in Sumatra.

The Deli pony is exceedingly hardy and a splendid puller, but with a very bad temper. It will not stand corn, and has to be fed on much less rich food to make it possible to utilize it.

In one corner of the "campong" a man was making rope out of the pullings of the ponies' tails, and in another corner silversmiths were making ornaments, melting silver and hammering it out on primitive anvils.

The Battoks use Portuguese dollars, and until very lately they would not receive any other kind of money, and anyone who wished to buy Deli ponies had to bring sacks of Portuguese dollars, and not one dollar was accepted unless it had been poised on the first finger of the Battok bargainer, and rang against another to see that it was good.

The Battoks are not a very warlike people—not nearly as warlike as the more northern tribes who have kept the Dutch fighting for generations. But when the northern tribes were hard pressed the Battoks used to shelter them in their then inaccessible highlands until the Dutch had withdrawn, when the northerners went back home and recommenced hostilities.

It is not very long since the Battoks had cannibal habits, but the only part of the human body which they ate was the palms of the hands of the warriors they had slain in battle. This was supposed to give them strength and courage.

A Battok house consists of an immense, steeply-sloped thatch, supported by several wooden pillars, the thatch ending at each corner, as a rule, with a

pair of horns. The thatch is generally the only shelter, few of the huts being walled in. Some of the huts have very artistic pictures on them in the shape of plaited matting of various colours and designs. The living platforms on all the huts are from five to six feet above the ground and approached by a primitive ladder.

In the "campong" there is a hut for the marriageable girls and another for the marriageable boys, who are separated from their families at a certain age.

Chickens, pigs, ducks and naked babies abound in all directions, and the babies generally have a necklet or a waist-piece of Portuguese dollars.

One of the huts is set apart for the pounding of rice, and we saw the women and girls at work pounding away with long, heavy poles in wooden receptacles. As soon as the husk is broken off from the grain it is separated by being well shaken on trays made of light plaited matting.

Battokland is a man's paradise, all the work being accomplished by the women. The men spend their time mostly lying about the platform of a specially reserved hut, playing chess, which game they doubtless learned from the Chinese centuries ago.

They sketch out a chessboard on the floor of the hut and use pieces of wood of different shapes for chessmen. They are splendid players, as they must be from the fact that they practically spend their lives at the game. Two of them went one day down to Maidan, and no player in the country was found who was able to beat them.

The Battoks plant and cultivate rice extensively, and they have the most ingenious system of scarecrows that I have ever seen. It certainly beats anything of this kind in Europe.

In the centre of a rice field, a sturdy post is sunk in the ground, having at its top, some twelve feet



A BATTOR VILLAGE

from the surface, a circular platform. Round about the edges of this platform are a series of some dozen bamboo rods from which thin cords go out over the field for a hundred yards or more. The other extremities are attached to the short ends of bamboo levers. The levers are pivoted in such a manner that when the short end is pulled by the cord attached to it, the long end swings round over the rice field and back again to its original position.

A Battok boy or girl sits on the platform all day long when the rice is ripening, and from the look-out post covers an enormous area, and whenever the birds appear, the cord is pulled, and the lever sends the long bamboo swinging round and effectually keeps the birds away.

The Battoks have a literature which, however, very few people are able to translate. They write their books on folded sheets of bark, and I succeeded in obtaining one of these books, written in what looked like Sanskrit; it relates, I believe, principally to medicine. The most curious drawings of dragons and snakes and weird horses are cabalistically arranged on nearly every page.

The Battok village was so attractive to us and there was so much to be seen and looked into, and so much bargaining for curios, that when we turned towards the cliffs again the sun had reached the meridian, and was beating down on us with its full tropical force; so enthusiastic had we been to get down to the village that we had not given a thought to the getting back to the car.

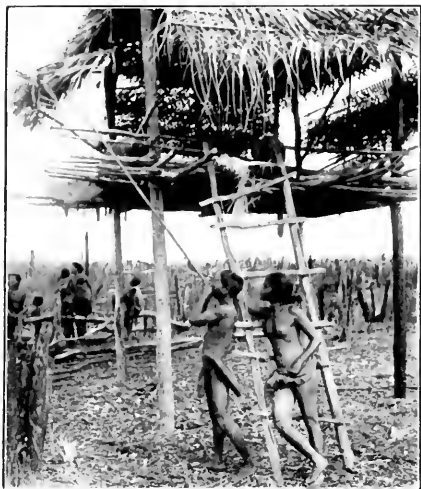
The village was so indescribably filthy that we dared not accept a drink of water, but some boys climbed up the orange trees and brought us down some fruit which we put in our pockets to help us on the steep climb upwards. And a steep climb it was indeed, without the slightest shade from the heat of

the sun, and several times we almost gave in; but at last, after a two hours' climb, we got back to the road, absolutely exhausted. A cup of tea from our tea basket revived us somewhat, and we set off again on our homeward journey, determined to go right through to Maidan in one stretch in order not to impose upon the kindness of our Dutch friends.

As it turned out later, we should have been much wiser to have accepted their hospitality for the night, for the darkness came on when we were crossing the mountains, and with it came a drenching thunder storm, and we had to trust to our acetylene headlights to negotiate the difficult curves in the descent. To add to our troubles, about ten o'clock at night, when we were right in the tiger and elephant country and surrounded by the thickest jungle, one of our ball bearings gave way, and the problem presented itself to our minds as to which was the wisest thing to do—stop in the darkness to change the ball race in our exhausted state and in the rain, chancing an interview with a tiger and risking the acetylene lights going out, or push on with the broken bearing, with the possibility of an accident at a bad turn.

We decided to push on until we reached a village, where we could make the necessary repairs with more safety, but it was a most anxious time, and when we reached Maidan at one o'clock in the morning, we had got just about to the end of our tether, and the long exertion in the hot sun and the necessity of driving in the darkness, laid me out completely, and in a couple of days I was down with "dengue" fever and in the hands of a Dutch doctor, who got me on my legs again in about a week with constant doses of asperine.

But, notwithstanding contretemps, our visit to the Battok highlands was an experience never to be forgotten.



NATIVE SWING PLATFORM IN SUMATRA



BATTOK SCARECROWS

Further into the wilds of Sumatra there are strange, uncivilized tribes, who wear little or no clothing and hunt for their food with long blow pipes and short arrows, and further away again there are tribes of blacks who live in the trees and do not know how to make a fire. They are, however, very, very difficult to reach, as it is impossible to see them in the trees in the dense forests, and they climb away like monkeys from tree to tree at the approach of a stranger.

CHAPTER XXIX

JAVA

AT Belowan we took the Dutch Royal Steamship Company's "Rumphius," which is undoubtedly the finest boat plying on these tropical waters. It just gives one the impression of a private yacht. The food is excellent, the service efficient, and the officers are kindness itself. We were so comfortable on board that instead of getting off at Singapore, as we had first intended, we went right through to Tangong Priok, which is the port of Batavia, the capital of Java.

Java is a little island, not quite so big as Great Britain without Ireland. It has a population of some thirty-seven millions. From one end to the other it is cultivated, and made to produce the best it can give by its hard-working peasant population, who seem to be perfectly contented under the Dutch rule.

Batavia and its port lie on low ground, and although there was not the slightest need for making canals, the Dutchmen have the canal business so much engrained in their nature, that they started to make canals in Batavia. These canals are, however, of very little use and very little used.

The city of Batavia is spread out over a large area, including many open greens, and nearly all the houses and hotels have large grounds surrounding them.

There were some vexatious troubles at the Custom

House, and I was foolish enough to declare a Browning automatic pistol instead of putting it in my pocket and saying nothing. It was pounced upon at once, and I was informed that there was, for some reason or other, a special clause in the Customs' law prohibiting Brownings. Although, in all my travels I have never had to use a pistol, still I think it is essential for every one who goes motoring and risks being out late at night, in any land, to have a gun handy, if only to frighten away evil-doers.

I was also nettled that my candour had been so taken advantage of, and so I determined that I would make a fight for having that pistol back.

I was told that the only person who could authorize it was the Governor, so I sent him a telegram asking for special permission, but I got no reply.

I then went to the British Consul, and he took me to the Head of the Police, who informed me that all telegrams addressed to the Governor must be sent on special forms and authorized by the signature of the Chief of Police and the Minister of the Interior, and he supplied me with a form to that effect, which, when filled in, he signed. I then had to chase after the Minister, who also signed it, and then the telegram was sent to the Governor. I had the satisfaction of getting my Browning back the very day we sailed away from Java.

In Batavia, which is of course entirely Dutch, there is a considerable amount of society, and there are beautiful gardens and clubs where society meets to take iced drinks and listen to the military band.

The Dutch women have adopted the Javanese style of dress from the waist down, and they may be seen in the mornings about their houses and verandas with bare feet and legs, and a "sarong" or Indian cloth around their loins. But in the after-

noons and evenings the same ladies go out in Paris fashions.

A shallow river runs through the city of Batavia, alongside the main road, where its banks are built up like those of a canal. The water is of a brownish colour, and there are approaches and steps leading down to it at short distances apart, and in this water the Javanese men, women, and children can be seen all day long bathing and washing their clothes.

The Javanese are Mohammedans, though they are not owned as Mohammedans by the true religionists of that sect. They have no caste, and of course they are of the Malay race, but unlike the Malays of the Malay Peninsula, they are very hardworking and quite willing to be hired out, either as private servants or for contract labour. They go over to Sumatra in large numbers to till the land.

There are excellent automobile roads through the length and breadth of Java, and hundreds of automobiles are to be seen circulating in every direction. The principal excursions from Batavia are to Buitenzorg and Soekaboemi.

Up to Buitenzorg, which is situated a few hours' run from Batavia, is a steady climb. There are some exceedingly fine views from the terrace of the hotel Bellevue at Buitenzorg, and there is at this place perhaps the finest Botanical Garden in the world, containing trees of all descriptions, orchids, and every other kind of peculiar tropical flower, and ponds covered with the most beautiful water lilies.

From Buitenzorg to Soekaboemi is another half day's run and a very stiff climb. Soekaboemi itself is situated on the side of a high mountain and is a health resort. The air is much cooler than down in Batavia, where one is nearly stifled with the heat, but at the same time it is very damp, and after a

very short stay we found all our leather goods, boots, etc., covered with green mould.

If desired, the traveller can continue his excursion over the mountains and visit the most magnificent ruins of a Buddhist temple which exist. The Buddhists evidently once inhabited Java, and have left an immense Pagoda in ruins.

Petrol, tyres, and good mechanics are to be found everywhere, and those travellers who are unfortunate enough to have a "panne" will find that numbers of Javanese will turn up from everywhere and offer to give any assistance that may be required, and that in the most amiable manner possible.

One thing about travelling in Java is that the hotels are comfortable and the food good.

The climate of Java is similar to that of all tropical countries, that is to say, it is very hot, and now and then it rains and gives relief.

The grass is always green, there are always flowers, and the general impression is that it is the height of summer.

We should have made a much longer stay in Java but that the cholera was raging badly in some parts, and so we elected to make our stay a short one, and we sailed back to Singapore on the Dutch steamer.

CHAPTER XXX

AUSTRALIA

AT Singapore we caught the "Minderoo," of the West Australian Steamship Company, and sailed for the north-west coast of Australia. The "Minderoo" is a live-stock boat, and carries cattle and sheep from Australia to Java and Singapore, and also from the north-west ports of Australia to Perth.

We left Singapore with practically empty holds, and only four passengers, including ourselves. The course lay along the north-east of Java and then past the islands which stretch out from Java into the Indian Ocean. After leaving these islands there is a lonely stretch of ocean, and then the first land sighted is the north-west coast of Australia.

Once on board the "Minderoo" orientalism was left behind, and no trace of it remained except a few Malay sailors and Chinese stewards. The Captain and the officers were, of course, all Anglo-Saxons, and first-rate sailors, able to cope with the dangerous conditions of their business.

The north-west coast of Australia is in the cyclonic area, and all boats that ply in these waters must be seaworthy and be commanded by efficient officers.

We got our first sniff of Australian habits and customs on the "Minderoo" when the bell rang for dinner at six o'clock instead of half-past seven, which one is used to in most other countries. The "Min-

deroo" is one of the most comfortable steamers I have ever had the good luck to travel on; we had fresh-killed meat all the way to Perth, and very fair cooking, and the "mangostines" lasted until the end of the voyage.

The cyclone season had fortunately gone by, and we had a calm and uneventful passage, and picked up the coast of Australia in the early morning of the eighth day.

At daylight we steamed into King's Sound, which at high tide looks like an immense and splendid harbour, and at low tide like a gigantic mud flat. There is a very high tide, which rushes through two small openings, and at low tide the water rushes out again just like a mill stream. It is only just on the turn of the tide that steamers can negotiate these dangerous passages, in which many good ships have come to grief.

Derby is a typical Australian settlement, on the borders of the grand Never-Never Land, and at the head of the King's Sound.

The Never-Never Land in Australia is a vast expanse, little known and little explored, and almost entirely unpopulated, holding in its womb no one knows what fortunes for the future prospector.

Derby consists of one principal street, crossed by what promise to be, at some future date, other streets. Everything there is of the most primitive description, beginning with the tramway, drawn by one horse, which takes goods and passengers from the quay to the township.

The aborigines have not yet been ruined in health and character by the proximity of the whites, and they are encountered in quantities, still practising to some extent their native customs, although already clothed in Anglo-Saxon garments.

The men get work on the stations, that is to say,

on cattle farms, and the women work as servants for the whites.

We met a party of blacks going to a "corroberie." The "corroberie" of the Australian blacks is a sort of general meeting where all sorts of sports take place, and also much dancing and singing. The party we met had their boomerangs with them, and at our request gave us some demonstrations, sending them skimming into the air, twisting rapidly round, and then coming right back to fall at the feet of the owner.

The camps of these black people are indescribably dirty. They never make any attempt to build a house, or even a hut, but put a little brushwood together and cover it over with rags of any description which they can get hold of. A gipsy's tent in Europe is a palace compared with the miserable home of the Australian aborigine. In one such hovel we found a very old-looking woman in the last stages of consumption, and as these habitations are closed up entirely at night, and are occupied by many natives, it is easy to see why the Australian aborigine is such a prey to tuberculosis. Those who live in the atmosphere, and are not attacked, must have peculiarly robust constitutions.

At Derby we had quite a novel experience in watching seven hundred half-wild cattle from Never-Never Land being loaded into the steamer.

The loading begins at dusk, so that unfortunately we could not take any photographs of it, but it certainly deserves a description.

The hold of the "Minderoo" had been specially prepared for the reception of this cargo, and a narrow pathway, just wide enough to admit of one bullock at a time going along it, had been strongly built in a spiral, commencing at the lowest part of the hold, and going round and round in three or four com-

plete circles until, like a screw thread, it climbed up to the side of the ship and joined up with a similar race on the quay.

A cloud of dust on the horizon indicated that the cattle were coming, and they were driven into enclosed spaces, leading to smaller and yet smaller yards, and then to a narrow race the whole length of the quay, leading right to the ship's side.

With much struggling and snorting and charging, the crowd of bullocks, with enormous horns, were gradually driven into the final race, some hundreds of yards long, and along this race, at intervals, cattle punchers were stationed. The whole of the township lent a helping hand, until, with a pandemonium of noise and a great many blows, the frightened cattle stampeded down the race and towards the ship.

On board the ship all the junior officers, dressed in the oldest clothes they could find, and assisted by some professionals, were stationed at intervals down the spiral race to receive the galloping cattle, and to frighten and urge them into descending into the nethermost depths of the hold.

Shouting, whacking, and tail-twisting seemed to be the methods employed by the cattle punchers standing on the top of the race, or alongside of it, and woe betide one of them if his hand or arm got anywhere near the heads of the beasts—a prod with the strong horns, and a twist of the muscular neck, and great damage would soon be done.

At times a frightened beast would stop, and back and push the next one behind it back against another, and so on, until an almost inextricable tangle was produced, and much tail twisting was required to clear the gangway, and, from ominous cracks that could be heard, I fear many a broken tail had to suffer for it.

The race, however, being too narrow to admit of

two beasts getting in side by side, no serious accidents occurred, and before midnight, under the flaring electric lights, the whole of the cattle were safely housed and penned off, and we had sailed to anchor at the end of the Sound, ready to go out with the morning's tide.

The hold was fitted up with drinking troughs, and fodder was supplied for the cattle to eat; but for the first forty-eight hours they took neither food nor drink, until they became so exhausted that one by one they began to be tempted.

Some, however, were too frightened, or too wild, or too obstinate to give in, and with beasts under these conditions, unless their obstinacy can be broken down by any means, death ensues, and they are thrown overboard. One poor beast, parched with thirst, was only saved by putting a hose-pipe on and forcing the water into its mouth, when it became quite tractable.

When a beast dies, ropes are fastened to its horns as it lies, and it is hoisted up by the horns and dropped into the sea, after having been skinned, for, of course, the skin is worth something.

The cattle can only be carried in winter on account of the temperature, and even then, if there be no wind or only a breeze from astern, which does not go faster than the ship, many cattle die from the heat and bad ventilation.

Two professional cattle men came on board with us to look after the beasts, and one could not help being struck by the superiority of these Australians as compared with people of the same occupation in Europe. They were both very nice-mannered fellows, and quite educated and well read, and after their work was over, and they had changed their clothes, they might easily have been mistaken for first-class passengers.

The western coast of Australia is a most dangerous seaboard; there are few lighthouses, but there are countless reefs and shoals, charted and uncharted, and nothing but great experience enables the vessels which ply along these coasts to avoid disaster. Indeed the coast is lined from north to south with wrecks of modern steamships.

When one is passing at low tide, some of these can be seen high and dry on the reefs, and terrible tales of shipwreck are told.

If the crews manage to save themselves, the wretched cattle have no chance at all, and if the ship runs high and dry, and is firmly fixed on a reef, the miserable beasts must go through all the tortures of hunger and thirst, finally going mad and stampeding before they die boxed up in the hold. If they were allowed to escape and swim for safety it would invalidate the insurance!

CHAPTER XXXI

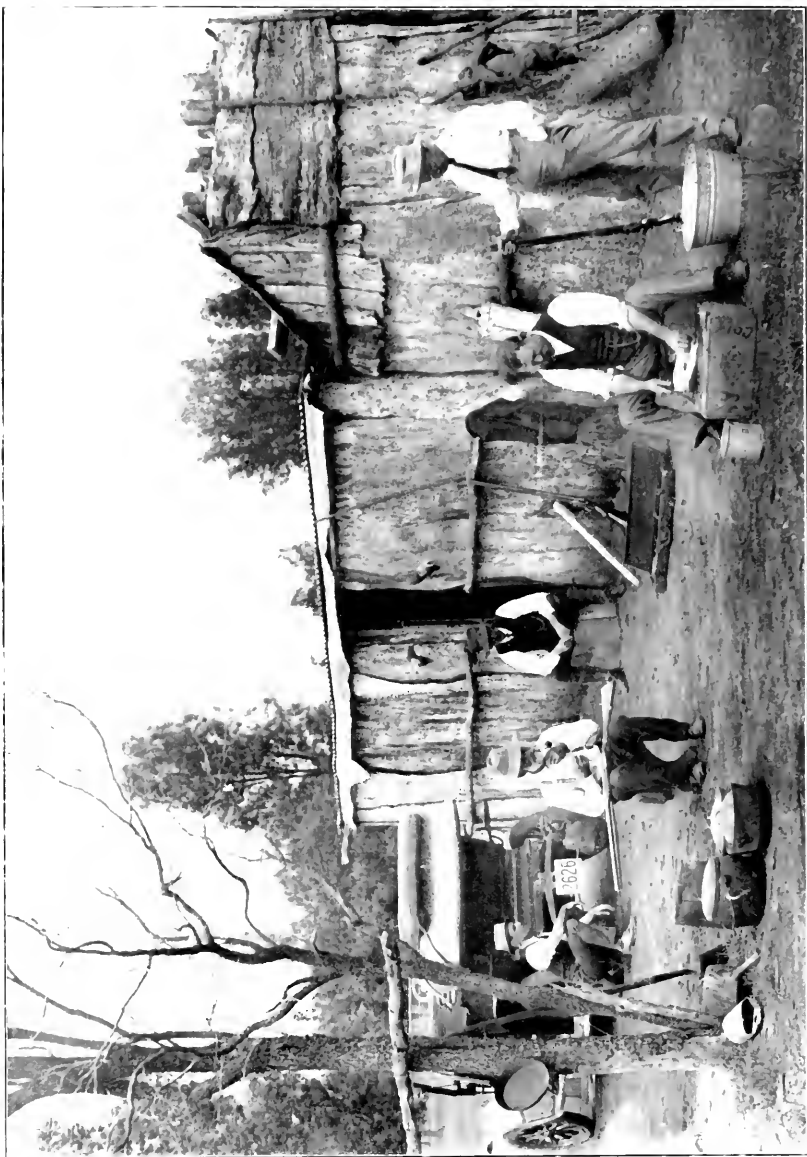
PEARL FISHING

THE north-western coast of Australia is one of the most fruitful pearl fishing grounds in the world, and Broome is the great centre where most of the pearl fleets hail from.

Shortly after leaving Derby we called at Broome, but, unfortunately, it was in the night time, and we were not able to go ashore. We, however, took on board upwards of fifty of the inhabitants who were subpœnaed on a pearl stealing case to be heard in Perth, so that if we could not get an opportunity of studying the pearl fishery at Broome, we had the company of all the best-known experts in every branch for nearly a week, and we had much more time to hear their stories told.

Amongst the subpœnaed witnesses were owners of pearling fleets who stay at home and send out their boats in charge of paid managers, owners who go out and look after their boats themselves, buyers of pearls, experts who know how to treat the raw pearl and take off the imperfections, pearl valuers, pearl divers, pearl openers, and beach-combers who live on anything that turns up. There were also non-expert witnesses, such as the two local cabmen (for there are cabs in Broome) and the local policeman, and several bar loafers.

The pearl industry is a wild, difficult, and dangerous trade, and the surroundings are of such an adventurous nature, and the trade is carried on so far



PIONEERS IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

away from the great cities and their civilization, that a more motley and interesting crew could not possibly be imagined than our fifty odd fellow-passengers, whose expenses were being paid by the Government, and who were most of them getting the trip of their lives, and intending not to lose any opportunity of enjoying it.

The poor piano was the greatest sufferer, for all of these pioneers love music, and many of them can vamp accompaniments, and each one has a song to sing, weird though the song may be and weirder the singer.

There were amongst them gentlemen of breeding and education and also many of the bearded, half-wild, tough-skinned heroes, owning just the rough clothes they stood up in, and a few sovereigns, but most interesting, good-natured and polite in their way, and always ready to relate their adventures.

The bar, the smoke-room, a game of poker, a sing-song in the saloon, a few meals, and the day is over and well-filled.

Can I ever forget a Scotsman among the crowd, a remittance man, come right to the very end of his tether, without a cent in his pockets, and with his baggage in pawn?

Some of my readers may not know what a remittance man is, so for their information I will tell them that a remittance man is a good-for-nothing who receives a monthly or quarterly cheque from his family, or from what is left of his squandered estate.

The penniless condition of this particular remittance man did not prevent him from singing like a lark the wild songs of the mountains of his ancestors, and, though I do not suppose he had ever seen Scotland he was Scotch to the backbone, and sang the "Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond" right well,

with a vamped accompaniment of his own which made the poor piano fairly tremble.

A little farther down the coast he evidently found his cheque waiting for him and got his luggage out of pawn and came back on board just as the steamer sailed.

Then began a tremendous spree. Out of his trunk he brought a bagpipes, with which he promenaded the decks, to the great amusement of his fellow-passengers.

Can I ever forget either, after a short call at another port, and after the second whistle had gone to warn the passengers that we were on the point of sailing, seeing our friend, hatless and with unsteady gait, propped up on each side by a staggering comrade, and with the bagpipes in full swing, marching down the jetty, oblivious of steamer whistles or anything else. The party was edged in on each side by a dusky Malay sailor, to prevent them falling off the jetty. The poor Malay sailors can only go on the jetty; "white Australia" does not allow them to land.

Pearl fishing is not only difficult and dangerous; it is worse than that; it is deadly. Every lady who wears a pearl necklace, if she knew the truth, would learn that every beautiful pearl she wears represents a paralysed pearl diver.

The diving on the north-west coast of Australia is all undertaken by Japanese. It takes two years for a diver to learn his trade, and few divers are able to exercise that trade for more than another four years.

The pearl diver must get up every morning before dawn, put on his diving suit and, just as the sun rises, go down to the bottom of the sea. The boat must then drift slowly along, whilst the diver walks along the bottom of the sea, following the boat wherever it drifts.

Sometimes he is walking through thick vegetation with seaweed higher than his head, which he has to put aside in order to pass; sometimes there is nothing but rock.

The bottom of the sea is sometimes level, and again there may be valleys or hills to be crossed and perhaps all manner of dangers. Should he make a false step into a hole which he has not seen, his air-tube is easily broken, which means certain death.

There are fish, too, which are deadly to the diver, and he often has to hide whilst they pass. The shark is not so very dangerous as is a kind of huge rock cod which has a nasty trick of biting the air-tube in two, and many is the boat that sails back home to get a fresh diver.

The pearl oyster lies at the bottom of the sea on a little pedestal. The diver carries a basket on his left shoulder, held in place by his left hand. He cannot stoop forward or he would fall and the air get into the lower part of his diving suit and prevent him from righting himself again. He has therefore, when he sees a pearl oyster, to bend his knees until he can get his right hand underneath the bivalve, which he pulls off its pedestal and puts in his basket.

At breakfast time and at lunch time he comes up for nourishment, going down again immediately afterwards, and whenever his basket is full of shells he comes up to land it on the deck. He finally leaves the water when the sun is sinking.

After such a hard day's work it can be well imagined that he is anxious to get above the surface of the water again quickly, and here lies the great danger.

In order to rise from the bottom of the water, it is necessary for him to inflate his costume slightly, and this is accomplished by partially closing the exhaust

tap which lets the air which is being pumped in from above come out again. A prudent diver will work his exhaust tap so that he comes up gradually, but, alas! familiarity breeds contempt, and in his hurry to get back to the fresh air he closes the tap too much and his suit inflates too much, and up he bobs to the surface like a cork.

His helmet is unstrapped and inside is found a man helplessly paralysed. The sudden difference in the pressure of the air has done its work.

Nearly all divers are improvident, and either drink or gamble all their money away. They earn large sums, being paid so much a hundredweight for the shell they bring up, and very often a premium for the pearls that may be found in them.

Before they will go out pearling they demand at the very least one hundred pounds, and they do not go out until this hundred pounds has been spent. Then, when they are penniless, they come to work. They may be out pearling many months and earn from four to five hundred pounds, but it all goes much quicker than it was earned.

There exists, not very far from the jetty of one of the pearling towns on the west coast, what they call the "Hole," which is a peculiar formation.

Here there is shelf after shelf of coral going down to great depths, and when a diver is very hard pressed indeed all round and has nowhere to turn to, he often asks to be allowed to go down the "Hole." Here he is sure to find shell. But it is too deep below the surface and the danger is enormously increased. There, are, however, unscrupulous owners who let their divers risk it. Many a cripple owes his condition to the "Hole."

The divers are accompanied on the pearl fishing by a crew who are mostly Japanese and friends or relations of the diver. These men work the boat

and work the air pump, which supplies the diver with air all the time he is below the surface.

Every boat, or at least one boat out of three of the same fleet, has an opener on board, who is in charge of the shell the diver brings into the boat.

The opener is always a European, and is either the owner of the boat or a trusted employée. It is his duty to open all the shell and look for the pearls.

By the rules of the trade, all the shell the diver brings up must be dumped on the deck, and it must not be touched by anyone, except the opener.

It is almost impossible to prevent theft. If the diver has seen a bivalve wide open and showing a pearl, at the bottom of the sea, the shell is frequently put aside or hidden, and an attempt made to open it when it is brought up.

If the opener has two or three boats to look after, and if there is collusion between the diver and the crew, the shell is opened in his absence.

Often in the night, when he is lying awake, the opener will hear the stealthy movements of the crew and know that something is up, and then he must spring out of his bunk and with a marling spike, or his fists, ready to administer summary corporal punishment to the offenders.

The opener and the diver live in the cabin and the crew in the forecastle, and for months they may not see another white man. They live on fish, which is plentiful, and on what is generally described in Australia as "potted dog," which means tinned foods of all kinds.

Nothing could be more adventurous than the life of the oyster opener; he carries his life in his hands continually. Should he perceive a pearl, when opening a shell, he knows that the Jap crew are watching his every movement, and that he must get hold of the pearl without showing that he has it, and use

some subterfuge to get it into his mouth, and there hold it until the opening is over, and he can go down to the cabin without being suspected.

Many a boat has come in to report that the opener has fallen overboard and been drowned, and who can tell how he came to fall overboard, especially as the whisky bottle plays a prominent part in the lonely opener's life?

CHAPTER XXXII

PEARL FISHING—CONTINUED

ANOTHER, and perhaps the greatest danger that besets the life of the pearl fisher, is the "willy-willy."

The pearling coast of Australia is right in the cyclonic area and the cyclones, which have various names in various parts of the world, whether it be white squall or typhoon, is here called the "willy-willy."

In the willy-willy the wind blows round and round at a terrible speed, and whilst in the centre there is a dead calm, both of sea and air, at the outer edge no sailing ship can resist the tempest, and it takes a steamer all its time to weather it.

The willy-willy, in addition to the turning movement, has a forward movement. It generally comes at certain specified times of the year when the pearl fleets are not out fishing, but it may come at any time, and alas! for the fleet when they are caught in it.

The diver below the surface of the sea gets the first indication of the storm; though the surface of the water is quite calm there is commotion below. I will describe what happens in the graphic language of a young pearl fleet owner who told me the story himself:

"The diver came up and told us there was a storm coming, and we took every stick out of the boat and fastened everything down. The sea was absolutely a dead calm and the night coming on.

After getting everything made fast, I went down to the cabin to change my clothes, and I was just tying up two pearls that I had got in the corner of my shirt when the willy-willy struck us without any warning.

"The first wave knocked us sideways, and I remember finding myself walking on the side of the cabin instead of the floor. The second wave smashed her all to pieces, and I found myself in the swirling water with the diver, who was on the deck when the storm struck us, alongside of me. The boat had entirely disappeared and the crew with it.

"The diver and I kept together and swam about all night not knowing where we were. The water was quite warm.

"Towards the early hours of the morning the diver shouted to me, 'Master, master, I am done. Good-bye.' Just afterwards I felt bottom and shouted to the diver and swam out and pulled him ashore, and we waded out on to dry land. My watch was still going and it was bright moonlight. It was two o'clock in the morning. My pearls were gone.

"After walking four miles we came to a farm and I borrowed a horse and rode twenty-two miles to a telegraph station, and let my parents know that I was safe."

In this willy-willy, which came quite unexpectedly, sixty per cent. of the pearling ships with their crews, disappeared entirely.

Nearly all the pearlers had treasures to show us in the shape of peculiar shells from the bottom of the sea, and we had quite a curious experience in examining some of these shells.

Three brothers, owners of a pearling fleet, were showing us some very peculiar pearl shells and explaining to us the meaning of a "blister."

They showed us a pearl shell which, just at the edge where the oyster had been, had two little knobs about as big as a marrowfat pea. It was underneath these blisters, they explained, that "barroque" pearls were generally found, that is to say, pearls of odd shapes.

The shell interested us very much, and we asked them if they would sell it. One of the brothers said yes, and asked us five or six pounds for it. Just at that moment the second brother came in, and the first one said: "George, I am going to sell Mr. and Mrs. Mann this shell."

George took it up and examined it, and said: "No, do not sell, there may be a pearl underneath the blister."

The first brother insisted, and we were ready to buy the shell, but George would not have it so.

Now on board the ship, amongst the pearlers, was a Singalee, the greatest expert in pearls on the north-west coast, and this shell was handed to him to examine. He cut the blister open and found a three-figure pearl of great beauty in one blister, and a button pearl worth about fifty pounds in the other.

So we just missed a great opportunity.

We had, however, the consolation of knowing that even if we had bought the shell we should never have found the pearls, for the shell would simply have been put on the shelf of a cabinet as a curiosity, and the blister would never have been opened.

In Broome there is an extensive traffic in "snide" pearls. A "snide" pearl is a pearl which has not been purchased from a legitimate dealer. They say that everybody who has money and the chance buys snide pearls in Broome.

They are obtained, either by the dishonesty of the diver or of one of the crew, or of the opener,

and as they are always pearls fresh from their ocean habitation, it is almost impossible to identify them.

One might think that Broome would be a good place to buy pearls, but this is not the case; the only pearls that can be purchased at Broome are "snide" pearls. The pearls are bought long before the oyster yields them up; the dealers have bespoken them.

CHAPTER XXXIII

AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIA is not a hospitable country for anybody that has not got a white skin, and a clear record of white skins. By the laws of the country no dusky, tawny, or yellow races are allowed to land, and those who were already in the country before the law was promulgated are only there on suffrance.

Even British subjects from India have no right to land on this British soil, that is to say, that such difficulties are put in their way that it comes virtually to the same thing.

When the question came up of letting in our Indian fellow subjects, an education standard was established, and if the unlucky Indian does not happen to know all the languages of Europe he is floored in his examination, and must stay outside. One is not even allowed to bring in a black servant, and when I applied to the authorities for permission to bring Samand with me, the reply was: "Not for all the tea in China."

The Australian race must be kept pure, and although millions of acres of land, only suitable to be worked by Chinese or Indians or Kanakas, lie idle, even the importation of contract labour is not allowed, and so these lands in the tropical north will lie idle and unproductive until a sensible legislature comes in and gives up the policy of extremes, and allows a suitable population to arrive, under proper supervision and limitations.

It very frequently happens that a political cry or watchword becomes so powerful as to override all argument and commonsense, and thus it is with the political cry of "White Australia."

Most intelligent people to whom one speaks on the subject think that coloured labour should be allowed under restrictions, but they dare not say so openly for fear of raising an uproar under the banner of "White" Australia.

To show what extremes are gone to in this direction there is a new law which, when it shortly comes into operation, will exclude the Japanese divers in the pearl fishing industry, and unless some modification is made a serious set-back will be made to an already highly handicapped industry, for, should only white divers be allowed, it would be necessary also to have white crews, for no white man would be safe to go down in his diving suit with a Japanese crew at the other end of the life-line. It would be too easy to stop the pump for a few minutes, and no trace of the crime would remain.

The curious part of this "White Australian" legislation is that the population of Australia is so very small, that there is an absolute crying need for men to develop the country.

Australia, which is nearly as big as the whole of Europe, has only about as many people in it as the City of London.

It is hard to say whether immigration, even of white peoples, is or is not encouraged in Australia. Certainly, of late years, immigration has been encouraged, but at heart the labour party is against immigration, and as the labour party has nearly full control of the Parliament, there is no knowing what will become of the policy of immigration.

Millions of acres are lying idle, and bringing in

no revenue to the Government; but they are afraid to go in frankly for immigration, so that they are always between the devil and the deep sea, wanting revenue, and dreading immigration.

The working man's idea is very simple, very short-sighted, and utterly at variance with his own interests, if he only knew it. He says: "We have got the finest climate in the world, the highest wages in the world, and the shortest hours. We do not want anybody else to come in and share this state of affairs with us." He entirely overlooks the fact that an increase in the prosperity of the whole country means an increase of individual prosperity, and an even better time for him.

Everything is run by the Governments or the Municipalities for the benefit of the people, and there is no competition.

The condition under which the railways work are just the opposite of those which have made the American railways so efficient and successful.

In America a railway line is run out into new country in order to open the new country up. In Australia the railways are run after the country has been opened out, and when the wretched people who have borne the brunt of opening up the country have been nearly starved out for want of means of communication.

The trains run at long intervals, with stops at every station, and even between the stations, and at such a slow speed that one really wonders why the railway has been built at all.

There is a main line from Perth to the goldfields of Calgurly, and there is a goldfields express which runs on this line. The country it passes through is for the most part quite flat, with the exception of a small climb on to the great central plateau, yet the time occupied in the journey, as compared with a

journey of a similar distance over the Rocky Mountains of North America, takes more than twice the time.

The stations along the line above mentioned are of the most miserable description, and it is very difficult, if not impossible, to get any kind of refreshment whatever. It is true that at some of the stations there is a sort of refreshment room, but it is always crowded, and the sort of crowd that you find will be indicated by the fact that the passenger must hold his sixpence in one hand whilst his cup of tea is being passed him simultaneously, and, if the sixpence is not forthcoming before the cup of tea is handed over, it will be drawn back in the rudest manner, as if he were going to steal it.

The Australian budding township is the most uninviting agglomeration that could be imagined. There is a hotel, with a high-sounding name, but built mostly of corrugated iron. It is surrounded by a veranda of badly fitting bare boards; it has no foundations of any kind; it is just dumped down on the sand.

The bar, of course, is the principal part of the Australian bush hotel, and it consists of a wooden counter and a few rows of bottles. A man in his shirt sleeves usually serves the drinks, and there is certain to be a few dozen loafers around cadging for drinks. It is an impossible place.

Next in importance comes the dining-room, which is usually black with flies, and in which a meal can be had if the visitor is there at meal times. Nothing will be cooked, and no cold victuals can be obtained, should the meal hour be missed.

The staircase is usually of bare boards, and the bedrooms likewise, and everything is of the most rudimentary structure. There may be a bath-room. I will describe one I actually saw. It was situated

on the ground outside the back of the house. There was just a tap in the wall, and a kerosine tin with holes in the bottom, and a rope over a pulley to pull it up over one's head. The bath-room was open to the four winds of heaven, and from outside you could see the head of the person having his bath, the plan being to turn the tap on and fill the kerosine tin, and then pull it up above one's head and let the shower come down.

This was quite a luxury; the great majority of the bush hotels do not even aspire to such heights.

The food, of course, depends entirely upon the cook, the materials being ample and of the best quality, and in some of the bush inns one can feed very well, but in the great majority the food is execrably cooked.

The rest of the township consists of a few tin huts, where big signs indicate a store, a land agent, or a boarding house. And then there are quite a number of tents in which the rest of the inhabitants live. The place looks lost, dusty and miserable, a sandheap, and one is reminded of Alice in Wonderland:

If seven maids with seven mops swept it for half a year
Do you suppose, the walrus said, they'd ever get it clear?

And you agree with the carpenter to doubt it.

There is no attempt at a garden anywhere, although the soil is prolific, and would produce any vegetable or fruit with the slightest attention.

It has often been a puzzle to me why the Australian bush township has such a lost appearance, and I have come to the conclusion that, like many other things in Australia, it is entirely a question of climate. The weather is so fine in Australia that houses and gardens and comfort and good food are only accessories and not necessities. The long, wet,

cold, dull winter of Europe makes it necessary for us to have comfortable homes. The severe frosts of the North American Continent make it still more necessary to provide for the winter there. But in Australia the winter passes by with a few wet days, which are quite a relief from the months of fine weather, and sometimes a cold snap at night, with one or two degrees of frost, which disappears when the genial sun comes out.

The air is always crisp and dry, and those who have to sleep out do not feel much discomfort, and what little discomfort they do feel is a vanished memory as soon as the sun warms them up again.

CHAPTER XXXIV

MORE AUSTRALIA

THE Australian, as a rule, when he purchases an automobile, loves to have it very highly finished, very brilliant, and with a great deal of brass work about it; but alas! this only applies to a new car, and generally speaking, very little attention is paid to the washing and cleaning of the car once it has been used.

Many a car in the bush goes for months with the same dust on it.

You see it is a matter of habit. In the Australian bush the buggy, which before the arrival of the automobile was the great means of locomotion, was never washed.

On arriving at the station (by a "station" in Australia is meant the home buildings of a sheep or cattle farm) the horse is unharnessed, the harness is thrown on the ground or hung on the buggy, and the traveller goes into the house.

There is sometimes the luxury of a shed, though I have never seen a harness-room, and I have seen hundreds of buggies that are out from year's end to year's end, wet or fine. I have never heard of a buggy being re-painted.

The wild animals in Australia are, of course, being pushed further and further back as civilization advances. However, in our tour in Western Australia we saw plenty of wild turkeys, kangaroos, and emus.

The wild turkey of Australia is a bird about twice

the size of our domestic turkey and of a grayish colour. It stalks along in a very stately manner and flies heavily, not very high above the ground.

It can be shot easily in the hot weather, but the hunter must be either on horseback, or in an automobile or a buggy.

When the bird is sighted, the hunter must circle around it, and it stalks majestically along at a tangent, which brings it nearer at every step.

The birds are excellent eating.

Parrots, of course, can be seen in myriads; the larger kinds that live in the trees go further and further back as civilization advances, but the smaller kinds are plentiful everywhere, and come quite close to the settler's house and feed out of his garden if he has one.

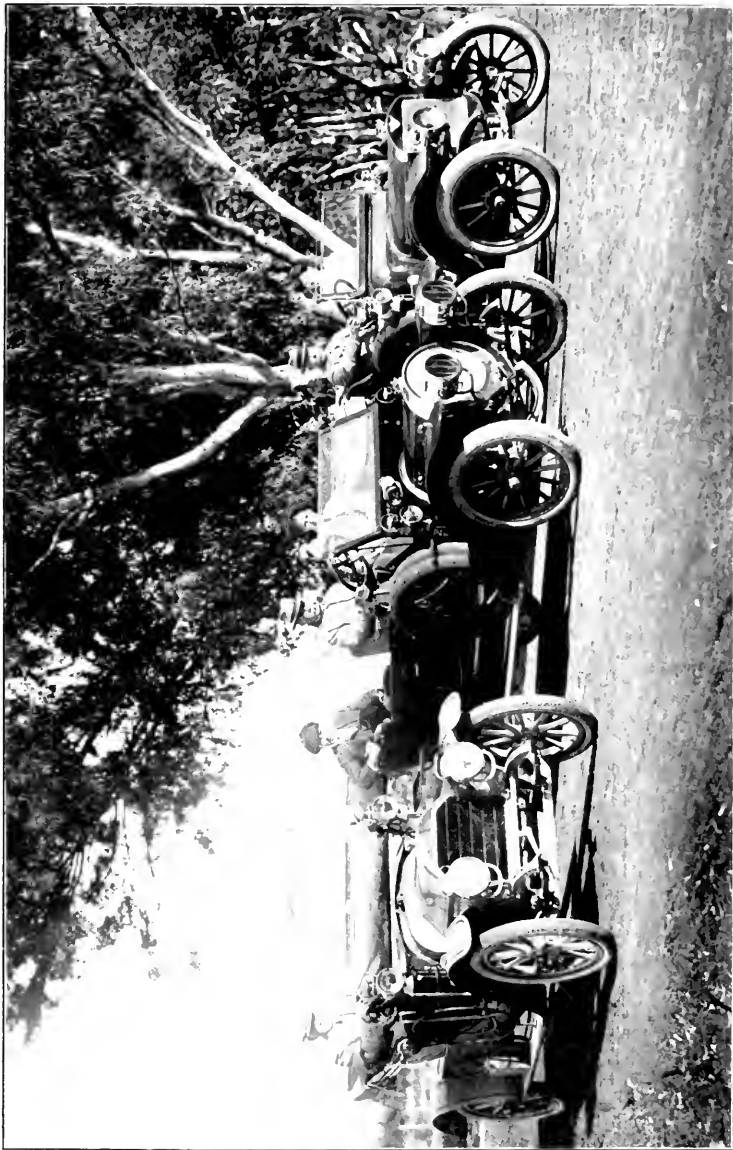
In the civilized parts of Australia the blacks have nearly all disappeared, and what are left are wretched creatures, begging from door to door, and having lost the few native arts they had.

On making acquaintance with the Australian continent you must first be introduced to the "billy." No Australian unit, whether it be a household, a camp, or a lonely "swagman," is complete without the billy.

The billy of Australia is a tin can with a wire handle, just like a paint can; it is made in different sizes, the most common one holding three or four pints.

The billy is invariably used for making tea, which is the staple drink of Australia, and, one may say, the only drink obtainable in the bush.

The smallest unit of life in the Australian continent is the "swagman," that is to say, the man who travels from station to station in the bush, carrying with him all he possesses wrapped up in his blankets and strapped on his shoulder, and in one hand the



THE MOTOR CAR HAS CONQUERED THE BUSH

billy-can. Thus equipped he is able to travel through the whole length and breadth of Australia. He is also called a sundowner, because he always arrives at a station at sundown.

The swagman is an absolute necessity to Australian bush-life, and as such he is fed at every homestead he comes to; he is also allowed a sleeping place in the travellers' hut.

The swagman supplies labour to the sheep and cattle farms, and at certain times of the year—especially shearing time—swagmen in numbers leave the towns and the smaller settlements and travel up the country, on horseback or on foot, to look for work.

Farmers are obliged to feed the swagman because otherwise he would die of starvation, and then other swagmen would not come, and when the farmer wanted labour he would have to send down to the towns for it at great expense and with great delay.

Of course among the swagmen there are a great many hardworking fellows really looking for work; but there is also a proportion who never do any work, but travel the country in the guise of would-be workers, though in reality they are loafers living on the land.

In Riverina the loafers are called "Murrumbidgee whalers," from the fact that they travel up and down the river Murrumbidgee catching fish now and then, and getting supplied by the stations with all other necessities, namely, flour, tea, sugar, salt, and sometimes a bit of meat.

The Australian swagman carries his blanket with him wherever he goes, and when on the tramp is said to be "humping bluey," because his blanket is almost invariably blue in colour. He is a most picturesque looking individual; his face is absolutely brick-red from exposure to the sun; he is generally bearded;

he wears a soft hat with a wide brim, and with a blue open-meshed net twisted around to keep the flies from bothering him. He wears moleskin trousers, heavy boots, and a flannel shirt with the sleeves turned up completes his costume. If he possesses a coat it is rolled up in "bluey."

In his billy-can he carries a pannikin to drink with, and a little store of flour wrapped up in a cloth.

As the distances from station to station are very long he often sleeps out, and if you are travelling through the country at night, you will often stop at his fireside and have a chat with him.

In his outfit we have forgotten to mention the inevitable short clay pipe and the supply of black stick tobacco—the rankest smoking-mixture in the world.

Unfortunately, all his money, when he has any, goes in whisky. He may get a job on a station and work steadily and well for a year or so, and be found civil and obliging, often fairly well educated; but the time comes when he wants his cheque.

In the Australian bush the workers are not, as a rule, paid weekly, monthly, or even yearly. They draw money against their wages if they want to buy any clothing, and the rest of their wages remains generally to their credit until the time arrives when they wish to leave, or are sacked. Then they get their cheque, for there is little or no money in actual cash in the bush; it is all in cheques, which are quite as good as cash, for everyone in the countryside knows the owners of the stations, and their cheques are taken just like cash.

When, therefore, a swagman has been working for a year or so and wants a change, he asks for his cheque, and his account is made up and a good fat balance handed to him, and he sets off, either on

horseback, if he has gone to the expense of buying a horse, or on foot.

Invariably he is going down to have a rest and to see the big city, that is to say, the capital city of his State. At the first roadside shanty (public house) to which he comes he finds a hearty welcome waiting him, and as he has been probably leading a lonely life as a boundary rider or well sinker, he needs companionship and wants to talk and be talked to.

In Australia you cannot talk and be talked to without the accompaniment of drinks, and soon his heart expands and he generously offers to stand drinks all round, which means more drinks and more drinks, until our poor swagman is intoxicated, and the shanty keeper gets hold of his cheque, and keeps him plentifully supplied with liquor so as to keep him continually intoxicated.

In the end his cheque is finished, and probably, if he has a horse and saddle and bridle, that also is "jumped over the counter," and he has nothing left except his swag and a very swelled head.

The custom in the bush is, when a man's cheque is gone, to give him a bottle of whisky and a sovereign and kick him out.

At Christmas time I have actually seen half-a-dozen swagmen "knocking down" their cheques, and not one of them had been sober for a whole week; in some cases the spree lasts for many weeks.

The strange part of it is that the same swagmen may be met with a few months later at their work, and with no trace of any kind to be seen of the drink bout.

I once knew a teamster named "Deaf Jack" who owned a couple of teams of splendid bullocks, and carried wool and stores from the townships to the stations.

I have seen him "knock down" a cheque of £100

and never be sober for a month and never eat any solid food at all for the last fortnight. I have seen him leave the shanty more dead than alive, crawl into a hammock under one of his bullock waggons and tell the driver to go on.

A month later I have met Deaf Jack perfectly well again, and active and civil, and showing no sign of alcohol poisoning.

Of course, the climate of Australia and the open-air life have a great deal to do with it.

CHAPTER XXXV

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

WESTERN AUSTRALIA has always been considered as the Cinderella state of Australia ; it was always backward. The big mail steamers coming from Europe did not until lately call there, but made their first stop at Adelaide, the capital of South Australia.

The greater part of the enormous land area belonging to Western Australia has always been considered a desert. Millions of acres were covered by rather stunted trees, and there was little or no grass. A few sheep and a few head of cattle were run on large areas, but it was considered next to useless. The other States—perhaps through jealousy—gave the following description to Western Australia : “The land of sand, sin, sorrow, and sore eyes.”

But the fairy has waved her wand and all that has been changed, and now Western Australia is perhaps the most progressive of the five States and is quickly catching up the others.

On the sea-board of the south-western part of the State there are sixty inches of rain a year; a little further inland there are forty, thirty, twenty, ten, and then on the Great Central Plateau, seven.

But the difference between Western Australia and the other States is that in the former the rain comes regularly every year, little though it may be, and there is no drought. In the other States the rain comes plentifully one year, and in others there is

sometimes an entire absence, which means terrible drought and the death of a large proportion of the live stock.

In addition to this, the rain in the immense areas to which I am alluding, in Western Australia, comes between the months of May and September, that is to say, in the winter and spring.

Now to grow wheat, rain is required at this time of the year and it is not required later.

It has also been found that wherever a fairly close growth of timber exists, it only exists because there is enough water in the ground to sustain it. The rain therefore sinks into the ground, but as there is, in a vast area, a bed of clay at some distance from the surface, the small amount of rain that falls cannot get away, and is held by the clay and evaporated by the trees.

If the timber be cut down and burnt off, the next season there will spring up, like magic, grass of all kinds, almost as high as a man's head.

It has therefore been found that this land, with the help of a little phosphate, is most suitable for the growth of wheat, and immense areas are being put under cultivation, further and further out towards the central tableland, and the average crop is almost constant, in opposition to the crops in the other Australian States, which are sometimes plentiful and sometimes very poor.

The quality of the wheat is also excellent.

The way to work the wheat area of Western Australia has been brought up to a science.

In the first place the timber must be "rung." That means a ring must be cut round every tree, through the bark and into the wood. The tree cannot then suck up the moisture from the ground and it dies; a year later it is burnt off, that is to say, branches of brushwood are dragged against the

trunk of each tree and set fire to, and gradually the tree burns down, and if the work has been properly done, the root will also be burnt as well, and nothing left but a hole to mark where the tree has been.

The land then is ready for the plough. Most of the ploughs employed in Australia are of the "stump jump" variety, that is to say, if the ploughshare hits part of the burnt-out root of a tree, a spring attachment enables it to describe part of a circle backwards and slip over the stump.

All this has made an enormous development in Western Australia, and the Government is pushing out railways wherever there are important settlements. It is true they are what is called "agricultural railways," which means the most primitive kind of railway that can be imagined, but still it enables the settlers to get their wheat down to the port and get their supplies sent up. It may take a long time, but it is certainly better than nothing.

In the case of some of these railways there are not even stations for long distances. There is a nominal station where an embankment has been built to mark the spot, and where the train stops and dumps out any goods that may be addressed to a settler at this station. There is, however, no official living at the station, and no one even meets the train; the station is just a name in the wilds, and if a man expects any goods, he has to go and wait at the station every day at train time until his goods come along.

The trains, as there is only a single line, run pretty well any time, and goods are just left in the wilds of the bush to take care of themselves if the owner does not happen to come along at the time the train passes.

The water conditions of Western Australia are quite peculiar, and the "soaks" and "gnamma holes"

which are found there are quite unknown in any other State.

"Soaks" are generally found near big granite rocks, where the rain is caught and held by the stony surface, and flows down into the sandy soil at the edge of the granite. The sand near some granite rocks is sometimes found to be quite damp, and on digging water will come in the hole that has been dug, just as it will on the sea-shore, only the water is fresh.

Some of these "soaks" last out through the dry summer, and only need cleaning out now and then as the sand slips in.

The "gnamma hole" is a sort of natural rock tank which has been hollowed out by the rain through countless centuries. In some of the "gnamma holes" the opening is quite small, but the reservoir underneath is quite large. Some of them dry up in the hot summer and some of them last through any season.

They are found in the big granite rocks, and the surface of the "gnamma hole" around the water is always polished like marble, through the feet of countless of millions of birds, animals and aborigines that have depended on the "gnamma hole" for their lives.

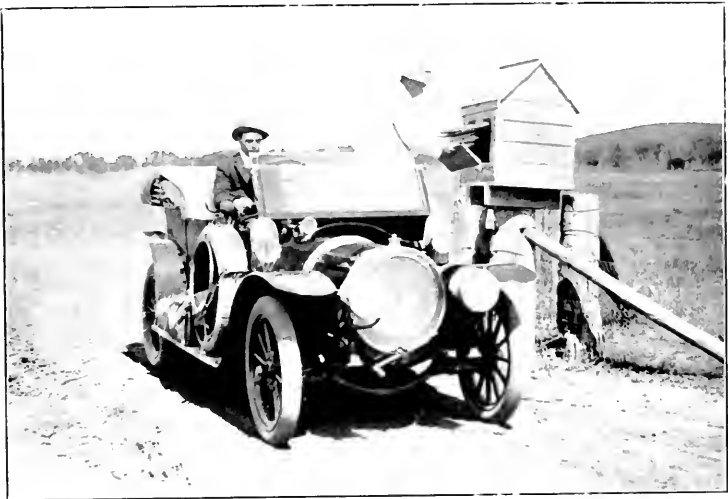
The aborigines in this part of Western Australia travel from soak to gnamma hole, and from gnamma hole to soak, and they all have their names, and the blacks can tell you how long they are likely to last.

The wheat-growing area in Western Australia is increasing by leaps and bounds, and most of the farmers also keep sheep and feed them on the stubble. These farmers are, as a rule, very prosperous.

In addition to this it has been found that this part of Western Australia is most suitable to fruit-grow-



A "GNAMMA HOLE"



BUSH POST OFFICE



ing, and the West Australian apples top the London markets, where they can be delivered in March and April, just at the very time that they are most needed.

A recent writer who visited Australia and published a book on the subject, has fallen into a most extraordinary error in saying that there are no wild flowers in Australia.

Of course Australia is such a big place that one cannot possibly see the whole of it in a lifetime, and I suppose that is the reason of his error.

There is no country in the world where wild flowers are more plentiful or more beautiful than in Western Australia. In the early spring the whole of the ground is carpeted with wild flowers of all descriptions. There are tall ones, short ones, climbers, creepers, bright flowers, dull flowers, heavy flowers, light flowers—every colour in the rainbow is represented, and no prettier scene could be imagined than this carpet of flowers, backed by the olive of the green gum leaves and the startling yellow blossoms of the mimosa.

Now and then a gum-tree in full bloom is seen. Personally I admire the gum-tree immensely. The dull green against the bright blue of the sky is very restful, and the leaves have beautiful curves, and the white stems of the West Australian variety glisten like silk, and here and there a broken branch shows the red wood inside.

Perth, the capital of Western Australia, is situated more or less inland on the Swan River. It is just at the stage when improvements are being made in the shape of drainage, fine buildings, etc.

It is very picturesquely situated, and the view from the Park above the town, looking down on the Swan river and over the houses nestling around its shores on either side, needs a great deal of beating.

Freemantle is the port for Perth. The harbour is not naturally good, and is being artificially improved. It was once said of Freemantle harbour that it was bounded on the west by Australia, on the south by the South Pole, and on the east by Africa. But that joke has no longer any signification.

Our Delaunay-Belleville had been put on the deck of the "Minderoo" on one of the hatchways at Singapore, and fastened down firmly by means of ropes. I had driven the car down to the docks at Singapore, and had left a full charge of compressed air in the tank of the self-starter. We were sixteen days in getting from Singapore to Freemantle, and at one of the ports at which we called when nearing Freemantle, the Captain informed me that we should land on a Saturday evening, and that the Customs House would be closed at Freemantle, and that I should not get the car off until Monday morning, under ordinary circumstances.

He, however, telegraphed to the Customs House that he would be responsible for the payment of any duties, and requested them to leave instructions to let the car through.

On arriving, therefore, at Freemantle, at one o'clock on Saturday, after a terribly stormy journey from Geraldton, I was delighted to find that a member of the Custom House had been told off to come aboard and to inform me that I could land the car and make use of it, and requesting me to come back on Monday or Tuesday to go through the formalities.

Nothing could have been more amiable, and as soon as the steamer was berthed, the first thing to be put on shore was our car.

We took our hand luggage, waved good-bye to the Captain and our pearl-fishing friends, pulled the

handle of the self-starter, and off we went without the slightest delay or trouble.

There are plenty of automobiles in Perth, and, indeed, all over the south-west of Western Australia.

The roads are fairly good and long distances can be undertaken. Supplies of petrol, oil, and tyres can be had in almost every township, and nothing could be more beautiful than motoring in the bush.

The country in the south-western district of Western Australia is mostly flat, and the soil is, as a rule, of the heavy, sandy kind, so that even if there is no road, one can travel over the country without much difficulty.

Further north, however, there is a great deal of soft sand, which is the motorist's great enemy, no means of negotiating it having yet been devised.

CHAPTER XXXVI

SOUTH AUSTRALIA—ADELAIDE

AFTER spending a month in Western Australia, we put our automobile on the deck of a P. & O. steamer and sailed for Adelaide, which is about a seven days' journey.

Adelaide is the capital of South Australia, but like Perth it has been built more or less inland. The harbour is called Port Adelaide. It is artificial.

The arrangements that we had made in Perth enabled us to land our car without any Custom House formalities, and this was fortunate, because the Custom House authorities in South Australia seem to have gone crazy on the subject of automobiles.

In an automobile there are all sorts of different apparatus, and the South Australian authorities have got it into their heads that they must analyze every automobile that comes along, and subject every part thus analyzed to some special tariff.

I had occasion to pass another automobile through this Custom House, and I went through the hands of four officials, and every one of these officials made out a different tariff result.

Unfortunately there had been some irregularities on the part of importers of automobiles, and the Custom House authorities had gone to ridiculous extremes, and seemed to consider anyone who had anything to do with an automobile as a person to be suspected.

The road from Port Adelaide to Adelaide is a

disgrace to South Australia, and I am surprised that such a go-a-head State should leave its front door and main avenue in such a condition; it cannot but give a bad impression to anyone coming on a visit.

However, Adelaide was reached safely, but unfortunately it was Saturday afternoon, and everything was shut up, including the garages, and as there was a race meeting on, everybody had cleared off to see the race, and we had the greatest difficulty in getting a shelter for our Delaunay-Belleville; but it was accomplished at last by getting someone to climb over the door of a shed and open it from the inside.

The city of Adelaide is situated on a flat piece of land just at the foot of a range of hills, which form a fine background for it.

It can be pretty cold in Adelaide in winter, but when summer comes it is too hot to live in with comfort, and on the surrounding hills most lovely summer villas have been built in splendid parks with all sorts of attractions, including fountains, and even swimming baths.

If the visitor is fortunate enough to arrive in Adelaide in the spring, that is to say in September or October, he will find the gardens of the city among the most beautiful he has ever seen. Roses of great beauty seem to grow in abundance in every direction; of flowering shrubs and hedges there are quantities, and many tropical ferns and palms seem to do well.

Amongst the trees there are very fine Morton Bay Figs, and there is a Botanical Garden which is well worth a visit.

Adelaide is much more stylish than Perth, and is much more important in the way of public buildings, museums, etc.

The wealth of South Australia comes from the exportation of wool, wheat, fruit, and live stock.

South Australia has the advantage of possessing great lengths of the one big Australian river which flows through it to the sea, and there are many schemes of irrigation along the banks of the Murray, and there are likely to be great developments in the near future in this direction.

The land and timber are not quite the same as in Western Australia, and the rainfall, which is often plentiful, may at any time fail for more than one year at a time, and cause great disaster.

There are vast areas in South Australia which are covered with small trees, the many stems of which grow out of large bulb-shaped roots. This tree is called the "mallee," and wherever the mallee is thick, there is no grass.

It was from the mallee tree that the blacks obtained a drink of water when they were hard pressed, and they only needed to cut a green stem for water to drop out of it, which could be collected in sufficient quantity to quench their thirst.

Mallee land was considered, until a few years ago, absolutely without value, but this has been found to be a great mistake. The soil on which the mallee tree grows is a dark, deep loam, and makes first-rate soil for wheat. If only the rain comes at the right time, a most abundant harvest is assured.

The great difficulty was to get rid of the mallee and to prepare the land for the plough, but nowadays that difficulty has been entirely overcome, and the mallee, which is exceedingly thick and sometimes almost impenetrable, is rolled down by enormous heavy wooden rollers drawn by bullocks. After it has been rolled down it is burned off and the land prepared for the plough.

Near Adelaide is situated the most important Australian vineyard—Penfold's, where one can get clarets and ports of excellent quality. The produc-

tion is carried on in a most scientific manner and very high results are achieved.

Australian wines, as a rule, are too heavy, but a delicious light claret can be had at Penfold's.

Wine growing in Australia is a large and increasing industry.

There are many more automobiles in South Australia than in Western Australia, and in Adelaide there are at least a dozen large garages equipped with every modern contrivance.

Nothing could be more enjoyable than an automobile drive through the hills surrounding Adelaide. The traveller leaves Adelaide in the heat and rapidly cools down as he climbs the hills. The roads are excellent in every direction, and the views delightful. We passed by fruit farms, vineyards, private gardens, and, on payment of a trifling sum, were allowed to walk into the strawberry gardens and eat our fill of splendid berries.

Like Western Australia, South Australia has still millions of acres unexplored, untouched, and waiting only for willing workers. It is possible to motor from Adelaide to Melbourne, but one has to cross "the ninety mile desert," which is a large area of land, covered with soft, shifting sand, which is blown about by the wind, and in which the wheels of an automobile are likely to sink sometimes to the hub.

The desert *can* be crossed by automobile, but special precautions have to be taken, and then much depends upon the state of the sand, or the positions into which the wind has blown it, but as there is nothing particularly interesting about it, and as nothing can be proved by going through the desert, we decided to put our Delaunay-Belleville on the P. and O. steamer at Adelaide and proceed to Melbourne in that manner, a three days' journey.

CHAPTER XXXVII

VICTORIA

THE city of Melbourne is situated on a little river called the Yarra, which flows into an immense harbour called "Hobson's Bay," which is entered through the narrow passage called "Port Philip Heads."

Though Hobson's Bay is enormous in extent, much of it is shallow, and there are specially marked channels along which steamships must travel to reach the mouth of the river on which is situated the port of Sandridge.

The ocean steamers tie up at the jetty at Sandridge, whilst coast vessels go right up the river Yarra into the city of Melbourne, some two miles from Sandridge. The shores of Hobson's Bay are low and sandy, and covered with a growth of small bushes which are not at all picturesque.

We arrived in the night, and our car was put on to the jetty early in the morning; but we found the jetty was not at all constructed with the object of facilitating the running of motor cars, for it was traversed in every direction by railway rails, standing up from the jetty six or eight inches.

However, automobiles, nowadays, can go over most things, and we drove over the rails without any accident and up from Sandridge into the heart of the city of Melbourne.

If Perth is beginning to hope to be a city, and if Adelaide can claim to have arrived at that distinction

Melbourne has got there long ago, and is actually one of the world's big cities.

Like most big cities, it has spread itself out during the last twenty years, until it covers all the land that can be seen.

Unlike Adelaide, it is built on very uneven land, full of hills and hollows, and the main street, Collins Street, rises at each end, and dips into the valley in the middle.

There are many parks and public gardens in and around Melbourne, and there is, in front of the Governor's Palace, across the Yarra, an extensive Botanical Garden, beautifully arranged and well kept, with the trees and shrubs all labelled, so that the visitor derives not only enjoyment, but instructions from a visit to it.

Means of locomotion are not lacking in Melbourne. There is a tramway in almost every street, and, strange to say, an extensive system of rope traction tramcars still survives, and, as far as the public is concerned, gives excellent results; the cars travel very fast, and, notwithstanding the exorbitant fares, everybody seems to make use of the rope tram for short or long distances.

The climate of Melbourne is not attractive, and seems to average a fine day, a dusty day, a cloudy day, and a stormy day in rotation, and, when the dust blows about in Melbourne, it is not pleasant to have to be there. It seems to be specially gritty dust, and gets into one's eyes, and up one's nose, and makes one generally uncomfortable, either indoors or out of doors, for the dust is all pervading.

Victoria is the smallest of the five Australian States, indeed it is quite tiny in comparison with its four sisters so far as area is concerned; it is, however, the most settled of all the States, and has the largest population and the greatest productive power

per acre. Wool, wheat, beef, mutton, fruit, and wine are the principal products.

Victoria is subject to droughts, but at the time we were visiting it there had been eight good seasons; land had increased in value to an extraordinary extent, and there was much prosperity on all sides.

There are thousands of automobiles in Victoria, especially, of course, in Melbourne, but on all the country roads they may be seen regularly circulating, and the sheep and cattle farmers use them continually to visit their properties.

Victoria shares with South Australia the advantages of the biggest river system in the country; the river Murray flows for hundreds of miles through it. Hitherto the water has flowed down to the sea, and been of little use to the land it passed through, but now the Victorian authorities are constructing large dams and long canals, so that, in the near future, extensive irrigation arrangements will add enormously to the wealth of the State.

There are fairly good automobile roads all over the State of Victoria, and not only are there very beautiful runs to be made round about Melbourne, but one can travel quite conveniently and comfortably over the whole of the State, the bush hotels being the best in Australia.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

FROM MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY BY MOTOR

IT is possible to motor from Melbourne to Sydney—some thousand miles—but there are bad places to negotiate, and, unless one is wanting a novel experience, it would perhaps be better to put the motor on the boat and have it delivered in Sydney. Personally I would not have missed the trip by road from Melbourne to Sydney for anything.

The first day took us through delightful pastoral and agricultural lands, on good roads, to a place called Seymour, where we stayed the night. At Seymour we should have been comfortable had it not been that Lord Kitchener was expected, and a big camp of volunteers was being got ready for his inspection, and so the hotel was overcrowded, and we had to accept what accommodation we could get.

Seymour is on the banks of a river, and down towards the river were to be seen splendid specimens of the gum tree, and here we heard the laughing jackass uttering its peculiar cry.

The laughing jackass is a very favourite bird in Australia; it is protected everywhere, because it kills snakes, which it catches in its bill and flies up in the air with and drops.

It is a brown bird with a whitish breast, and so very tame that it can be seen in the low branches of the trees in passing. It utters a weird sound, just like a mocking laugh, which is very amusing to hear when one is safe and sound, with food and water

close at hand; but which must be terrible to the drought-stricken wanderer who is searching for water.

The next day's run was from Seymour to Albury, which is situated on the frontier of New South Wales. The road, after leaving Seymour, soon became very bad, and crossed almost endless ranges of low hills, made of hard, rusty-looking ironstone; there were one or two very bad places at the bottoms of narrow valleys, where we only got past with the greatest difficulty, as the wheels sank up to the axles in black mud.

In order to pass these bad places in wet weather, it is necessary to have Parson's chains on the tyres, and spread branches of trees and logs of wood in front of the wheels, so as to enable them to get a grip.

We soon came to what is called the Kelly country, that is to say the region where the famous bush-rangers, headed by Ned Kelly, kept the police of two colonies completely at bay for two years.

The Kellys lived in this country, and knew every inch of it, and did not quit it for two good reasons; first of all they were Irishmen, and had numbers of their Irish friends and relations at hand to help them; secondly, the country is very wild and difficult, consisting of endless continuations of hilly ranges and valleys, all covered with thick timber, and their intimate knowledge of the country enabled them to continually evade their pursuers.

The Kellys were outlawed for the murder of three mounted policemen, who were hunting them in connection with a horse-stealing case.

They would hide for months in the fastnesses of the country, and then they would single out a township on the plains to attack and rob. They were not really bloodthirsty, and did no harm to those who did not molest them.



A TRIP AT AUSTRALIAN LAKE, SURROUNDED BY GUM TREES

Their tactics consisted in selecting a township, and cutting the telegraph lines on each side of it. They would then ride up in the early morning and go into the bank with a cheque to cash, or some other excuse, and point a pistol at the teller's head, and make him hold up his hands.

They would go through the same performance in the local hotel, and gradually assemble all the township in it, disarmed and at their mercy. In Australia no one thinks of carrying a revolver.

They would obtain the keys of the safe at the bank and rifle it thoroughly.

If there happened to be a policeman living in the township, the Kellys would knock at the doors of the police station at an early hour with a story of a drunken man doing damage at the hotel, and then, when the unwary constable came out in his night-shirt, they would "stick him up" also, and playfully lock him up in his own jail.

After having rifled the bank, and packed the proceeds on horseback, they generally ended up by getting a pianist to play on the hotel piano whilst they amused themselves drinking and dancing, one or two of them mounting guard while the others danced.

Twice they got away clear with big profits.

They dreaded only the black trackers, for if these had got on their scent when it was fresh, their hiding places would have been discovered. It was this dread of the black trackers which led to their final defeat.

They had arranged to hold up a township on the railway line between Melbourne and Sydney, and to take up the rails after allowing the news of their presence to be telegraphed down the line.

They knew that the black trackers would be brought along by the train, and their object was to

send the train and their pursuers down the embankment, and shoot any of them that were not killed in the accident.

Their plan would doubtless have been a complete success if it had not been that the leader, Ned Kelly, was tender-hearted, and allowed a local schoolmaster to go to his home down the line to tranquillize his wife. The schoolmaster stopped the train by means of matches and a red handkerchief, and the Kellys soon found themselves surrounded by a large and increasing police force.

Even then it took days to capture them, and in the end all that remained as evidence of victory to the police, were three charred and doubtful bodies and one wounded man—Ned Kelly himself. Towards the end of the fight he walked through the police lines, wearing a suit of armour which had been made by a local blacksmith; he thought he was invulnerable in it, but a policeman potted him in the groin, and he was hung after an exciting trial.

His sister, Kate Kelly, who had become quite a heroine in a way, exhibited herself for money on the day of his execution.

Whilst approaching Albury, and before quite leaving the hilly country, we saw the most beautiful sunset it has ever been my experience to witness. The hills in front turned from brown to red, and from red to bright gold, until the scene seemed to be enchanted.

On approaching Albury the lay of the land changes entirely, and we get back to the low river flats and agricultural lands.

Albury is quite an important town in its way, but the climate is rather hot, as it is situated in a hollow.

Owing to its position on the dividing line of two States, it is probably destined to become a still more

important place in the near future, but at present it is in a state of semi-civilization.

There is a decent hotel, but there are no drains in the whole of the township, and a story is told of some members of the Albury Corporation being sent to Europe to study municipal improvements. They came back full of good ideas, but it is said that the Corporation voted against any scheme including drainage, and said that the travellers had come back with swelled heads.

The next day's run took us through some of the best country in the south of New South Wales. It was in the middle of summer, and the heat was intense. The roads were fairly good. We camped out for lunch, and boiled our billy on a fire by the roadside in true Australian style.

This is a great country for the swagmen, whom we met in quantities.

We stayed the night at Gundagai, a most picturesquely situated little township. But the veranda of our hotel was too close to a row of fine pepper trees, and we found the mosquitoes came in off these trees in quantities, and gave us great trouble.

The next day's run was from Gundagai to Goulburn, and we stopped to lunch at a tiny little shanty at Germantown, where we got one of the best lunches to which I have ever sat down. It was quite simple: soup, mutton, potatoes, green vegetables, and a tart, but prepared by a thoroughly good cook, and served in a clean room from which the flies had been excluded. It was quite a treat to meet with such a place.

From Goulburn to Sydney our route ran through ironstone ridges, and the day was one of the hottest I have ever experienced. To make it worse, we had a hot wind blowing in the same direction as we were going, and bush fires on each side of the road blowing the hot smoke after us.

Some peculiar difficulty in the carburation occurred whilst we were climbing one of these ridges, and as the experience was new to me, I stopped and took the carburettor to pieces to examine it.

I found the essence in the float feed chamber was bubbling, so I supposed that there was an air leak somewhere underneath.

Finding nothing, we went on again, and again the same trouble, missing and backfire, occurred, and I jumped down quickly and took the top off the float feed chamber, and found, to my astonishment, the petrol boiling in the most approved manner.

The intense heat of the day had heated up the petrol chamber to above boiling point of petrol.

Afterwards, in Sydney, while describing this incident, I found there were plenty of motorists who had had the same experience.



THE CAMP FIRE

CHAPTER XXXIX

SYDNEY

THE approach to Sydney, by road, from Melbourne, is very discouraging, and gives one the idea of travelling through the slums. On the other hand, the approach to Sydney by sea is one of the finest sights in the world. Long before Sydney Heads are near to hand, all vessels can approach the coast and note the points of interest, the greatest of these being the entrance to Botany Bay.

When the first ships came to New South Wales to found a convict station, they sighted the entrance to Botany Bay, and took possession of the Bay. It is quite small, and they had no idea whatever that within a few miles to the north there was one of the most magnificent natural harbours in the world, and it was not till long after they were established that they discovered Sydney Harbour.

But before reaching the entrance to the Harbour, which is just large enough between the Heads to let ships pass in and out comfortably, and yet narrow enough to protect the Bay completely from bad weather, there is a dip in the highlands surrounding the Bay, where the shelving rocks lash the rollers of the Pacific Ocean into foam and fury. One stormy morning half a century ago, some passers-by, peering over the cliffs on to a rocky ledge, saw the form of a man lying prone on the rocks below. They sent for help, and, by means of

ropes, let someone down, who brought up the unconscious man to safety. He soon revived, but all he could say was that he had been asleep in his bunk in a sailing vessel, "The Dunbar," when he was awakened by a crash and washed overboard, and up on to the shelf where he was found.

No trace of the ship was ever found, but it is supposed that in the dark the captain mistook the dip in the hills for the entrance to Sydney Harbour, and that the ship was dashed on the rocks and then sucked back into the ocean deeps, leaving only one to tell the tale.

If one is lucky enough to get a fine day for going through the Heads, the scene is beautiful beyond all description.

Sydney Harbour, about which so much has been already written, consists of five different harbours, like the five fingers of the hand, the wrist representing the entrance.

The blue of the water, the white of the sands, and the olive green of the highlands which surround it, make the most charming picture imaginable.

In every bay—and the bays are countless—nestle snug little homesteads, white, with red roofs, and surrounded by luxurious gardens.

Sydney Harbour was, until a few years ago, considered large enough to float any shipping that might wish to harbour in it; but now ships of such considerable draught are being built, that there are questions of channels and dredging which are becoming more and more imminent.

As one steams up the Harbour, the buildings become more numerous and more important, until Sydney itself looms in sight, with its fine buildings, surrounded by gardens which come right down to the sea.

On the south shore of the Bay stands Govern-

ment House in the middle of a beautiful park, full of tropical and sub-tropical plants and trees; and along to the east is the select quarter, where the finest houses are to be found. The shore is rocky and most of the houses have their own bathing place, either natural or artificial, and, of course, protected by grids from the sharks. They also have their boat houses and their yachts, and ashore their tennis courts. Nowhere in the world can one live with more luxury and comfort than on the south shore of Sydney Harbour.

Anyone who is fond of yachting can get it to his heart's content, without danger, and yet with immense variety. The youth of Sydney are splendid yachtsmen, and every Saturday hundreds of fine yachts may be seen going out for the week end splendidly manned by ten or fifteen boys, who club their money together and hire a yacht, and who are magnificent sailors. Sydney Bay is so big that they can go out every week in the year, and never go twice to the same place. Some of them, of course, go outside the Heads, but the yachting is mostly done in the Harbour, and as the boats carry big sails, with little or no ballast, it is quite common to see them capsize.

But capsizing, to the Sydney yachtsmen, is only a detail of the day's run, with little or no danger attached to it. The boys can all swim like ducks, and when the boat is capsized, they cling to the mast, and the sail underneath them keeps the sharks away.

Someone on the shore will have seen them capsize, and will put out in a boat or a launch, and tow the yacht into shallow water, where it is righted and bailed out and set to sail again.

Some of the girls also go out in these yachts, and make just as smart a job of it as the boys.

The landing quays are right in the very centre of the city, five minutes' walk from the post office and the principal hotels.

There are ferries across the Bay in all directions, and it rather reminds the traveller of New York to hear the sirens and whistles going the whole of the time.

The traffic is already congested, and bridges, or subways, or both, must be constructed in the near future.

Nearly all the population of the city live on or about the Bay, and there are very extended systems of electric cars linking all the suburbs with the centre.

Sydney and Melbourne are the two big cities of Australia, and are rivals in everything. The jealousy and rivalry between them have done a great deal of harm; it is almost inconceivable, but it is nevertheless a fact, that owing to petty disputes and spite, the gauge of the railway line that leaves Melbourne for Sydney is changed when it reaches the frontier of Victoria and passes into New South Wales.

The inconvenience to passengers, and the enormous expense for goods which results from this stupidity can be imagined. None of the rolling stock on one side of the frontier is of any use on the other, and eventually the enormous expense of unification of the gauges will become inevitable, especially as Australia is now thinking of defending its shores and becoming a military power.

To compare Sydney and Melbourne would be invidious, but of course the Melbourne Harbour cannot be compared with Sydney Bay.

The climate of Sydney is much hotter, and perhaps more humid, but as the Melbourne people prefer their own climate, and the Sydney people do the same, everybody is happy.

The State of New South Wales, of which Sydney is the capital is, of course, much larger than the State of Victoria; but, on the other hand, Victoria is more densely populated.

The great system of rivers that flow through Southern Australia, that is to say the Murrumbidgee and the Murray river and their confluents, have mostly their origin in New South Wales, and flow from thence to Victoria and South Australia, where they find their outlet into the sea.

Sydney is very go-ahead and up to date, and there are good roads in every direction round the city, extending right into the Bush; in fact it is possible to motor over fairly good roads all through New South Wales.

Almost everywhere the country is flat, or only slightly undulating, and the nature of the soil is mostly firm, sandy loam. If there is no road, or the road is cut up by bullock wagons, or merely just a track made by wheels, one can go over the Bush itself and make a new track quite easily. In wet weather there are boggy places and black soil plains to cross, where it is almost impossible to move without having a set of Parson's chains on the tyres. But then it rains so seldom in that part of the country that these difficulties rarely occur.

Certainly, of all the countries I have visited, Australia is, or will be before long, the Paradise of the motorist. The weather is nearly always fine, the climate is healthy, the mosquitoes harmless if irritating, the nights mild, the inhabitants hospitable; and if you get "bushed," or break down, well, you just make a fire and camp for the night.

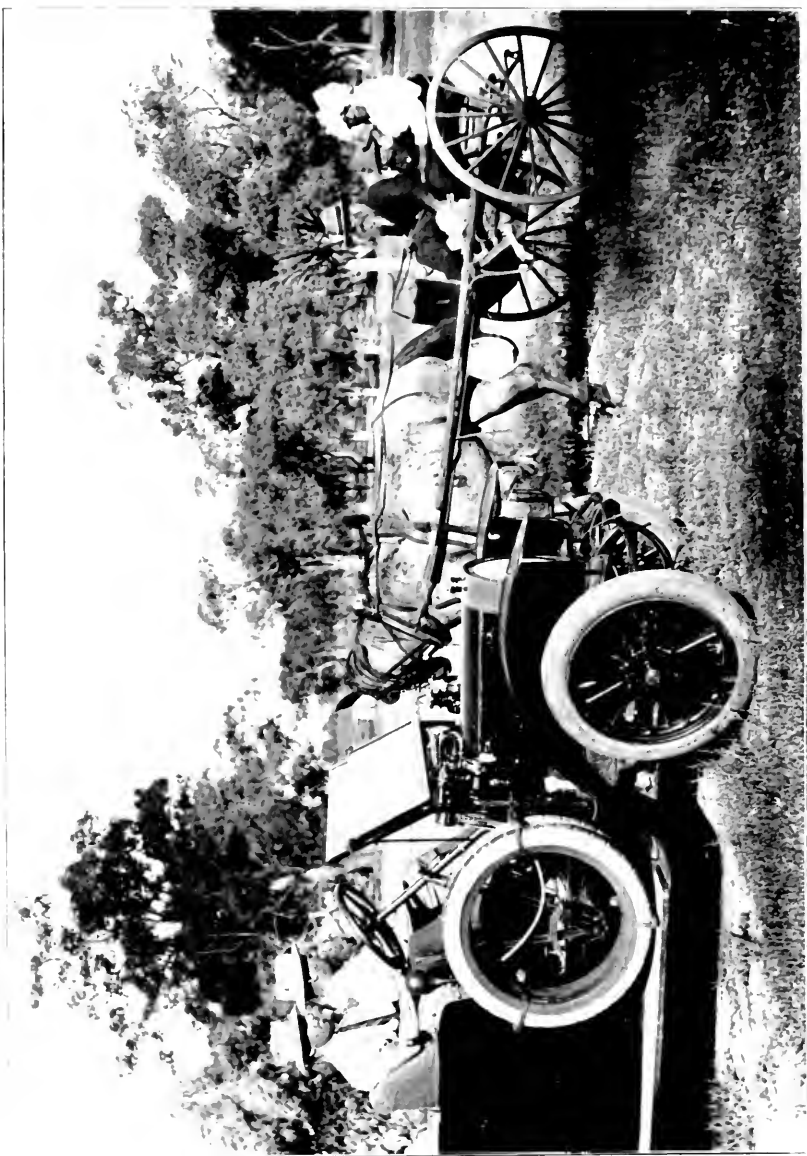
To me Australia is very beautiful, and it is quite different from any other country. The gum tree, which is to be found everywhere in its many varieties, gives a distinctive character to the scene. The

leaf of the gum tree is of a peculiar artistic shape, and resembles no other leaf. Its colour is a kind of olive-green, which just suits the red of the soil and the blue of the skies, and it exhales an aroma in the heat of the sun, which is as pleasant as the smell of pines.

The trunk of the gum tree is also sometimes very beautiful; the tree sheds its bark instead of its leaves, and as the bark peels off it uncovers in some species the most lovely colours underneath; whites, yellows, reds and chocolates. There are species of gum trees which produce the most beautiful flowers when their time comes round.

The most gorgeous sunsets can be seen in the interior of Australia.

I have already said that there are plenty of hotels along the roads; but they are mostly uncomfortable. But as motor traffic is spreading more and more over the land, no doubt the time will come when the hotels will be made more comfortable and up-to-date. There are already quite a number of good ones.



THE MEETING OF THE OLD AND THE NEW



CHAPTER XL

BATHING

OF all the Australian States, New South Wales is perhaps blessed with conditions which permit of more out-of-door exercise than any other State. For practically nine months of the year one can picnic and bathe, and the bathing, although only of recent development, is now perhaps the greatest feature in the everyday life of the population.

Some ten or fifteen years ago sea-bathing practically did not exist in New South Wales; it was considered dangerous on account of the sharks, and so the police regulations did not allow it.

On the shores of the Pacific Ocean there is nearly always a rolling swell, which breaks on the shallow, shelving coast into long foaming mountains of surf, which beginning half a mile out to sea, come surging in, the water having so many bubbles of air in it that it feels and looks like champagne.

Some courageous and intelligent individuals, believing that the sharks could not, or would not, come inside the surf line on account of the shallowness of the water, took to bathing in sequestered spots, where the police were not likely to interfere with them. No harm happened to them, and so others joined them, and shortly afterwards there was a great rush of bathers.

The police did their best to stop this new sport, but they were absolutely overwhelmed by the

numbers that took to it, and in a very short time the regulations had to be changed, and now every little village along the Pacific coast has got its bathing accommodation, and in the summer practically everybody goes surfing.

You can see in the water at Manly—which is perhaps the most noted of all the surf-bathing places, and which is near the entrance to Sydney Harbour—on a hot summer's day, from five to ten thousand people in the water at the same time, and you will see anything, from children of five to ten years old to old men and women of seventy.

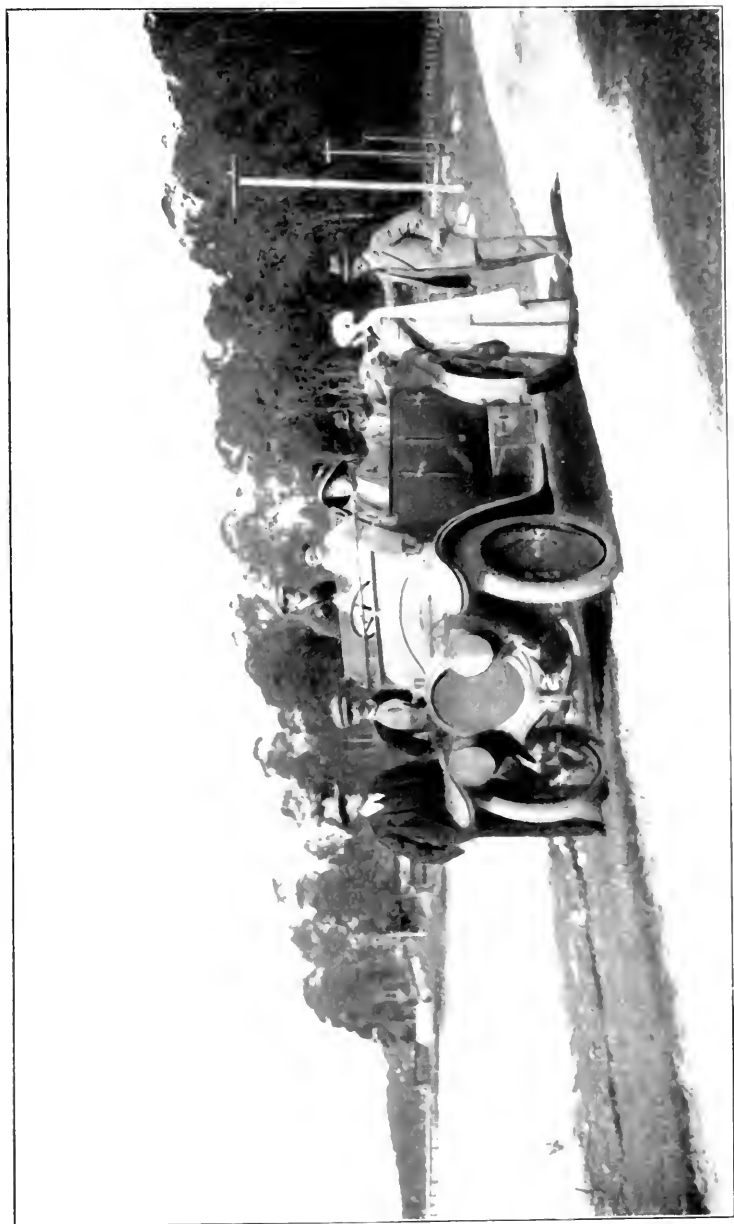
The water is pleasantly warm, the sky is blue, the sun is hot, and one can stay in and out of the water for hours without coming to any harm.

There are all descriptions of surfers, and their fondness for the sport can be measured from the colour of their skins, which are all shades, varying from white for the beginner, to red and brown, and deepening to real Spanish brown in the inveterate surfer. These latter consider the colour of their skins to be a *titre de noblesse*.

The great thing to do is to swim out as far as you can, and then, as a big wave breaks, you dive under it towards the shore, and the rush of the surf carries you along at a tremendous speed, and if you are very expert, the wave carries you right in shore, and woe betide anybody who gets in your way, for if he is not an expert, he will be rolled over and over by the shock.

The undertow, which occurs in places when the wind is in certain directions, is really the only danger. Any appearance of sharks seems to be a very remote possibility, and good swimmers can frequently be seen going right out beyond the surf with impunity.

The question of the shark is a mysterious one; personally I think that there are man-eating sharks



A PICNIC PARTY AT LA COMICHE, SYDNEY HARBOUR



just as there are man-eating tigers, and these are the only ones that are to be feared. Those who go out beyond the surf risk meeting one of these terrible creatures, but inside the surf the bather is quite safe from them.

All the bathing, however, takes place on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and not in the bays, where there is no surf, and consequently where the sharks can come right in near the shore.

CHAPTER XLI

FROM BRISBANE TO NEWCASTLE BY MOTOR

THERE are facilities for shipping motor cars between the capital cities of the five Australian States, by almost daily steamers, which sail from port to port, and nearly every steamer carries its quota of touring cars, just like the steamers crossing the English Channel, notably between Folkestone and Boulogne.

I put my Delaunay-Belleville on the steamer at Sydney, bound for Brisbane, a day and a half or a couple of days' journey, while I myself took the train.

Brisbane, although it cannot be classed with the great cities of the world, is a go-ahead place, and is the capital of the great State of Queensland, which extends into the tropics and right to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Brisbane itself is tropical, and one can notice the fact in the vegetation. What most strikes the traveller is the immense variety of flowering shrubs, which make the gardens all round the city so very attractive.

Up to the present no satisfactory way has been found of establishing a system of drainage, as the city is not much above the level of the river, so that the sewage has to be removed in carts, which is distinctly disagreeable.

There is little or nothing of interest for the tourist in Brisbane, except a few points of view on the hills

near by. The Brisbane river is wide and gives great facilities for yachting in small craft, and quite an enjoyable time can be had on the river for anyone who is fond of the sport.

After spending a few days in Brisbane, where the acting Governor kindly put at our disposal the Government yacht and the Government motor-car—although we did not require the latter—we decided to attempt the journey from Brisbane to Sydney by motor. But as the first stage meant crossing extensive black soil plains, and the country is tropical and the rain frequent, and as it is difficult and risky to travel by motor, we put the motor on the train as far as Toowoomba on the Darling Downs.

Before reaching Toowoomba the country is very flat and swampy, and some ingenious German settler found that by draining the swamps he could get ideal conditions for growing lucern. Not being a selfish man, he sent to Germany for a lot of his friends, and now there is a considerable German colony growing seven crops of lucern a year, and storing it up to sell at high prices whenever there is a drought.

Toowoomba is situated on a hill dominating the plains, and from the top of this hill, which has just been purchased and made into a public park, the road can be seen winding up from the valley below. There was a fort on the Darling Downs in the early days, when the aborigines used to be very troublesome in this part of the country. The visitor is taken to a spot at the top of a cliff, where history relates that the soldiers, having nothing to do, "potted" the aborigines with their rifles, as a source of amusement, high betting taking place on the result of each shot. Now the aborigines have disappeared, and the whole country is a hive of agricultural industry.

After leaving Toowoomba we lunched with a hospitable farmer at a station on the road to Warwick, and had our first experience of black soil plains. A thunder shower caught us, and as we were not fitted with Parson's chains, and only had ropes, we had to turn back and seek the hospitality of another station owner for the night. The following day the rain cleared away and we reached Warwick.

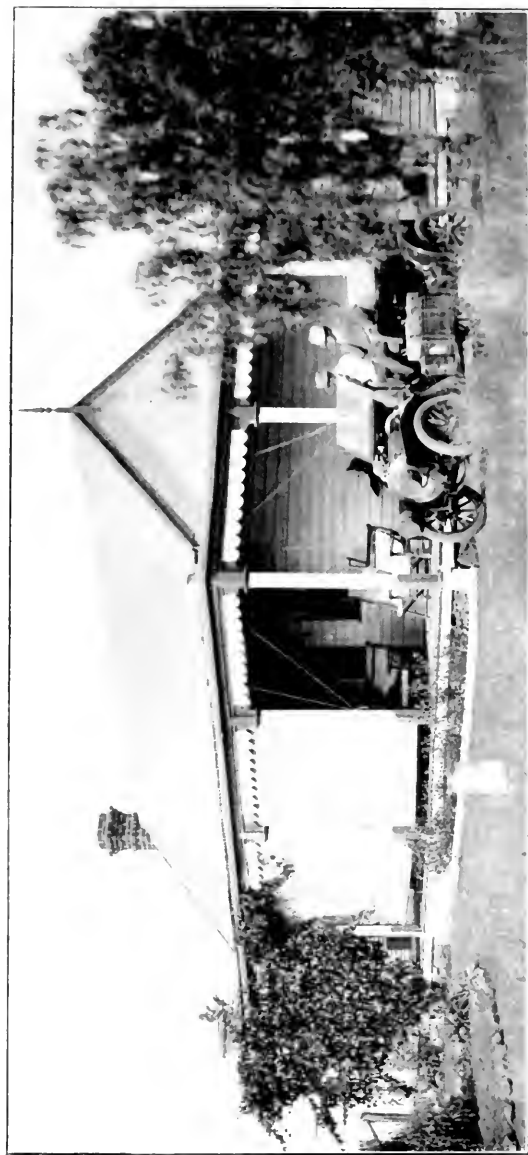
From Warwick we made our way to Tenterfield, on the borders of New South Wales. We reached Tenterfield on the Sunday and went in search of essence. But alas! motoring had hardly touched Tenterfield, and was quite a new proposition. We addressed ourselves to the oldest inhabitant and asked him where we could get benzine, and he directed us to a store.

We went in and asked if they had any, and the storekeeper brought a half-pint bottle of perfumed benzine! And six bottles of that was all we could get at Tenterfield.

We had fortunately enough to carry us over to Glen Innis, where we stayed the night. Here we were informed that there had been a big flood, and we were warned that the bridges were down, and that we should have difficulty in getting through to Newcastle.

Our next stopping place was Armidale, and we found the town just in the throes of a race meeting. As some friends were most anxious that we should remain three or four days, we put up at the Armidale Hotel.

A race meeting in an Australian township is an event which should not be missed by anybody who wants to study the economics of a Bush township. Everybody goes racing. The station holders round bring in their horses, trained or otherwise. Sometimes a horse has been trained by a young sporting



A HOMESTEAD IN THE WEST

lady of the district, who has fed and groomed it with her own hands, and would ride it in the race if ladies were allowed to ride.

The hotels are full to overflowing with a heterogeneous crowd, mostly with very dry throats. Everybody knows everybody else, which means a drink every time they meet. The horses are known to everybody, and the race meeting is more like a big family party than anything else. The longer it lasts the more rowdy it grows, until the hotel is a perfect pandemonium.

The favourite song when we were there happened to be:

H-a-r-r-i-g-a-n spells Harrigan.

It formed a constant aria flowing through and pervading the whole place at all times and seasons. At lunch or at dinner, or at breakfast, somebody would burst out with the chorus, and then all the others would take it up.

As there are not nearly enough bedrooms in a Bush township to accommodate the rush of a race meeting, beds are put up in passages, on verandas, and anywhere there is foot space; and as the occupants of these extra beds did not turn in until one or two o'clock in the morning, and then insisted on singing "Harrigan" before they fell asleep, it was difficult to get much rest.

Every township has its race-course, and every race-course has its grand stand, which may be only a few planks hastily nailed together, without any shelter, or it may be quite an up-to-date affair, just according to the size of the township.

As a rule the racing is cleaner, morally, than racing generally is in larger centres; but the blackleg element will creep in, and we witnessed some in and out running and heard some stormy protests.

After leaving Armidale, we made our way to Tamworth, passing over many miles of country completely devastated by the floods; fences were gone, houses were swept away and nothing left to show where they had stood.

Tamworth itself had a very near shave of being washed away, and much damage had been done. At the hotel it was no use talking about food or accommodation; we simply had to talk about the flood. If we hailed the waiter to ask him what there was for dinner, he side-tracked off into a description of what had happened to *him* during the flood, and we found that the only way of getting attention was to wait patiently till the end of the story.

We stayed a couple of days in Tamworth to visit Wamburramurra, a sheep station up the Peel river, where we were most hospitably entertained.

From Tamworth we drove to Muswellbrook, through the most glorious country, and over hills which necessitated a long, steady climb, but when the top was reached there was a view of the fertile valley below which was really worth the climb. Some of the best country in New South Wales lies around Muswellbrook.

From Muswellbrook we drove to Quirindy, and from thence to Newcastle; through lovely rolling country covered with tall grass and much resembling English park land.

Newcastle is a great coal mining centre, possessing a good harbour, and is quite a thriving place.

From Newcastle to Sydney the roads were impassable, so we loaded the car on the train and accompanied it back to Sydney.

CHAPTER XLII

NEW ZEALAND

TO Europeans, studying the atlas, New Zealand seems to be a little island quite close to the shores of Australia. It is, however, in reality, 1,500 miles from Sydney to Auckland, and from the extreme north to the extreme south of New Zealand covers a distance of over 1,000 miles.

The P. and O. boat "Malwa" landed us at Auckland, and landed the car also, for the very reasonable freight charge of five guineas.

New Zealand has no resemblance whatever to Australia, and belongs to another age and another geological period.

It is a land of mountains, with here and there a few plains—just the opposite of Australia. The mountains are most precipitous.

There is absolutely no animal life in New Zealand. Not one single beast of any description is found in this curious land, except a kind of rat, whose forefathers were probably accidentally imported by some whaler.

There seems to have been at some period in the history of the country a tremendous volcanic eruption, which must have destroyed all animal life. There remains a bird, which, like the ostrich and the emu, does not fly, and has next to no pretence to wings. This bird is called the "Kiwi," and probably escaped destruction in the cataclysm which swept off all other animal life.

There are birds now on the islands, and especially parrots, one of these latter having a very evil reputation. It is said that this bird will fix itself on the back of a sheep and tear a hole in its loins until it reaches the kidneys, of which it eats the fat.

The birds, no doubt, flew over from Australia, and cannot be said to be distinctive of New Zealand.

The worst hills that it has ever been my experience to meet with are in New Zealand. Even in fine weather one really needs a special gear, and specially constructed motor to negotiate these hills with satisfaction; but in wet weather they are inaccessible. There are hills where quite a trade is done by the farmers in supplying horses to pull motor cars over difficult places.

Auckland is most picturesquely situated on a large bay or inland sea. It is not a big city, but it is a very thriving one, and boasts one of the most comfortable hotels in Australasia—the Grand Hotel—where we should like to have made a long stay if it had not been for the muggy, wet weather which was prevalent on our arrival during the month of February.

The country round Auckland is charming, and we enjoyed many drives, especially the drive up Signal Hill, whence there is an extensive and beautiful view.

The weather, however, drove us away from Auckland, and in the blinding rain we set out to cross the North Island, going towards the south.

At midday we crossed a formidable hill called "The Razor-back," and came down into Mercer, where we stopped at the local inn to refresh ourselves.

The landlord asked me if my name was Mann, and then produced a telegram he had just received from Auckland, reading: *Mr. Mann and party left*

Auckland this morning for Rotorua in a motor-car. Do not allow them to attempt the Rangariri Hills in the rain.

I asked why, and was told they were impossible to cross in wet weather. But as I am used to hearing accounts of terrible hills in all countries, I did not pay much attention to the warning, especially as two or three people in the township told me that if I had been able to negotiate the Razorback I should be able to get over the Rangariri Hills.

I took the precaution of putting chains and ropes on my wheels, and set off in the pelting rain. We soon reached the Rangariri Hills; but, alas! after about a mile the driving wheels commenced to turn round freely, although the car was standing still. Then the car began to slide down backwards, and finally landed in the gutter at the side of the road, out of which no amount of skill or power could shift us an inch.

I got a spade and tried to dig it out, but found that I was working in a bed of soft, wet clay, and that any attempt to move the car either backwards or forwards only caused it to sink another inch or two deeper into the yellow slime.

We had been sitting for some time, sheltering from the rain under the hood of the car, waiting for a break in the clouds, when we heard a voice on the other side of the hedge, and were delighted to see a cheery farmer's face, the owner of which said:

"You look as if you were going to stay there all night. Won't you come over and have a cup of tea?"

We were only too pleased to accept the invitation, and he led us to a farmhouse about a mile away. He offered the use of a couple of horses to drag the car into one of his paddocks under some trees, and also offered to put us up for the night if we wished.

It rained for three days pitilessly, and for three days Mr. and Mrs. Preston gave us bed and board and the best of everything they had to offer.

Mr. Preston told us that it was useless to attempt the Rangariri Hills, even with good horses, until the rain had ceased and the ground dried up. So as soon as these conditions prevailed we made a fresh start, Mr. Preston lending us one of his draught horses.

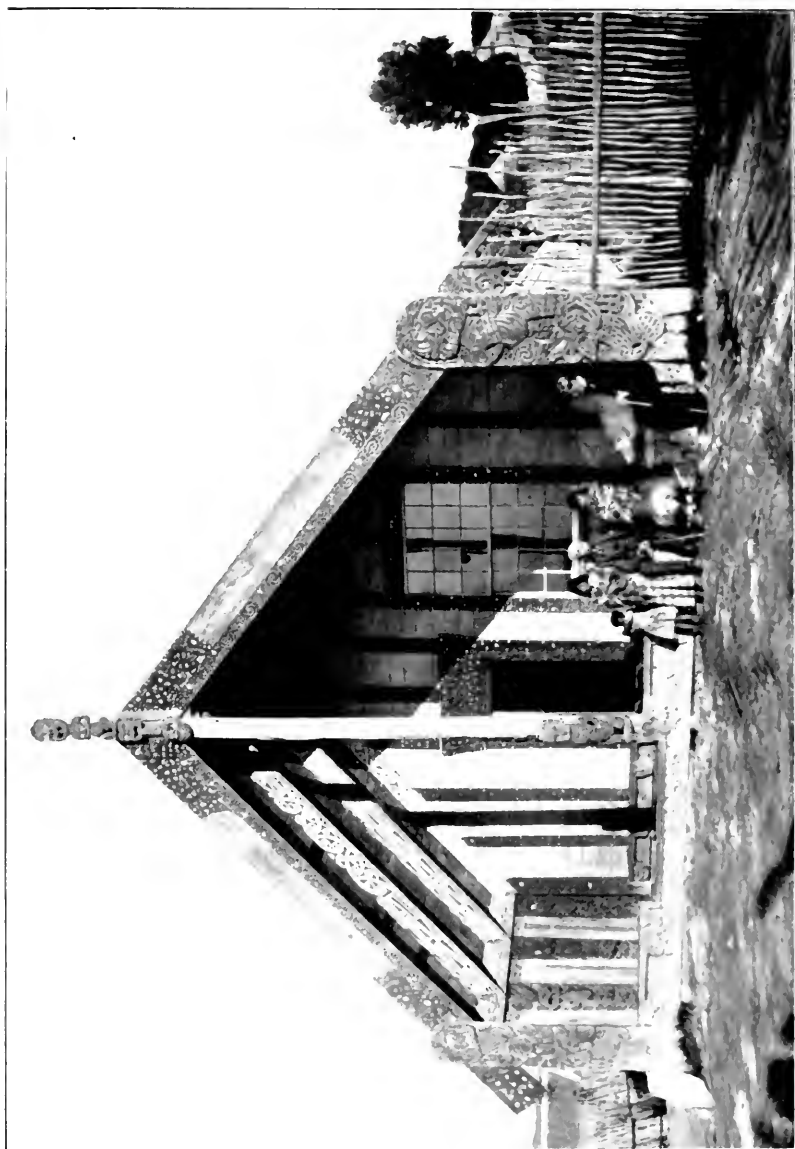
We soon found that it was quite useless to attempt to utilize the motor, as the wheels only slipped and got no hold of the ground. Ropes and chains were ruthlessly ripped off, and Mr. Preston's horse had the greatest difficulty towing us; even then the car wagged from side to side of the road like a drunken sailor, and times without number we had to get out and unload, in order to get the car out of a ditch.

At last we came to the end of the clay hills, and here we said good-bye to our kind friend.

We made for Hamilton, where we arrived late at night and in the pouring rain, only to find the township in the throes of a race meeting and accommodation very, very difficult to obtain.

Evidently motors had not taken a great hold of Hamilton, for on arriving we were assailed by several cabmen who had their cabs in front of the hotel and who said we had no business to come along and frighten their horses; and in the hotel they did not seem inclined to come to our help, and it really looked at one time as if we should have come to blows. However, we managed at last to get our luggage unloaded and the car put in a garage. But the next morning, on starting, I found the big slash of a jack knife through one of my back tyres.

I was glad to leave Hamilton and shake the dust, or rather mud, of it from my tyres.



L. F. Photo

FATAHI DE KAPUA, ROTORUA



CHAPTER XLIII

ROTORUA

IF you want to study the earth in the making, go to Rotorua, in the North Island of New Zealand, and you will find, over a vast area, all kinds of volcanic manifestations in full swing.

The town, or village, is situated on the banks of a great lake, from which it takes its name. In the centre of the lake is a rocky island, which has played a great part in the Maori wars, and has an unenviable reputation, many people having been ruthlessly massacred in its caves.

Flowing into Lake Rotorua there is a beautiful little stream called Hamarana Springs, where in the clear water can be seen thousands of rainbow trout, and at the mouth of the river those who love the "gentle art" can fish to their heart's content. We caught sixteen fine trout in about a couple of hours.

Just before entering the village of Rotorua there are the remains of an old Maori village called Ohinemuto. The earth underneath the village has given way, and the village has sunk into the lake.

As one comes along the road, steam and smoke are to be seen, and sulphur fumes, arising just over the hedge.

There are some fine hotels in Rotorua, and there is an extensive and well-built thermal establishment, where waters of various kinds are captured and made use of, the extent and variety being unsurpassed by any in the world; and great and wonder-

ful are the cures of rheumatism and other diseases which are consummated in this spot, which is, in itself, alone worth the journey from Europe to New Zealand to visit.

The chalybeate waters take many varied colours, and there is a swimming bath at a temperature of 82 degrees Fahrenheit, in which the water is green, and which is called the Emerald Bath. The Thermal Establishment is under the supervision of a competent physician, and all the arrangements are excellent.

Not far from Rotorua is Wakarewarewa, where many great volcanic manifestations take place.

There are springs of hot water and a quantity of blow-holes, continually puffing out steam. Some of these blow-holes send forth a jet of muddy water and steam at regular intervals—say every ten minutes, or every twenty minutes, or every two hours, as the case may be; each one has its own exact time, in which it begins and finishes its performance, after which it settles down into tranquillity until its appointed time comes round again.

A guide is needed to conduct the visitor over Wakarewarewa, which is a Maori settlement, and one has to be careful to follow in his exact footsteps, for sometimes just a few inches to the right or the left there may be vaporous emanations, and if a walking stick is poked into the mud on either side of the path, the tip will be found to be burnt on pulling it out.

Sometimes some of the great blow-holes get lazy and gradually cease from blowing; but they can always be tickled up into life again by what is known as "soaping" them. We were fortunate enough to be in Rotorua at the time that Lord Kitchener passed through, and one of the great blow-holes was soaped for his especial benefit. Three bars of yellow

soap were brought and cut into little pieces, which were dropped down the blow-hole. Gradually a froth arose and seemed to block up the hole. Then all the onlookers were told to stand back and form a great circle round the blow-hole, and then, with a noise resembling distant thunder, there came out an enormous jet of steam and water and mud, rising hundreds of feet into the air. It was indeed a wonderful and interesting sight.

Travellers' tales are seldom believed, and fishermen's tales even less so, and it is almost impossible to make anyone believe that a fish can be caught and boiled all ready to eat without the fisherman changing his place or taking it off the hook. It is nevertheless perfectly true.

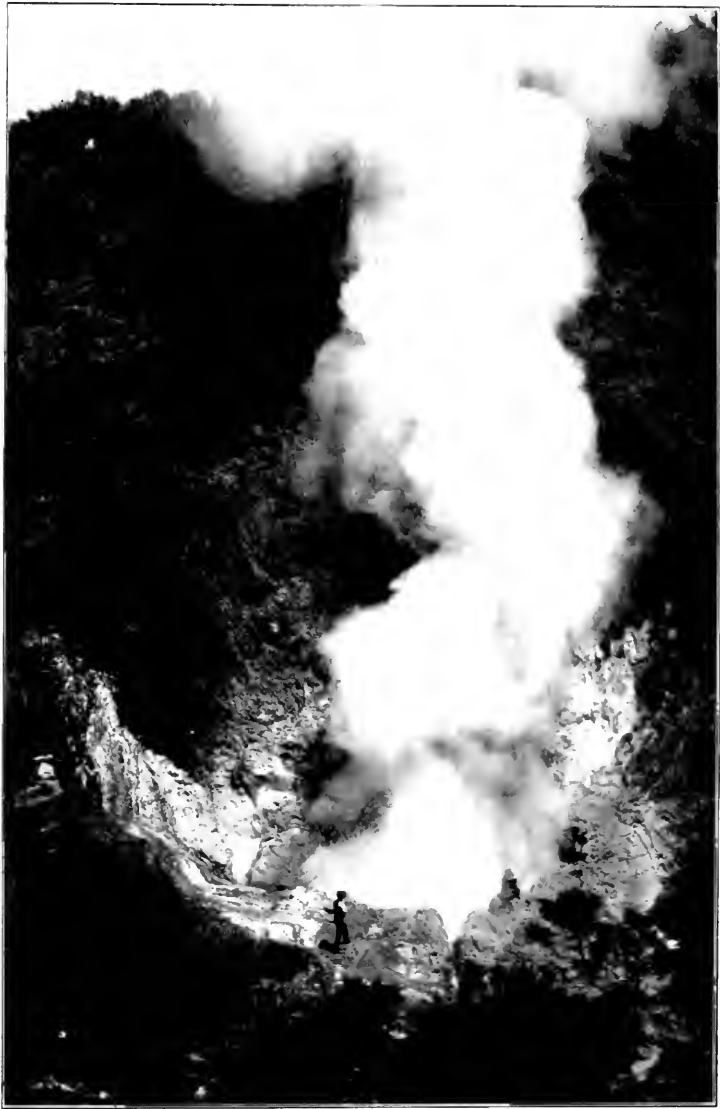
Under the cold waters of the river rise, in many parts, boiling springs quite close to the banks, so if you are lucky enough to catch a trout in the cold water, all you have to do is to whip it into one of the hot springs, without taking it off your hook, and it will soon be perfectly cooked and ready to eat. And here I am not talking from hearsay, for I actually stood on the banks of the Waikato River and saw the boiling springs beside me in the river.

It would be needless repetition to tell of the different blow-holes the visitor is taken to see; they are of all shapes and sizes; some harmless, some very dangerous, and amongst the dangerous ones is a big blow-hole, in which the amount and the direction of the discharges vary. Some ladies were visiting this blow-hole, and in spite of the protests of the guide, they went a little too near to take a photograph, and just then the discharge took place and swept them away, and they were never found; the superheated water would destroy the flesh immediately.

There are lakes of all kinds—blue lakes and

emerald lakes, hot lakes and cold lakes; hot streams and cold streams; but the greatest wonders of all were the terraces which disappeared in an earthquake some years ago.

These terraces were one of the wonders of the world, and although they have disappeared and it will take thousands of years for nature to replace them, there are still small editions of them on all sides. They are formed by the deposits from the chalybeate waters, which chemically combine with minerals in the soil to form all the colours of the rainbow, especially vivid reds. Wherever there is a cliff, the waters sweat through and run down and leave streaks of the different colours. But even the spot where the big terraces once stood is no longer to be found, the earthquake having changed the face of the land.



THE GREAT WAIRAKI GEYSER

L. P. 35

CHAPTER XLIV

THE MAORIS

WAKAREWAREWA is a Maori village, and although, of course, contact with so many Europeans has had a great effect on the Maoris, they are still interesting, and are to be found in quantities in their villages.

The men are fine looking fellows, not by any means black, but just tawny; but the women are rather insignificant, and most of them have the lower lip tatooed, which is a great disfigurement.

The Maoris are a most intelligent people and they are great orators. Many of them are rich, and some of them are Members of the Legislative Assembly.

Great tracts of land in New Zealand were bought from the Maoris by the old whalers and buccaneers, for very, very small prices. In those days title deeds were most elementary documents, carelessly drawn up. The Maoris have lately had them all subject to drastic examination by the best of European lawyers, and whenever a flaw could be found, the Maoris went to law, and in some cases they won vast tracts of country back, or had to be indemnified by the payment of enormous sums.

The position is not without its humour when one thinks of the Maori savage employing the white lawyer to obtain an indemnity from the white Government.

The Maoris are not an energetic people, and like to find a way to live easily. For this reason they have placed their village in Wakarewarewa, where hot water can be had without the trouble of heating it. They camp around one of the hot springs and make little channels for it to run into rudely constructed reservoirs. If the water is too hot, they make the channels circuituous, and when the water arrives at the tank, it is cool enough for them to bathe in.

They light no fires in their huts, and if they are cold, they jump into the tank.

All their food is cooked by steam from the blow-holes, and their bread is baked by the steam also.

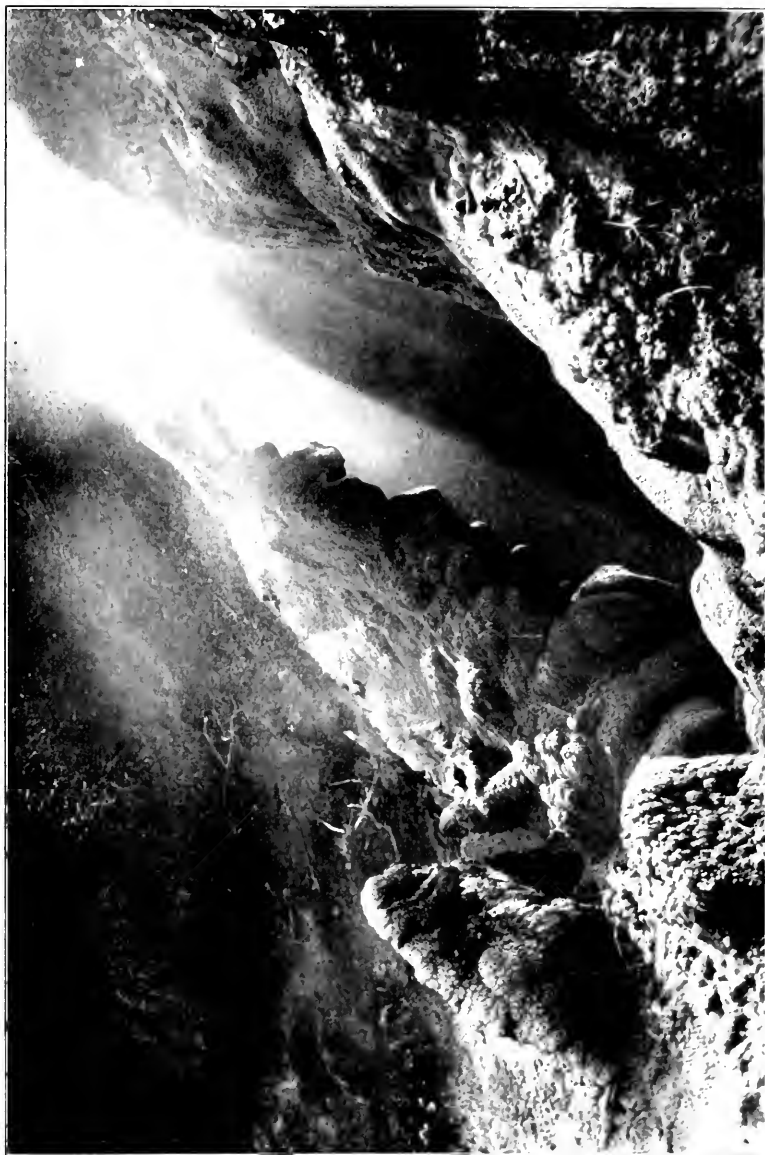
There is one blow-hole in which they never cook, and they tell you that in one of the great wars a captured chief's head was severed from his body and thrown into the blow-hole, which is now "taboo."

A Maori hut is called a "pa," and is a long, low construction, with a pointed roof, where all the community take up their abode.

In New Zealand, before the introduction of metal by the Europeans, green stone was the material used for all weapons and ornaments, which were cut and carved with very great skill and art. Bonâ fide old Maori ornaments are now very difficult to obtain; no respectable Maori will sell those that belong to him.

There is an ornament worn on the breast, which is called a "tiki," and which represents a Maori god. A genuine old "tiki" is worth a great deal of money. There are curio dealers in quantities, but genuine gods are almost unprocurable, although the spurious imitation is freely sold to the unsuspecting stranger.

Green stone being a kind of jade, and extremely hard, the carved ornaments must have sometimes taken years to work.



THE DEATH OF THE GLACIER, WATKINS

Whilst fishing from a boat at the mouth of a river flowing into the Taupo Lake, I left my wife on shore, and she soon became an object of attention to the Maori ladies, who came trooping down from a village near by and sat down on the grass beside and around her, examining with curiosity her clothes, jewels, etc.

One or two of them spoke a little English, and one said, pointing to the boat:

"That your man?"

On my wife answering in the affirmative, she said:

"That my man with him."

The Maori ladies then asked my wife to stay with them and promised to make her a mat to sit on and plates to eat from; and when she said she could not stay, as she was married and must go with her husband, there was a long discussion among the Maori ladies, and at last, one of them who spoke English better than the rest, said:

"She tell me say: sometime Maori woman married, sometime not. When me get tired of being married me say: You stop here, me go home to my family."

Leaving Rotorua, we set out for Napier, and had to cross the steepest hills that I have ever met with. They were so steep that even on the first gear of a very low geared car, we were sometimes obliged to unload the luggage, and even then we could only proceed by spells of three or four yards at a time, giving the engine a rest after each spell, and then accelerating and throwing in the clutch.

When the top of the hill was reached, there was the most gorgeous panorama of hill tops that I have ever seen, all pointed and narrow at the top, in a manner quite peculiar to New Zealand.

There were very tall trees to be seen in clumps on all sides. New Zealand was no doubt once covered with very much larger and taller trees, which needed

all their strength to carry their height, and their height to get up into the light on the hill sides.

The cowrie tree was once very common in New Zealand, and the cowrie gum, from which the best varnishes are made, comes from New Zealand. It is procured by the Maoris, who take long sticks and push them down into the soft earth of the swamps, where the remains of the old cowrie trees lay rotted. The Maori knows at once when he strikes a piece of gum, and digs down and gets it and sells it for a good price.

We arrived safely at Napier, and after a day's stay went on through Danniwerk to Packakarita.

From Packakarita to Wellington the road took us over several ranges of hills and through some glorious country, into a gorge which leads down from the top of the mountain into Wellington.

Wellington is on the south side of North Island, just opposite Lyttelton, which is the corresponding part of South Island. Wellington seems to have been built on a narrow shelf of land running round the edge of the precipitous mountains, so that it is not possible for it to extend in width, but it is extending in length, and wonderful promenades have been built round the hills.

From Wellington we crossed over to Lyttelton, and from Lyttelton motored over very steep hills into Christchurch, which is a very fine city, situated at the head of a very fertile plain, about forty miles long.

The most remarkable thing that I noticed in Christchurch was the extent to which the use of the bicycle has been carried. Everybody seems to ride a bicycle, and at the railway station an enormous shed has been built, where at any time can be seen hundreds of bicycles hanging up. All the people who come in by train, cycle to and from business,

leaving their bicycles in the station shed until next morning.

Automobiles are also to be seen, but it is quite remarkable to notice how general a means of transit is the bicycle.

CHAPTER XLV

ACROSS THE PACIFIC

MY time being short, and the winter coming on, I decided not to spend any more time in New Zealand, so I put the car on the steamer at Wellington and booked for Sydney, from which port the Vancouver boat starts.

It was Sydney Show week, and as my decision to take the boat from Wellington to Sydney was only taken at the last moment, I trusted to engaging a cabin when once on board.

The boat, however, was packed to overflowing, and as the Company naturally intended to take full advantage of the Show crowd, berths had been put up in the passages and in any and every available place. At meal times there were three times the number of passengers compared with the number of seats at the saloon table, so that we had to take our chance of getting a seat or waiting. Eventually, for a consideration, we succeeded in hiring the second officer's cabin, and as the passage was very rough, we had our meals brought to us and did not suffer any inconvenience, and arrived in Sydney just in time to start for Vancouver across the Pacific Ocean.

The Vancouver boats call at Auckland and then go on to Fiji and Honolulu and Victoria, which is a few hours' sail from Vancouver.

Crossing the Pacific one has the peculiar experience of gaining a day.

The Captain puts up a notice that to-day, for instance, is Tuesday the 4th June, and that to-morrow will also be Tuesday the 4th June, and you thus make up in one lump for all the time lost day by day while travelling east.

The old custom of bringing King Neptune on board when crossing the Line still holds good on the Vancouver boats, and causes a day to slip away pleasantly.

A notice is put up on the board in the saloon that King Neptune will come on board to examine the certificates of all the passengers and crew. A big canvas bath, some 10 feet long by 10 feet wide and 5 feet deep, has been prepared and filled with sea water, and alongside this bath a platform is erected.

At the appointed time a band composed of drums and kettles and pans, and anything that will make a noise, sets out and heads the procession from the fore-castle. Mr. and Mrs. Neptune lead the way, followed by their acolytes, the doctor, the secretary, the barber, several sea-devils, and two policemen.

There are always some luckless individuals who let out the fact that it is their first time to cross the Equator, and the police go in search of them, and after an exciting chase they are generally run down and brought before Father Neptune, who questions them and asks them to produce their certificates, and as they cannot produce any certificates, they are handed over to the doctor, who examines them and orders a prescription which consists of salt water, oil, mustard, and any other harmless and unpleasant compound obtainable; and then they are condemned to be shaved.

The barber's chair is fixed right on the edge of the water tank, which is skilfully hidden from the view of the victim. Once sat down in the barber's chair, he is lathered with a big whitewash brush

dipped in a mixture of flour and water, soapsuds and grease, with which he is daubed down to the shoulders, and then, with an immense wooden razor with tinsel blade, the shaving takes place. Just at the end, the chair, being pivoted at the back, is suddenly overturned, and the luckless wight falls into the bath, to be seized by the water devils and well ducked.

The boat touches for a few hours at Auckland and then sails for Fiji, where it remains for a day.

There is time for a short visit to the shore and a drive on the surrounding hills, and it is quite worth while going ashore, if only to see the Fijian villages.

Many of the men have their hair made up into a sort of lump on the top of the head with dried mud. The women are extremely vain, and when I took out my camera to photograph two of the village belles, they first ran off and picked some flowers and arranged them most artistically in their hair, so as to show off to the best advantage.

Just before the steamer sailed for Honolulu, which was the next port of call, a group of Samoan men and women, in native costume, came on board and gave a weird performance.

First they set to work and oiled their bodies with palm oil, which they love to put on their skins, notwithstanding its horrible odour.

The actual performance consisted in a sort of dance, largely made up of movements of the hands. The performers sat down, tailor fashion, about a dozen in number, and made all kinds of rhythmic movements with the hands and arms.

It is very difficult to describe the performance, but it was really most artistic and evidently had some hidden meaning. Probably it was originally connected with a religious ceremony for invoking the gods to come to their aid and give them victory

in battle, for at the end of each period one can clearly recognize the finishing blow.

The men do the performance, and the women just twist about on their feet in a very primitive dance, which has nothing at all artistic, or even amusing, about it.

When it was time for the steamer to sail, to our surprise and amusement, the Samoans sang:

Oh, we never shall forget you, we never shall forget you,
as they waved us a fond adieu.

Honolulu is an American city, full of American buildings and American shops. There are hundreds of American automobiles which circulate all over the island on excellent roads, in a glorious country. A day is too short to accomplish anything in Honolulu, but a visit to the aquarium will satisfy anybody. There are in this aquarium the most wonderful fish in the world. How and why they exist in such number and such variety is impossible to conceive. They are coloured with the most eccentric and extravagant tints. There are fish with long, thin snouts like a pig; others with a snub nose like a bulldog; some have wings like butterflies, and some have sky-blue backs, gamboge tails, and bodies irregularly striped with red and blue. They look for all the world as if a crazy artist had painted them to please a little child. They are all small—about three or four inches long—and they are only to be found in the tepid waters of the lagoon. No extravagant effort of imagination could make them more remarkable than they really are, and the varieties are endless.

On leaving Honolulu the lovely hot weather of the tropics begins to change for that of the colder northern hemisphere, and it gets colder and colder until the shores of North America come into view.

Victoria, the capital city of British Columbia, is reached a few hours before Vancouver, which is the chief business centre. A most beautiful narrow strait, through romantic scenery, leads from Victoria to Vancouver.

CHAPTER XLVI

CANADA

VANCOUVER, the chief port of Western Canada, has sprung up into great importance during the last decade. It has the appearance of an American city, with its many-storied buildings. It is surrounded by forests of pine trees, which are gradually being cut down and pushed further back as the city increases in size and importance.

Land speculation seems to be the chief industry, and almost every other building is a land agency. Numerous individuals are to be met with who have become millionaires during the last decade by the simple process of buying a piece of land for a few thousand dollars, and selling the half of it a year later for some hundreds of thousands, then selling part of the remainder for a million dollars, and still holding the piece which is most valuable of all in reserve.

Everybody speculates in land; the servants in the hotels put all their savings into a town lot somewhere; the captain of the steamer which brought us to Vancouver is reported to have made a fortune in this way, and a local doctor with whom we travelled told us how he had made four million dollars in five years.

Of course, on the other hand, one does not hear much of the unsuccessful speculators; it is only the successful ones who talk about their good fortune.

Wonderful drives round the sea front are being constructed, and electric cars circulate in every direction. What is the most remarkable of all is that, although there are no roads, or practically only just the roads in the suburbs, there are thousands of automobiles.

The winter climate of Vancouver is not very pleasant. There is a fog every morning, and sometimes it lasts through the day. It is cold and very wet, so it did not tempt us into a long stay.

It is not possible to cross the Rockies by road, so we were taken by train, and on account of the enormous expense of transporting a car by ordinary train, we put ours on a freight train.

The loading of a car on a freight train in Canada is quite a novel experience. Usually in any European railway you find at the goods station a van awaiting you and plenty of railway men to put the car in the van with your assistance, and to fasten it up, preferably by tying it fore and aft, so that it cannot move.

Under the impression that I should receive the same treatment in Canada, I drove light-heartedly into the railway station, where the goods van had been ordered.

After considerable delay I was shown a van which was nothing more than an enormous covered railway truck with the inside boarded. There was not a hook, nor a bar, nor anything that could possibly help to anchor the car; it was just a smooth box; floor, roof, and sides all alike. No assistance whatever was given me and I was told that that was my look-out.

Eventually I found a man who told me how cars were usually anchored, that is, by nailing planks down to the floor at the front and the back and both sides of the wheels. I found another van close by

out of which a car had just been taken ; so I tore up the boards, straightened the nails, and set to work to anchor my own. Fortunately I took the precaution to put the car into the low gear and put the brake on very tight. As winter was coming on, and it was possible that the train might encounter frosty weather in the Rockies, I had been to a motor expert and asked him what was the best thing to be done to prevent the radiator freezing. He told me to put glycerine mixed with water in the radiator, so I put the required amount of glycerine in and took great care that the motor was well run to mix it, and then left the car with the consciousness of having done my duty and run no risks.

The journey to Winnipeg occupied us two days, and when I reached Winnipeg I was informed that the car would take at least seven days.

This was in October, and the very day we arrived in Winnipeg the frost set in with a vengeance, and the thermometer dropped to twenty degrees below freezing, which means fifty-two degrees of frost.

Until a few years ago motors ceased to circulate in Winnipeg during the winter; but now the wind-screen has changed all that, and made it possible to motor in the coldest weather, provided one is wrapped in furs from head to foot and has snow boots. But the radiator must be covered up in front with oil cloth, the belt taken off the pump, and the motor left running whenever the car is stopped. It is also a useful precaution to put a rug over the bonnet.

All garages are, of course, heated day and night, as well as all hotels and houses. Double windows are fixed everywhere, one of them being completely made up, wherever there is a nick, with strips of gummed paper.

The cold is so intense that a jug of milk, put out

between the double windows, the inside window being open and the outside closed, and the room being heated to seventy-two degrees with the steam radiator, froze solid, and the jug had to be plunged into hot water in order to utilize the milk, and even then the hot water thawed it only round the sides and left a white stick of solid milk in the centre of the jug.

At last the car arrived, and I found that not a single plank remained in place, the jolting of the trucks over the Rocky Mountains had torn all the nails out, but fortunately the brakes had held the car and prevented it being shot from one end of the wagon to the other.

When the car was unloaded I tried the starting handle, and found it absolutely frozen up, so I had to have the car towed to a garage and there left to thaw for forty-eight hours, at the end of which time I succeeded in turning the motor over with the starting handle; but there still remained ice in all sorts of places, particularly in the petrol feed pipe and parts of the carburator, and it was a long time before I could get the water thawed and the petrol to flow and everything to work. Fortunately the car had been thawed very gently, so no damage was done.

Winnipeg is situated on a vast plain at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Like Vancouver, it is growing visibly every day, and every immigrant who settles on the plains to grow wheat helps to make Winnipeg prosperous.

Some few days after we arrived in Winnipeg we saw continual processions of rough looking, fur-clad men, each carrying a small portmanteau, trooping along the streets, and, on asking what it meant, we were told that these were the men coming in from the lumber camps all over the country, for all work

is stopped in Canada when Jack Frost takes possession, and for five months the cities are full of these forced idlers, who have to put up in the boarding-houses, and spend what they have earned during the summer in keeping them in the winter.

The Italians take the boat for home, and come back again in the spring, but the great majority of the rest idle away their time in cheap, stuffy lodging-houses, or perhaps some of the more energetic take possession of a pitch on a frozen river or lake near the city, and brush it for skaters, and provide warm refreshments.

From the stories one hears, the life in winter in the country must be dreadful. No work can be done, the cattle are collected into a corner of the paddock where there is a haystack, and they are allowed to eat out of the stack. Some of the beasts get frozen in their tracks, and stand there without moving all through the winter, still breathing, but when the spring comes round and thaws them out they die.

The horse, on the contrary, seems better constituted to resist the intense cold; he breathes on the snow with his nostrils to thaw it, and nibbles the grass underneath.

The farmer, just as soon as the frost comes, collects his hens and chickens, chops their heads off, and throws them into a barrel which stands on the stoup. They are frozen solid in a few hours' time, and then, when a chicken is required, it is chopped out with an axe.

But, in spite of all these drawbacks, and the shortness of the day and the length of the night, the majority of the people like winter, and certainly the children look forward to it. Then, warmly clad, they take out their sledges, or spend the day making a snow house, or tobogganing.

From Winnipeg we took train to New York, via Montreal, and from New York the "Savoie" brought us back home, and completed our circle round the world.



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